FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

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APRIL 1975 $1.25

IS THERE PORNOGRAPHY IN THE VATICAN?

GORE VIDAL DEFENDS HIS HONOR

BERLIN: EUROPE'S NEW UNDERGROUND CITY

FICTION BY TOM BERGER

CARTOONS BY RALPH STEADMAN

PLUS:
HOW TO BUY BEER
HOW TO KILL TIME
HOW ART CAN KILL YOU
HOW LOVE CAN SET YOU FREE

LIBERATION'S FALLOUT:
WOMEN IN CRIME

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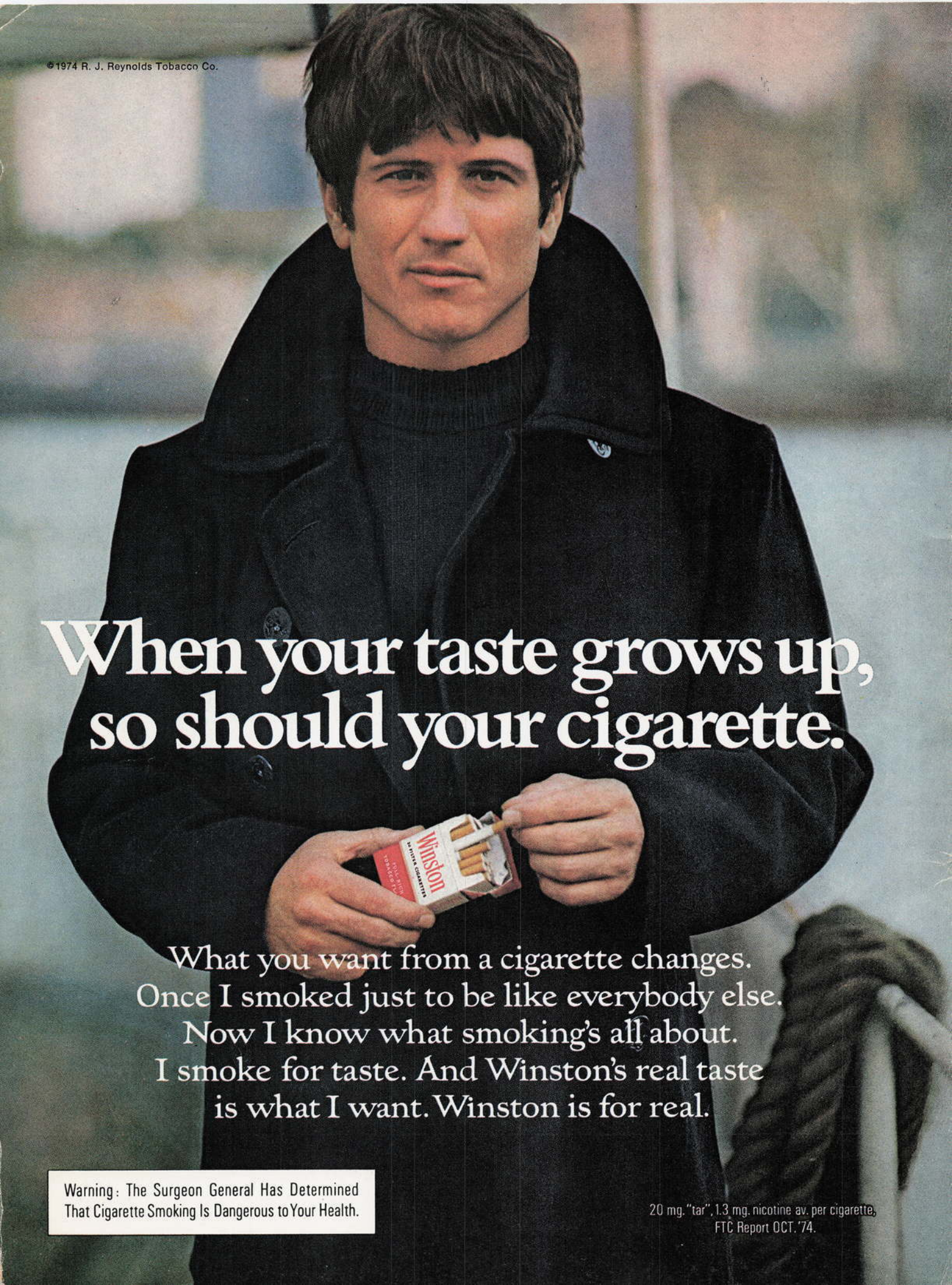

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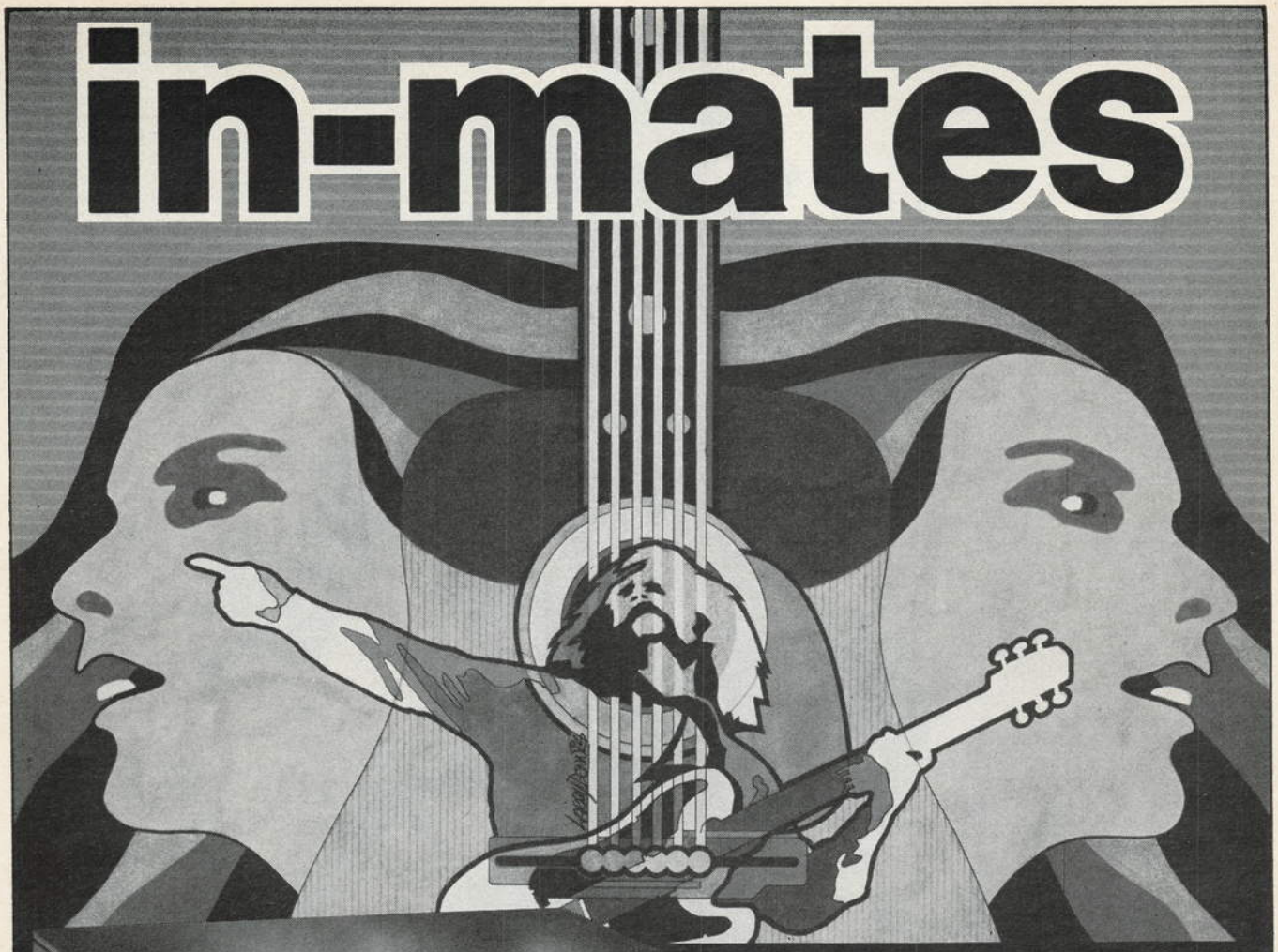

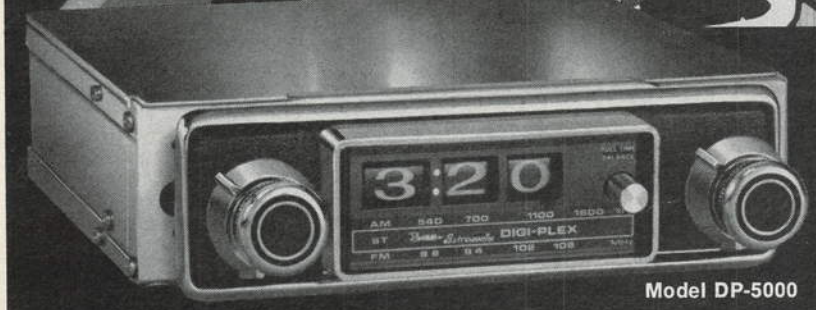

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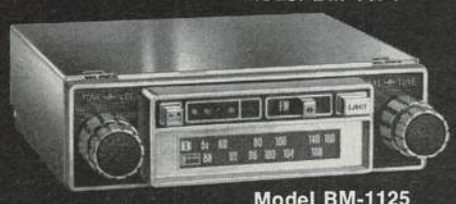

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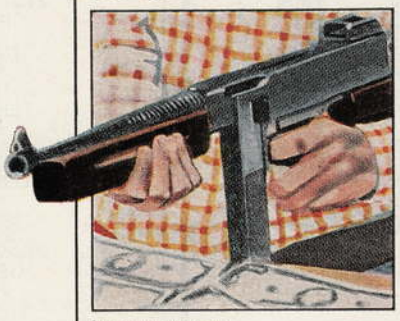
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I'M NOT SMART because I'm the boss. I'm the boss because I'm smart.

And in my business, you're smart if you're honest. That's my main motto, and that's why my mechanics, Bob and Larry, they get a fair shake for a fair day's work. And my customers, they get good service at a fair price. "It's always a fair day at Ted's" is one of my other mottos.

So when that slickeroo shoe salesman attacked my integrity, he hit me where I live. He said I'm not loyal to my own business. Because I ride a motorcycle. Then he asked me what people would think if he tried peddling shoes in his bare feet. I told him he had a point there, with this exception. Maybe he's gotta wear shoes to sell 'em, but I don't have to drive cars to fix 'em. He wasn't convinced, not at all. So I dropped the whole matter. 'Course I could have told him a lot about my KZ-400D. Like it's the bike Kawasaki makes for commuters. And it's a 4-stroke, 400cc, with an electric starter, front disc brake, and more fun than any car I ever drove. So riding my bike is just part of bein' smart. Besides I work hard enough runnin' this place, why shouldn't I have a good time gettin' here? I *could* have said those things.

But let me tell you the trouble with a guy like that. "It takes too much convincin' to tell him what he's missin'."

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MAIL

Laying pipe

I really enjoyed Al Reinert's *Alaskan Pipe Dreams* article in January. I think it would be very exciting to go to Alaska and work for a couple weeks and make a lot of money. I am particularly interested in getting in touch with executives and foremen who are willing to pay me $2500 a week to stay with them. I am a college coed and in a sorority. My parents are almost broke and I need money to get my Ph.D.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Kent, Ohio

Why bother going to Alaska?

More Manomania

What does the D in D. Keith Mano's name stand for? Douche bag? It's hard to understand why OUI would cater to his imbecilic remarks and petty grudges by publishing something as ludicrous as his critique of Charles Bronson's movies, (*Revue*, January). It was such a blatant put-down that I suspect there's something deep-seated in Mano's background that makes him react this way. Arguments against Mano's statements are needless, because his lies are obvious. Anyone who has seen *Death Wish* knows that it is one of the year's best movies.

W. W. DOORNBOSCH
Saddle River, New Jersey

You're welcome, you're welcome

My congratulations on the *Hello, Hello?* pictorial in your January issue. The appearance of the mysterious hands in the phone booth is a clever idea, and the outstanding young lady involved made it a fascinating erotic sequence.

MICHAEL S. ZELIE
Poughkeepsie, New York

What hit the fan?

I was amazed by some of the celebrities' responses to your question *What's Better Than Sex?* (January). Gerard Damiano was the most bizarre. Either he doesn't know how to fuck, or I don't know how to take a shit.

ROBERT FOWLER
Wolcott, New York

Domesticity chic

Your January article *The Private Life of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Culp* has inspired me to write to you, as I meant to do after reading *The Killys at Ease* in your September issue.

It's such an encouraging sight to see you feature a married couple. My husband and I have been married for a little over a year and we wouldn't miss a single issue of OUI. However, friends of ours, like many magazines, advocate playing games to be in vogue. Maybe your couple pictorials will prove to them that a married couple can be happy, have fun together, be friends and even *like* each other—without the hassle of trying to maneuver a way to sneak in some of that strange stuff that's sweeping our country. As the Culp article so aptly stated it, it's possible "not to play games and still be a winner."

MRS. K. J. EBERSBERGER
Latrobe, Pennsylvania

Castro's Cuba

Congratulations on your January interview with Fidel Castro. It certainly is time the United States reassessed its position with Cuba and lifted the economic blockade. This little country has proved itself to be harmless, and its presence as an oppressed country in our hemisphere only serves to be a heroic example to undeveloped countries in Central and South America. We must shake off our reputation for being a tyrannical and paranoid ruler of this hemisphere. Besides, I'm tired of going to Europe to get Cuban cigars.

CHARLES BANE
Los Angeles, California

The interview with Fidel Castro glosses over the rate of economic development in Cuba, although Castro claims his "country is developing at a satisfactory rate and we believe that nothing can prevent us from maintaining this development in future years." Cuba's economy seems to have been seriously mismanaged. If it weren't for the assistance of the Soviet Union, Castro would not have such a feeling of security.

HENRY R. KORMAN
Longview, Washington

Box scores

Albert Goldman's article, *Kiss That Box Goodbye*, in the January issue of OUI, continues to foster the romantic myth that the jukebox is coming to an end—an idea straight out of Wurlitzer's press releases. The fact that Wurlitzer could not make a financial success of this part of its business does not mean that the industry is floundering, or is threatened with destruction or obsolescence. This is no more true than was the seeming destruction of the record industry by radio in the Twenties, as Goldman himself points out. The record industry, to say the least, is still around—and so are radio and movies after the impact of television. Some of the traditional locations for jukeboxes in previous years—the corner soda fountain, certain

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inner-city bars, etc.—are fading away, but the jukebox industry, led by Rock-Ola, has established new and *growing* markets by changing with the times. A few years ago, Rock-Ola introduced a totally redesigned deluxe "console" model that resembles a home stereo unit, which has answered a tremendous need for customer-selected music at restaurants, bistros and night clubs—which never would have tolerated the boxes displayed in your pages. Wurlitzer was unable to make a financial success in recent years of jukebox sales, but for business reasons that are not as glamorous as end-of-an-era ballyhoo. True, "jukebox Saturday night" ended a decade or so ago; however, we expect our business to be flourishing for a long time to come.

E. G. Doris
Executive Vice-President
Rock-Ola Manufacturing Corp.
Chicago, Illinois

I just finished reading those two terrific articles *Kiss That Box Goodbye*, by Albert Goldman, and *How to Buy a Used Jukebox*, by John Rezek. I was a branch manager for Wurlitzer Jukebox division in Georgia when the decision was made to discontinue operations in the U. S. The jukebox industry was the most interesting and satisfying business I have ever been in, and those two articles really hit home for me. Also, the pictures of the classic boxes are superb. I wish I could have had your beautiful model on the cover when I was selling the things.

Buddy Leflar
Indianapolis, Indiana

I *loved* your feature on jukeboxes. At the risk of sounding deviant, the photographs of the classic jukes turned me on more than your luscious-as-usual women. I've been collecting jukeboxes for years. As a collector, I have ambivalent feelings about the implications of your prominent feature: You have given a certain respectability to the hobby and confirmed the growing values of these beasts—but now it will be harder than ever to discover those $50 bargains.

Denis Kitchen
Princeton, Wisconsin

The nostalgic jukebox craze was a trip I thought I was on all by myself, until I read your *Guide to the Ultimate Jukebox*. A year ago, I discovered 15 1946 Wurlitzer jukeboxes stored in a warehouse. I began the restoration process here at the family vending-machine business, running into many of the same problems John Rezek wrote about so lucidly in *How to Buy a Used Jukebox*.

You can expect restoration to take up to 200 hours per machine, especially when dealing with 1015s. Plastics are a big problem, but I finally worked that one out with the help of a good artist. They were "prohibitively expensive" for the original molds. Another problem was the tonearm. It was difficult to adjust and tune the original magnetic-needle assembly, so I replaced it with a crystal needle. Doing away with the magnetic needle also made it necessary to eliminate the preamp. These changes did away with a lot of unnecessary parts, which was beneficial for easier maintenance.

Silas Redd
Laurel, Mississippi

Uncovering the cover

The woman on your January cover, Anne Randall, is something else. She is the loveliest ever to grace your fine magazine. Words cannot express how sexy she is. It boggles the mind. She is a goddess!

Alvin E. Sadjak
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Holy shit! Your January cover is the most amazing thing I've seen. That jukebox is a work of art, and the girl swaddled in gauze is a vision. She has a lovely face—not acutely sophisticated, just plain down-home good looks. My compliments. Let's see more of that girl.

Jack Benet
New York, New York

OK, Alvin, Jack and all the rest of you. Anne got in front of that jukebox one more time—saving the last dance for you.

Nice dice

Congratulations on your fine *Gambling* articles in your January issue. I particularly liked *Of Dice and Men*, the backgammon-tournament story, by Jon Bradshaw and Nigel Dempster. They captured the scene aboard the Queen Elizabeth II in all its hilarity and frenzy. I still get a chuckle over Clement Freud having his underpants starched.

Herbert Cooper
San Francisco, California

Cheers

Last September, your pictorial *The Return of Aunt Nancy* reminded me of a situation I've got myself into at school. I'm a 28-year-old woman and teach home economics in a very rich section of town. Although I've gone out with men and consider myself very attractive, I have always adored pretty girls. This past term, I was assigned in charge of the girls' varsity cheerleading team. I became very friendly with a girl named Kathy, maybe a little too friendly. She could tell immediately that I was gay from the way I stared at her body, but she always smiled and seemed to enjoy it. She was downright embarrassing sometimes. One day after the girls had practice, I was sitting talking in the locker room with the co-captain of the team. As she bent over to get something out of her locker, I stared at her bikini-panted ass for a long time, and it was only inches away from me. When I turned away, I saw that Kathy was looking at me and grinning. I was very embarrassed.

One Saturday, Kathy asked if I could give her a lift to the game, since her parents had gone out early that morning. I agreed and made sure that I arrived at her place a little early. She answered the door in her short uniform, but she wasn't completely ready and took me up to her bedroom so she could finish dressing. I sat on the bed and watched her bend over her dresser to apply a little make-up. She revealed the entire length of the back of her legs and they were gorgeous. I was watching her so intently that when she put a knee up on her dresser chair, I could see the inside of her thigh quiver; that's how soft it was. I was able to see the light-blue panties that failed to cover all of her ass. Her tan was fabulous. All that time, she had been watching me in the mirror and asked me, "Do you like what you see?" I couldn't deny it.

I asked her not to reveal to anyone what she knew. Kids, especially teenagers, can be very cruel sometimes, and can even enjoy ruining a career of someone they don't like. I had to plead with her, and the most she would do is to say that she'd "think about it." I was getting desperate but also more turned on. I decided to go for broke, and as I was pleading, I ran my hand up her dress, caressing her creamy thighs and her small but swollen pussy. It was heaven. I was almost delirious, and then she said, "It will cost you ten bucks

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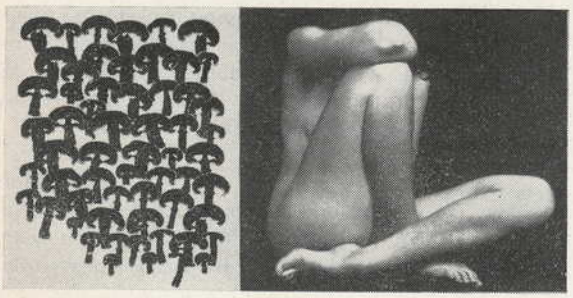

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a week to feel me." That little bitch! But it certainly has been worth it, these past months.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Dallas, Texas

Spanking central

You certainly know how to disappoint a reader. On the last page of your December issue, you reveal that the picture of the girl being spanked in your September *Mail* column was a phony. The rosy glow on the naughty girl's cheeks was patted on by your man Rodney, not smacked on by her supposed punisher. Although I am disillusioned, I suppose a posed photo is better than none.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Delevan, New York

Four of us read your magazine every month and we find it very interesting. In your December issue, four girls, Cindy, Peggy, Anne and Janice, suggested that OUI magazine show a man getting spanked, because you already showed a picture of a girl getting paddled. It seems like a good idea. Matter of fact, the four of us would like to volunteer.

PAUL, BARRY, BILL AND GEORGE
Fort Sill, Oklahoma

I read the letters on spanking in the December issue. I agree with Cindy, Peggy, Anne and Janice that if you show a woman getting spanked you should show a man getting spanked, too. Please rectify this intolerably sexist situation immediately.

MARY SMITH
Providence, Rhode Island

OK, Mary. Just remember, this hurt us more than it hurt you.

When I came across the picture of a woman being spanked in your September issue, it turned me on so much that I had to write to you. Ever since I reached puberty, I've had fantasies about being spanked. I've felt depraved and guilty about it, too, until the past few years. I don't have the guts to ask my lover to spank me, however. Maybe I won't like it after I've tried it, but I have to know before I go nuts. I wish someone would give me advice on how to drop the hint to him or make him angry enough to turn me over his knee.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Albuquerque, New Mexico

We never had that problem, N.W.R., but maybe some of our readers have and will write in to tell us about it.

Thanks for the lovely picture of the girl being spanked in your September issue. People don't realize what a turn-on this is. I was once fooling around and spanked my wife and was very surprised how excited she got. Now I can't give her enough and she can't do enough to please me.

BOB CELUCCI
Baltimore, Maryland

I'm 19 years old and my father gives me whippings whenever I disobey. I don't even get a second chance. He just takes off his wide leather belt, folds it in half and says, "Come here, young lady." My spankings are all bare bottom. When I bend over my dad's lap, whatever I'm wearing is either pulled up or taken down to uncover my whole backside. My big bare buns squirm and wiggle and feel prickly. When that leather strap starts landing across my bare ass, it burns like fire and stings worse than hornets, and soon I'm almost jumping out of my skin. I start to cry and promise I'll be good. When it's over, I grab my ass cheeks in both hands and do a war dance around the living room. I can't stand still for hours and my backside looks like two overripe tomatoes. Even the next day, I can't wear panty hose or sit down without a pillow.

It's not a sexy experience at all, but masturbating seems to take my mind off my pain for a while. A good fuck afterward is nicer, of course. I really dread whippings by my dad, but if some big stud were to put me over his knee and give me a sound spanking, it might be a lot different.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Schenectady, New York

In your December *Mail* column, Tom Brown asked about spanking techniques. This is in answer to his query. The spankee should be dressed in a revealing outfit. He or she should be placed over the spanker's knees and the hands should be securely tied with some soft material. Spray the buttocks with water from a mister or rub the area with a damp cloth. This will cause a more severe sting. Moisture should be reapplied after every dozen strokes. For the greatest build-up of tension, apply a dozen strokes, followed by a two-minute rest. Repeat this several times, each time the strokes getting progressively stronger. Let the spankee see a clock, so that he or she knows when the rests will take place. After a few sessions, it will become apparent when maximum sexual tension is achieved. To prolong this stimulation, have the spankee slip on a pair of latex pants from which the crotch has been cut out. Such pants do a delightful job of holding in the heat and prolonging the sting, but they also allow for full sexual activity.

For more tension, the spankee can be blindfolded and fitted with earplugs. The best instrument is a modified ping-pong paddle. Remove the rubber ribs from the surface and drill about 15 half-inch holes, equally spaced over the business end of the paddle. Sand it well, inscribe your favorite slogan, then varnish. The holes add a lot of sting and turn the flesh red quickly without danger of breaking the skin.

Spanking can be used as a turn-on to heighten sexual tension and lead to one hell of a ball. My wife and I are sure that a lot more people could add variety to their sex lives if they tried it.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Bangor, Maine

The water of life

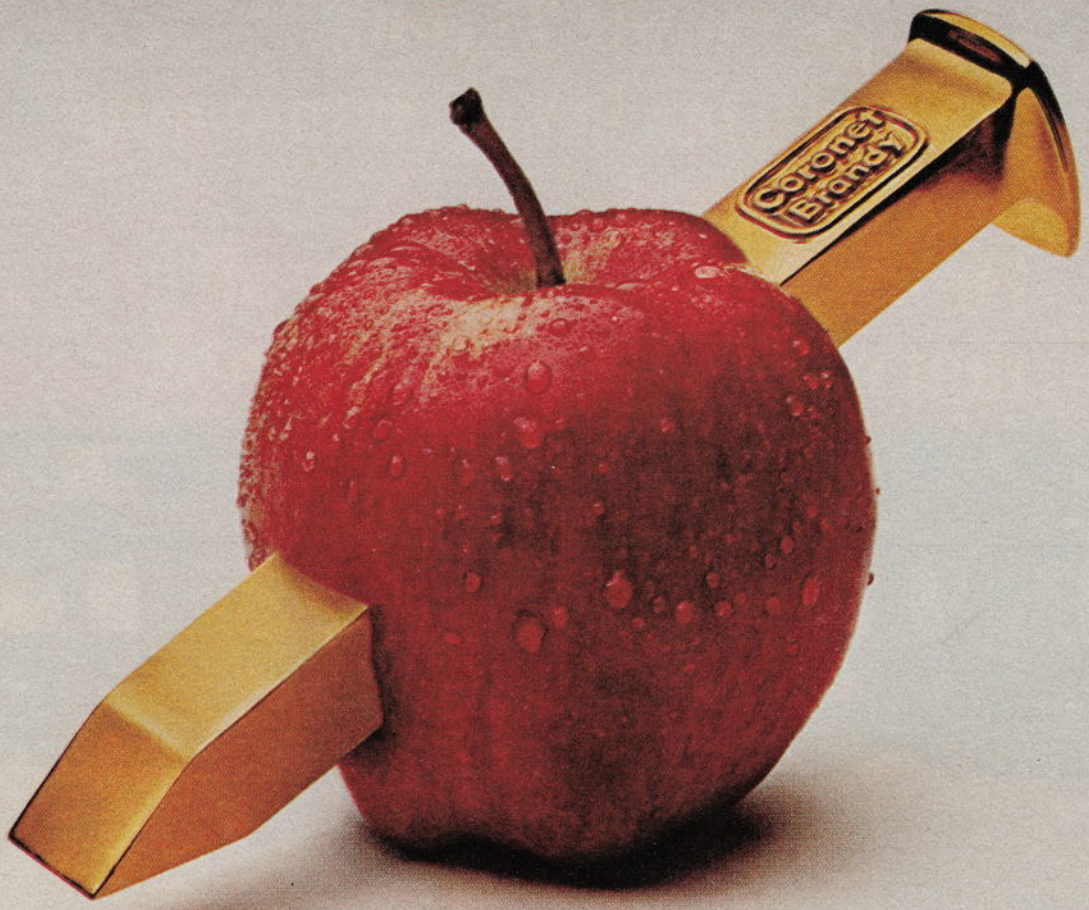
I have never been much of a wine fancier, but when I saw your *Champagne* article (January) I had to read it, though I kept flipping back to the opening picture of that girl going down on the champagne bottle. Thanks for an informative and pleasing piece. Any chance of seeing the girl again?

PHILIP ROGERS
Chicago, Illinois

Sure, Phil. There's an old French saying that goes, "Where there is no wine, there is no love." We suspect that's true. There is also a French maxim that says

that one shouldn't let champagne overflow from the bottle, but sometimes it just can't help itself.

Address letters to:
Mail, OUI
919 N. Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611



Spike it with Coronet.

The Soft Cider Spike.

4 oz. Cider (or Apple Juice)
2 oz. Coronet, The Great California Brandy.

Coronet Brandy. Its mellow flavor is made to mix. Try it with the tart taste of cider over ice. It's a temptation you can't resist. Why? California grapes. That's the kind we use in Coronet. Coronet and cider. The spike is right.

Coronet. The Great California Brandy.

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He's just won $25,000, poured a bucket of champagne over his head. He's not going to follow all that with a boring cigarette.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size.
Super Longs.

Viceroy has full-bodied flavor that doesn't flatten out. Always rich...always smooth...always exciting. Get a taste of Viceroy. Get a taste of excitement.

Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

© B&W T CO.

Kings, 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74

OPENERS

First take off my wife's dress, you silly bitch

The American Women's Club of Laos operates in Vientiane something called Ye Olde Thrifte Shoppe, selling—for charity—articles the women have worn out, are tired of or hold in excess of need. Some of these articles are *Reader's Digest* condensed books, old phonograph records, electric Rotobroilers and Monopoly sets with half the money missing.

Some of these articles are also American women's clothing. You would think that these dresses and undergarments would be slow movers in a country where the average adult woman weighs 91½ pounds. But you would be wrong. They are just the right size for Laotian gentlemen.

Every Saturday is get-together day for Vientiane's transvestite community at Ye Olde Thrifte Shoppe, and, every Saturday night, community members can be found togged in their new second-hand finery soliciting along Samsenthai Street. Those who have undergone the experience testify that it is unsettling in the extreme to be approached on a dark street by a Laotian transvestite wearing your wife's old dress.

—JEROME DOOLITTLE

Is it Inn?

All Holiday Inns are the same, you say? Not in the tiny African nations of Swaziland and Lesotho. Here the Holiday Inns offer gambling casinos, racy movies and newsstands stocked with "adult" magazines. At a *Holiday Inn*? Sure, but first you must understand that these two black-ruled countries are surrounded by the Union of South Africa, a nation whose puritanical white government has banned gambling, "immoral" publications and films that show anything more salacious than a peck on the cheek. Not so in Swaziland and Lesotho, where the Holiday Inn managers realize that there are more ways than sanitized-for-your-convenience toilet-seat wrappers to attract a customer. So, fun-loving South Africans in search of some weekend high jinks simply

A rare, balmy September eve in Rome. At the curb outside a fashionable club, Ursula Andress rises to dismount from a vintage Fiat brougham. A platoon of *paparazzi* charge to the fore, elbows out rigid to both sides, cameras glued to sweating faces, fingers poised for a quick click. Lo, as Ms. Andress descends, her long gown is swept back, its front slit cleaved and . . . my God, *she isn't wearing any!* A *paparazzo*'s dream! Almost enough to compensate for all the broken noses, swallowed teeth and busted cameras that are the trade's routine hazards. *Grazia*, Ursula.

—TIM NATER

Here's how it is, March 1975, anno Domini, in the Great American Middle West: Wichita police respond to a complaint of a disturbance inside a parked car; police arrive to find a 34-year-old Wichita man committing an "unnatural sex act" with a duck; the man is arrested for lewd conduct, the duck is returned to city park officials. And that's how it is, March 1975, anno Domini, in the great American Middle West.

The latest thing in sexual substitutes is being offered by a Brooklyn candy company that will reproduce your photograph on a chocolate lollipop. You can order 480 of these personalized candies for a reasonable $161.80 and make a gift of them to your girl- or boyfriend. What better way to get them in the habit of eating you morning, noon and night? —AL GOLDSTEIN

drive down the road to Swaziland or Lesotho, keeping an eye out for the very same green-and-white neon sign that guides vacationing Americans on their treks across the U. S. After all, Holiday Inns boast of having "the most accommodating people on earth."

20-20 concentration

Ever notice how most of life's important events take exactly 20 minutes? Meals, weddings, baths, fucks, funerals—each of these commonplace ceremonies clocks in at one third of an hour. The occasional four-star dinner in Paris gets averaged in with the four-minute hot dog at the ball game; the weekend in bed with that Lufthansa flight crew makes up for a lot of lonesome hand jobs. It all evens out—inevitably, immutably. Honest. Twenty minutes. Divorces and dope deals take longer; parking the car and writing a check take less. So what is to be made of this off-the-wall datum? Something weighty, perhaps, involving hitherto unremarked cosmic rhythms. Maybe some sort of abstruse diurnal pulses of black-hole negative energy? Mmmmmmmm . . . you may be right, Professor. Or could it be that the 20-minute time frame demarks the outer limits of standard human attention, beyond which boredom implacably lurks . . . ? Huh? Uh, sure, could be, I guess . . . zzzzzzzzz. —JOHN ROEMER

This bicentennial business is *really* getting out of hand—and 1976 is still a year away. In Warren, Rhode Island, the local bicentennial commission proposed that the town commemorate the event by having its fire hydrants repainted to look like Revolutionary soldiers. The town council agreed. So now visitors to Warren are greeted by the sight of dogs pissing all over those symbols of American patriotism. The new Spirit of '76?

Adventures in the skin mags

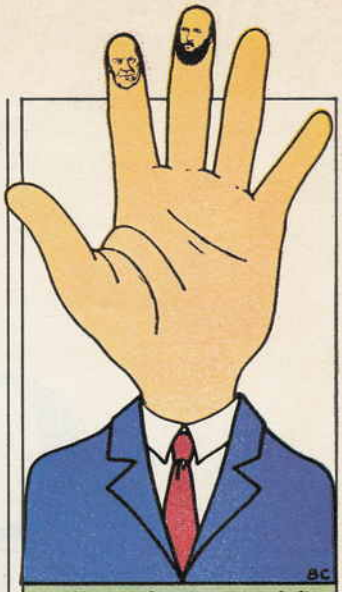
WHITEHOUSE
INTERNATIONAL
No1 50p
BRITAIN'S ONLY QUALITY GLAMOUR MAGAZINE-COMPLETE ADULT ENTERTAINMENT
PUBLISHED BY DAVID SULLIVAN
WHO ASKS NEWSAGENTS TO KEEP THIS ADULT PUBLICATION OUT OF THE REACH OF CHILDREN
* THE CYCLIST'S SEX TOUR!
* MOOD BLUE!
* FREE PARTIES!
* EROTIC READING & BEAUTIFUL GIRLS!

Mrs. Mary Whitehouse is an English puritan in the classic mold—a good old-fashioned interfering busybody who runs a committee called the Viewers and Listeners Association, which body monitors the visual and verbal media for traces of smut. Mrs. Mary Whitehouse has nothing whatsoever to do with the new magazine called *Whitehouse International*.

Mr. David Sullivan and Mr. Bernard Hardingham have everything to do with *Whitehouse International*. They are pornographers and proud of it. Their London mail-order business made them both millionaires by the age of 24, and their company, Subdean, has a dozen perverts' delights on the market: *Mini Special*, *Climax*, *Private* (the fact that their soft-core products bear the same names as those of famous hard-core Scandinavian products doesn't hurt business).

Mrs. Whitehouse loathes and deplores Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Hardingham, and *Whitehouse International* is their way of showing what they think of her. "Britain's Only Quality Glamour Magazine—Complete Adult Entertainment," it's called, and it features tits, ass and a lady editor who has legally changed her name to—you guessed it—Mary Whitehouse. In each issue, the latter-day Mary Whitehouse writes a column about what she's been up to, into and down on. The original Mary Whitehouse is offering no comment.

—JONATHON GREEN



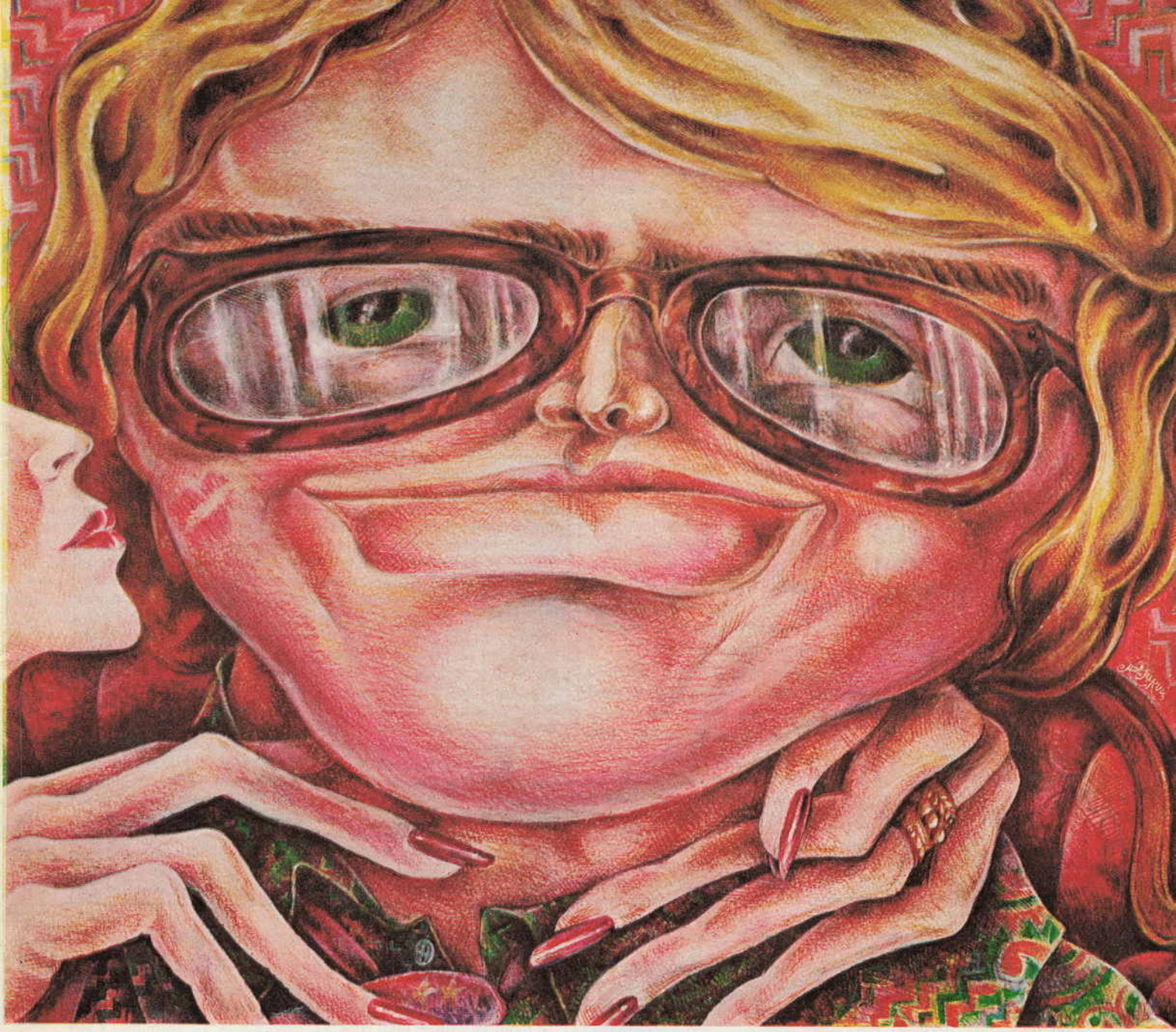
Q: Name the greatest left-handed Presidents in American history.
A: James A. Garfield and Gerald R. Ford.
Q: What else do these two men have in common?
A: They were the *only* left-handed Presidents in American history.

Ready when you are, R.I.P.

You may have missed the notices, but the British film industry died the other day. Shepperton Studios—flash point of England's film renaissance during the swinging London Sixties—was closed down and its contents dispersed at auction.

Some of the great modern films were made at Shepperton—*Dr. Strangelove*, *The African Queen*, *Darling*, *A Man for All Seasons* and *2001: A Space Odyssey*. But what's good isn't necessarily profitable. Early last year, the asset-stripping boys came 'round and tried to buy up the studio for conversion into a low-income housing project.

That move was stopped, but the general atrophy of studio finances could not be. Shepperton was finished as a film-production facility, and its end was a far cry from the Hollywood extravaganza



Separation saved our marriage thanks to Marantz speakers.

"Where's the flute Henry?" my wife complained constantly. I was about ready to leave her. Then we saw a Marantz dealer. He told us that separation of sound is a true test of a speaker system. He suggested we put Marantz and other popular speakers to the test by listening to a familiar recording so we'd be able to hear for ourselves that it's the speaker and not the recording that makes the difference. Oh, what a difference Marantz made! What we thought were two oboes were clearly an oboe and a flute. And that barbershop quartet...well, they're really a quintet.

The proof is in the listening. And that's where Marantz design concepts come into play. The transducers in Marantz speaker systems are engineered to handle an abundance of continuous power, so you get distortion-free sounds that are as pleasing as a nibble on the ear.

We bought the Marantz Imperial 5G Two Way Speaker for just $99. Perfect for our budget and it delivers fine sound separation even with minimum power equipment. And there are five other quality Marantz speaker models starting as low as $59 and all are available with the new Marantz acoustically transparent foam grill.

Whatever your power and budget requirements, keep this in mind. Marantz speaker systems are built by the people who make the most respected stereo and 4-channel equipment in the world.

To find out how much better they sound go to your nearest Marantz dealer and listen.

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We sound better.

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surrounding the demise of the MGM Studios. A desultory auctioneer managed to squeeze a half-million dollars out of some filing cabinets, teakwood desks and occasional memory-lane props—Peter Sellers' Dr. Strangelove sunglasses among them—and it was all over.

Shepperton's walls will now function as just that—four walls that people can rent for whatever purpose they please. One might be to play Humphrey Bogart to some lady's Katharine Hepburn in H Studio, where the all-purpose jungle set built originally for *African Queen* has never been dismantled. —FRANK LIPSIUS

Dr. Aschoff's ragtime men

According to the German publication *Medicine Today*, a Munich scientist has found that men have monthly periods. Although symptoms are not pronounced, the study indicated that every 28 days there are definite changes in male hormone levels and "other minor specific disorders."

OUI contacted Dr. Juergen Aschoff, the scientist who made this disclosure as part of his work for the Max Planck Institute for Behavioral Physiology, and asked for some elaboration.

"There are weak, weak indications of a male period," Dr. Aschoff told OUI. "Only the tiniest little *ripple* of change on the 28th day. But it is much, much, much too early to make any scientific statement. In five years, we will know a little more."

When asked how a man could tell when he was having his period (cramps? bitchiness?), Dr. Aschoff got a little peeved with OUI:

"Nothing has been proven scientifically yet. And there are *no* significant changes with the male period. Furthermore, if a man has a period, so what? It doesn't matter. It's nothing like a woman's."

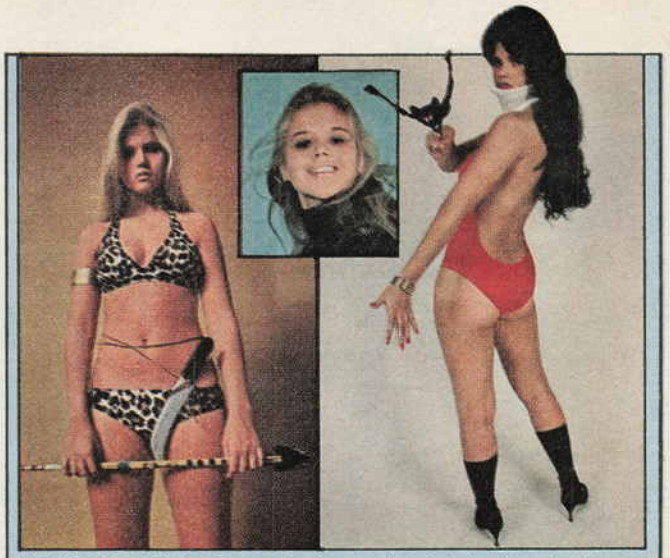
With that, Dr. Aschoff told us that he was regularly paid a great deal of money as a consultant and, as he had talked to us for five minutes, he would send OUI a bill for 100 Deutsche marks ($40). And then he hung up. Period.

—GALE WILEY

The French love to pick on the Germans. It has something to do with a half-dozen German invasions and that business about who got control of Alsace-Lorraine. The most recent evidence of France's Germanophobia is a clipping from a French newspaper, quoting an understandably small ad in the German *New Historical Revue*: "The Anusthol is a device which can be affixed to the anal opening. It will make farts [*les vents*] inaudible." That is a low blow.

VEGETABLE OF THE MONTH

It's strong, it's stout, it's round and firm and its darkened head throbs with passion. By God, it's a *truly* magical mushroom.



Heidi Saha, all of 15 years, is the undisputed darling of science-fiction fans in the East who gather at conventions to swap old pulps, trade memorabilia and watch the parade of sci-fi costumes. Like Heidi's. *Especially* Heidi's. "She's Lilith, Lolita and Lorelei melded into one fantastic young colt, around whom there's already a cult," says Forrest J. Ackerman, revered editor of *Famous Monsters of Filmland*. The swapping and the trading stop dead cold when Heidi shows up at New York's Lunacon, Washington's Worldcon or anywhere's StarTrekCon dressed as Sheena, Queen of the Jungle, Vampirella (both shown) or some other protean sci-fi fantasy woman. "Heidi's the Shirley Temple of sci-fi fandom, a poetic blend of fantasy and wondrous reality," says James Warren, esteemed publisher of Warren Comics. She is all of that, thanks to parents Arthur and Taimi Saha, sci-fi freaks of the first order (their library numbers over 10,000 volumes of extraterrestrialia), who have had Heidi on parade since she was six. "She can bring out the Humbert Humbert in men half her size," says Joe Kane, august editor of *Monster Times*. Mr. and Mrs. Saha foresee a film career for their precocious offspring, near-future recognition for Heidi as the new America's sweetheart. And what does Heidi herself have to say? "I don't know . . . I don't want to be thought of as a sex goddess. I mean, I go for inside beauty more than outside."

—R. SINGER

The chic tourist's dilemma: A Nikon is a necessity, but a good one will cost $700 or more, and besides, it has all those apertures and F stops to monkey with. F that! New York photographer Peter Fortuna has a better idea: Wear one of his Nikon T-shirts and keep an Instamatic handy in your shoulder tote. No one will ever know, unless he gets real close, by which time you will no longer be thinking about taking his picture. Chic tourist is saved again.

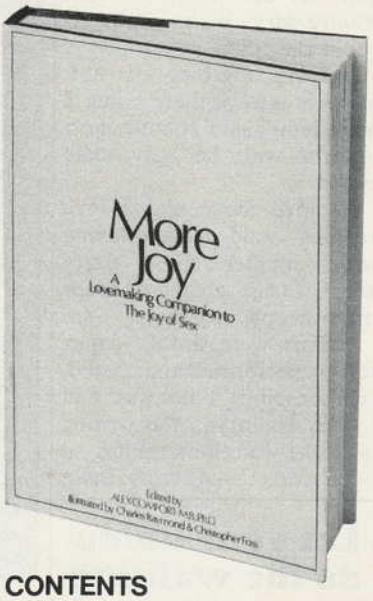
Vanity affair

For a paltry $30,000, you, your family and your friends can star in an authentic Chet Patterson movie. *Oh, really?* Yes, Patterson is a San Francisco film producer whose firm, The Film Works!, has created award-winning television and industrial documentaries and is now under contract to Abercrombie & Fitch, the ritzy New York specialty store, to make "the ultimate photo album" for customers in need of an ultimate photo album.

"I don't know that anyone else is doing this," says an enthusiastic Leo Martin, vice-president of Abercrombie & Fitch. "Whatever happens to our economy, people will still have the ability to buy this."

Producer Patterson points out that, before the Abercrombie offer, only Hollywood,

This daring and beautiful book picks up where The Joy of Sex left off.



"Uninhibited" . . . "witty, unprecedented" . . . "superbly and tastefully illustrated" . . . "joyous and delightfully instructive" . . . that's how readers, critics and psychologists responded to *The Joy of Sex*, the frank and beautiful gourmet guide to lovemaking that has sold over 3,000,000 copies in less than two years. MORE JOY is its welcome companion.

Like its predecessor, MORE JOY is a book that deals fully and frankly, joyfully and nonclinically with aspects of sex that other books circumvent or ignore. It goes further than any book we know in its exploration of the fine points of lovemaking techniques between mature adults.

It is called MORE JOY because that is what it offers. More liberation, more understanding, more answers, more resources and better ways to relate lovingly to others. It discusses methods, both physical and psychological, that can greatly deepen and alter the pleasure experience. It does this with grace, through candid, witty text and through tenderly sensuous illustrations.

MORE JOY features 100 illustrations, 32 in full color, by the same artists who made *The Joy of Sex* a feast for the eye. The illustrations are instructional and explicit—but much more. They convey all the romance, excitement and beautiful passion of the consummate act of love.

In five sections—The Language of the Body, His and Hers, Couples and Others, Special Needs, and Resources—MORE JOY guides experienced and secure couples into the examination of the whole of their relationships as well as the changing conception of fidelity in today's society.

MORE JOY shows you specifically how to enhance general body sensitivity, perhaps the most neglected part of our sensual education. It delves into the essence of maleness and femaleness and illuminates the differences, some biological, some cultural, in the sexual experience of the two sexes.

There is a large section on special needs which provides much-needed information for those with psychological problems, physical disabilities, duration difficulties, recent heart incidents and other unusual concerns.

Telling you where to go for more help, advice or inspiration, MORE JOY explains and assesses behavior therapy, psychoanalysis, encounter groups and the distinctive methods employed in sexual therapy. You will learn which are the effective ways to alter and improve your sex life, both at the physical and the emotional level, and which techniques are confusing and harmful.

To those who have read and learned from *The Joy of Sex*, MORE JOY presents a further step toward a joyous, inventive and carefree sexual relationship. To those who have not read *The Joy of Sex*, MORE JOY introduces today's most original, challenging and rewarding thinking on sex.

In any event, MORE JOY is a book you would do well to read and reread—for your own sake and that of the one you love.

You may examine MORE JOY for ten days, and if for any reason you are not completely satisfied, return it for a prompt refund.

Because the text and illustrations of MORE JOY are exceptionally candid, we are limiting sales to adults 21 and over.

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Disablement
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Overweight
Pregnancy
Prostate
Vaginismus

Playboy Books 6 Commercial Street, Hicksville, New York 11801 OUI 475

- ☐ Send me MORE JOY. Enclosed is my payment for $13.85 ($12.95 plus 90c shipping and handling). New York Residents—add 4% tax plus any local sales tax. Illinois residents—add 5% tax. If not completely satisfied, I may return the book for a full refund. I represent that I am 21 or over.
- ☐ Send me *The Joy of Sex*. Enclosed is my payment for $13.85.
- ☐ *Special Savings!* Send me both *The Joy of Sex* and *More Joy*. I enclose my payment for $22.50.
- ☐ As checked above, but charge to my Playboy Club Credit Key

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industrialists and large corporations could enjoy the full benefits of film. "People could always hire a crew from Hollywood for $150,000 and up," he adds, "but how many have ever gone to such expense? Now families can hire

a private crew and star in their own special film."

For the bargain-basement $30,000, The Film Works! will make a 15- to 20-minute 16mm lifestyle documentary, complete with music, narration, titles, slow motion, lap dissolves, tracking shots and special effects. After an order is placed with Abercrombie, a writer visits the subjects and prepares a film script. Patterson's crews will film anything the subjects want filmed—except pornography—and will even travel up to 6500 miles round trip from San Francisco with no additional charge to the client.

Shooting and production require an average of three months' time, and when the film is complete, the clients will have what Abercrombie modestly calls "the gift idea of the century." *Oh, really?*

—DON ABOOD

Switch hitter's triple-header

No special greeting cards adorned the fireplace mantels of Steve Ostrow's apartment above New York's glitter mecca, the Continental Baths, perhaps because Hallmark has yet to devise a greeting to fit such an auspicious occasion: a triple-anniversary party given by Ostrow to commemorate the 14th year of his marriage to the former Joanne King, the sixth year of his gay baths' existence and the second year of his relationship with Jessie, a former elevator operator who is 21 years old and male. The champagne flowed like cold duck, friends of the tubs drank liberally and good vibes careened off the foam-rubber furniture.

"Marriage no longer works," said Steve, patting Jessie's hand as the strains of *The Anniversary Waltz* fluttered about the room.

"Living together or not, Steve is always there when I need him," said Joanne, arm in arm with her gay male escort.

"I love Steve and I love Joanne," said Jessie, flirting with another male party guest; "trust is what keeps three people together."

Toasts were drunk, entertainers performed and a good, self-conscious time was had by all. Hallmark, the writing is on the wall. Better put it on your cards. —ARTHUR BELL

"My only ambition is to make people laugh," says Pat Oleszko, and she pursues this praiseworthy goal by exhibiting her work of body sculpture called *New York Women*. The creation, produced originally for the New York Museum of Contemporary Crafts, is a series of live, costumed satires of female stereotypes found in and around Manhattan. "I don't want to offend people with my satires," Ms. Oleszko maintains; but victims of the dead-on parodies might think otherwise, such as: *The New York Feminist* ("She is wearing a giant set of jeans and has a flea-bitten crotch of dreadful old fur and drooping, braless tits") and *The Upper East Side Smart Young Matron* ("Her pussy is a fine bit of fox fur, all laced up very tight . . . I see her as a sexual zero. Even her boobs are disguised"). Now, how could that offend anyone?

Let your libido do the walking

What's this? Pedophilia perpetrated by Bell Canada? An I.T.T. subsidiary encouraging customers to lust after the firm, rounded flesh of little girls? First I.T.T. does it to Chile, now to children! That, at least, is more or less how a group of Toronto women interpreted this advertisement that Bell Canada enclosed with its recent billings.

"We take umbrage, sir, to your using the sight of the bare flesh of a young girl in her puberty to attract

attention to the dubious merits of your propaganda," the ladies wrote to Bell Canada chairman R. C. Scrivener.

Scrivener's reply? "I must

Meet Leora, sometimes called Miriam Horowitz, a big, healthy, 24-year-old Israeli presently living in West Germany. Leora drops from small planes for fun in the daytime, drops clothing for money at a Munich night club in the evenings. She's one girl who knows her way around G strings and G forces. As you read this, Leora may be free-falling through a light cloud cover over the green uplands of Bavaria or flashing her warm skin tones to the crowd at Munich's Intermezzo Bar; or maybe she's cuddling her miniature Yorkie between jumps or adjusting her Uvex Anti-Fog goggles at 15,000 feet; or perhaps she's just arisen, having slept late, and is brushing her long black hair, thinking of the vineyards on the slopes of Mount Olive. Catch Leora while you can. —TIM NATER

Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?

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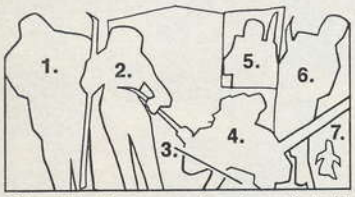

Almost every skier up here today has a gimmick. Find the one who doesn't. **1.** Nope. He's Sandford R. Brochure, resort owner. Gimmick: Every weekend predicts "two inches of powder is coming!" (It's his wife—wearing heavy make-up.) Just bought some super-cool menthol cigarettes, and they turned to slush. **2.** She's Althea Home. Gimmick: Stretch pants so tight she mends them with spray paint. Thinks a ski pole is an athlete from Warsaw. **3.** An abominable snowman. **4.** No, he's Boyer U. Dumm, beginner. Skis like a man being attacked by a lumber yard. Has been picked up so often by ski patrol, they've sewn a handle on his jacket. His filter cigarette's taste is recessed so far, it needs lift tickets to bring it out. **5.** Right. He likes to put on skiis —not his fellow skiers. Wants his cigarette without fancy fads and gimmicks, too. Camel Filters. No nonsense. Just good taste and great tobacco. **6.** He's Gay Abandon, ski model. He's either wearing a huge fur hat—or his head is unravelling. Thinks a giant slalom is something you buy in an Italian deli. **7.** A pigeon, on his way to a formal dance.

Camel Filters. They're not for everybody (but they could be for you).

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report OCT. '74.

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SURE -
- Fulfill U.S. Commitment to NATO
- Present a Visible and Believable Defense
- Preserve Stability in Europe
- Fight, if Necessary, in Defense of Freedom

What you see here is an authentic, unretouched poster that was distributed on European bases by the U. S. Army back in 1971. Army public-relations types had figured that since so many GIs read nothing but comic books, what better way to communicate with them than through the comic-book format? So General Michael S. Davison, commander-in-chief of the army in Europe, posed with a group of GIs who had been yanked at random from the street. When the posters were tacked up in billets throughout Europe, well . . . the soldiers began laughing hysterically and ripping the posters down as soon as they went up, ripping them down and mailing them back home to show the folks how silly things were getting in the European army. Shortly, there were none of these posters to be found—anywhere. In fact, they are now genuine collector's items. Sleep soundly, America. . . . —GALE WILEY

drop in and see those girls sometime. They sound like a good bunch."

Bell Canada, meantime, defended the purity of its intentions—to urge customers to use their telephone books instead of dialing the information operator. Come, now, Bell Canada! We're perfectly aware of the fact that if one takes the L, the O and the T from the word telephone, the I from using, the L from properly and the A from are, one can put them all together and spell Lolita. Who is kidding whom?

More big news out of Kinshasa, Zaïre, site of last October's Ali-Foreman fight: The Zaïre government announces that His Excellency President Mobutu Sese Seko will hereinafter be addressed simply as Citizen Mobutu and that Christmas Day will hereinafter be celebrated on June 24, the date the country was proclaimed independent. Hark! the Herald *who*? Angels? Angels do *what*? Sing? *Why?*

Reds pale in the sauna set

Tylo, a Swedish sauna company, received an order from the North Korean government the other day that has created a little heat of its own. Seems that some of the honchos from north of the 38th parallel decided that not just any old sauna would do for their relaxation needs and so they ordered the superluxurious model, a flashy number that comes equipped with stereo, fancy furniture and wall-to-wall carpeting. The overworked proles ordered five of these dudes, each one costing about the same as five

of Tylo's regular, no-frills model.

This did not go down too well with the Tylo people: Sweden takes its socialism seriously, even if it does still have a king. "You get upset when you find out that these luxury saunas were ordered by a socialist country," said Tylo director Olaf Jansson. "Why, they cost so much that no Swede has been able to afford one; we sell most of them to German millionaires!" Jansson wants to cancel the order. He says he'd rather expose the "truth behind the vulgar socialistic propaganda" than make some easy money, which, of course, is just the right thing for a private businessman from a neutralist, socialist nation *to* say.

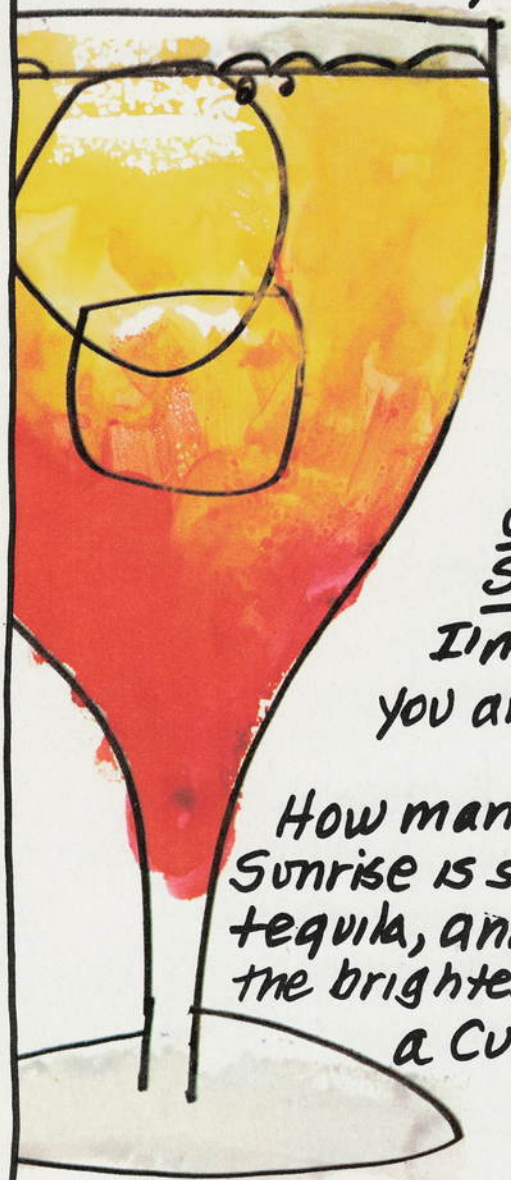
—ERIC KAHN

What do you say to a decadent Eskimo?

Think you have future shock? Lucky you aren't an Eskimo. It's been a long-standing joke in arctic circles that the average Eskimo family consists of two adults, three children, a dog and an anthropologist, and that none of them has much to do except sit around and beat his blubber. However, the dismal entertainment situation recently showed signs of improvement, with the staging of the first subarctic rock festival. Held on Ellesmere Island, the northernmost Eskimo settlement in North America, the concert featured a group called the Icebergs and a Greenlandic Eskimo named Ungaq Rasmus Lyberth, who sang in his native

This is not a photograph. It is a definitive essay on the subject of The Transcendental Sexual Magnetism of Popular Celebrities. The auto (an eight-cylinder Morgan) *used* to be owned by Mick Jagger. Yet the rock singer was nowhere around—indeed, no longer even owned the auto—when these two ladies happened upon it. The Jagger Morgan had been purchased and awarded as a contest prize by a San Francisco radio station, and the new owner, a Berkeley graduate student, left it momentarily untended on a "deserted" country road. The two young ladies came hiking by and immediately—without knowing anything of the auto's history—*began tearing off their clothes and performing lewd sexual acts with the automobile*! "Oh, wow!" said one girl, when later told of the auto's past. "I never *dreamed* I'd ever get this close to . . . *him*!"

Ethel, After years of waiting for the Sunrise, the light just dawned.



It's clear that you're never going to learn that CUERVO MAKES THE SUNRISE. And that all I'm ever going to get from you are drinks that are a cloudy mess.

How many times have I explained that a Sunrise is simplicity itself? Orange juice, tequila, and a dollop of grenadine. And that the brightest Sunrise of all is the original... a Cuervo Sunrise.

Well, Ethel, I've got news. I've discovered Sonia. As a friend, Sonia has several advantages over you.
(1) She has her own apartment.
(2) She can whip up a perfect Sunrise at the drop of a hint. And now I know, if a friend doesn't know that Cuervo makes the Sunrise, you have to make a new friend. Like Sonia.

Alex

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Just the thought of it can give you a good feeling.
Black Velvet® Canadian Whisky. The smooth Canadian.
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tongue while his brother translated the lyrics into English and Inuktitut, the local Eskimo dialect. A reporter for the Ellesmere Island *Inukshuk* described the event as "a mini-Woodstock," which

brings up that problem of future shock: With their very own Woodstock having come and gone, can the Eskimos' Altamont be far away?

—JOE KANE

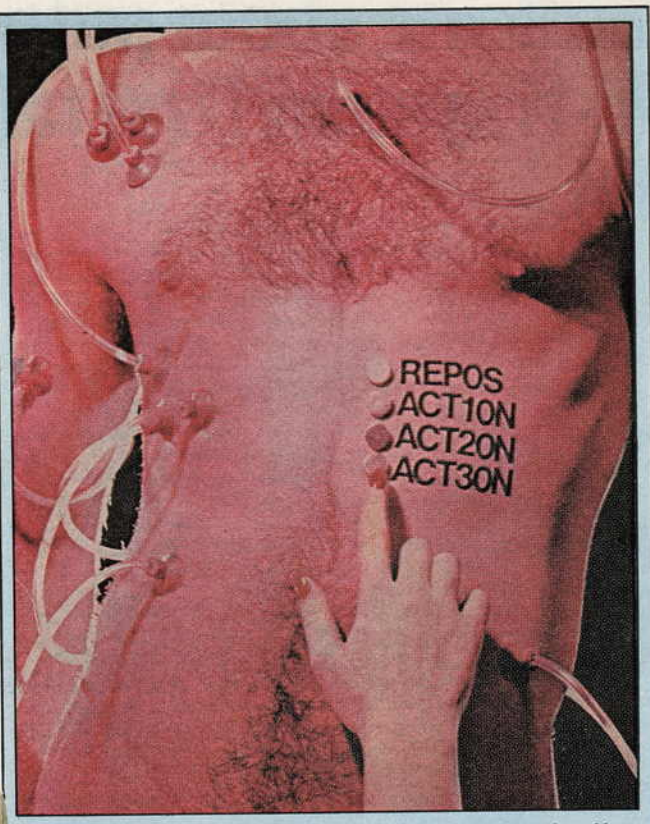
Are acronyms the real Esperanto? Can we communicate with alien civilizations using only initials? Solid affirmative evidence was presented at a party recently on New York's East Side. A Japanese guest drew the hostess aside, indicated a tall Caucasian male near the bar and asked what business the fellow was in.

"He's in public relations," the smiling hostess replied.

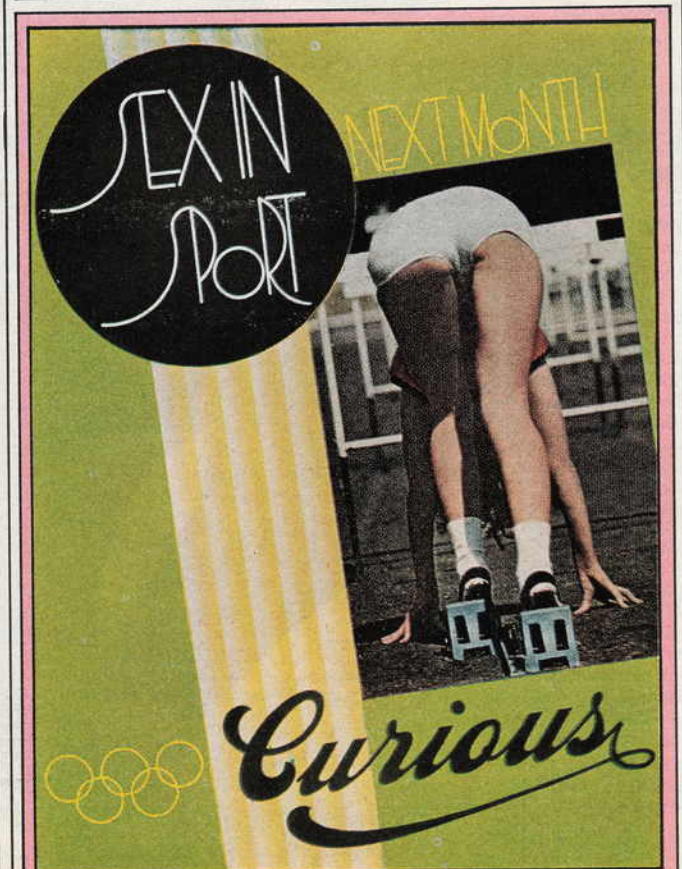
"What does that mean?" the man asked, after much head scratching.

"Well, you know—*public relations*," said the hostess. "He places material favorable to his clients in the press, on TV and——"

***"Ah so desu ka!"* exulted the Japanese, with a triumphant smile. "I unnerstan'! He in *PR*!"**



This photo was used in the French-Canadian magazine *Nous* to illustrate an article on "Love in the Future." It's easy to figure out the guy's problem. Our question is: Where is the girl's *head at*?



A little behind in the race? A British magazine called *Curious* leaves readers eager to try a few laps with this peek at their upcoming "Sex in Sport" issue. —MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE

A story that never runs out of gas

Our correspondent at the Frankfurt Book Fair had her attention drawn to this offering from Tokyo's Shuppan Hanbai Company. You might see why.

"Marriage of a Farting Girl. Storied by Etsusei Ohkawa and illustrated by Daihachi Ohta. $2.50. One of the leading old tales that have been told from the ancient Japan. Once upon a time, a girl who frequently farted got married. For a few days, she refrained from farting. At last, however, she could not patient and farted. The wind blew her husband's mother away through a roof. Her husband got so angry that he divorced her. On the way to her parents' home, she brought about happenings with her special ability and became rich. So her husband was married to her again and lived happily even after."

A town without ditty

Chicago is Frank's kind of town, Tony left his heart in San Francisco and by this time, everyone is familiar enough with New York's musical geography to know that the Bronx is up and the Battery's down. But even though more songwriters live in and around Los Angeles than anywhere else in the U. S. except Nashville, the City of Angels doesn't have a song to call its own.

City fathers are doing something about it, though. Or trying to. Ever since nominations for an official city song to replace *Angeltown* (which doesn't mention Los Angeles by name) were requested by ex-mayor Sam Yorty nine years ago, an eight-member song committee has reviewed over 700 submissions, including fox trots, marches, tangos, waltzes, rock tunes, conga tunes and one *latino* number with German lyrics.

A woman in Dayton, Ohio, sent in a song whose chorus went, "Come by train, come by

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jet, come by dog sled or boat or Corvette." Another composition began, "Los Angeles

is its name, the freeways are its veins," while a third mentioned "those fabulous hills, our city of thrills." The songwriter we'd really like to meet, however, is the one who thought of rhyming beaches with leeches, as in "sandy beaches, free of leeches."

Los Angeles officials have not been bowled over by these or any of the other lyrics they have reviewed. The big problems, according to Owen Brady, coordinator for the city's Bureau of Music, are getting the city's name in the opening line and then finding a rhyme for Los Angeles.

That's funny, because Arlo Guthrie has already done both. He got the name of the city into the first line and then rhymed it with "Bringing in a couple of keys." It's not so hard, after all.

—ANNE BEATTS

The gayest scene in the world right this minute is not Dean's Bar in Tangier, the Shagrama in London or even the top deck of the Cafe de Flore in Paris. No, *the* place is Rome's Piazza Navona, especially at cocktail hour on the promenade outside the Cafe de Colombia—the most fashionably bizarre male-ogling-male spot in Europe. When the parade first began in 1973, the young things were all in ritzy drag, to the bafflement of the local *carabinieri*. In 1974 the correct look appeared to be butch, except that the guys were bedecked in summer-weight silks, cottons and denims instead of sweaty old leather. What will the coming year see on the Piazza Navona? Or will the scene have shifted to places yet unknown? Come back next month and we may have some news.

Beat me, Bossie, eight to the bar, says Mr. Yako

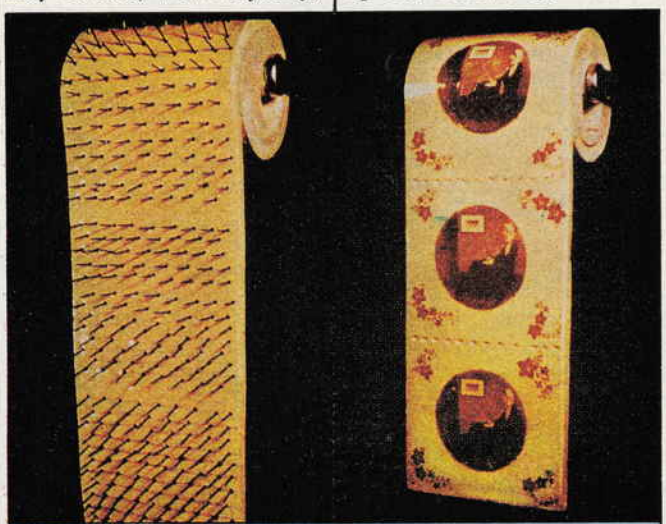
Follow this closely, because—though it gets complicated in spots—you will find it worth while and, for all we know, instructive. Ready?

Mr. Bueraheng lives in Pattani, Thailand, with his cow and two calves. A Mr. Yako also lives in Pattani. Sometimes Mr. Yako, a widower, gets lonely. On one such occasion not long ago, a neighbor spotted him *flagrante delicto* with Mr. Bueraheng's cow. The neighbor told Mr. Bueraheng, and Mr. Bueraheng, mad as anything, went around the village telling anybody who would listen (and that, you may be sure, was everybody) that Mr. Yako had slipped one to his (Mr. Bueraheng's) cow while her (the cow's) two calf children were looking on. Mr. Yako, upon hearing what Mr. Bueraheng was saying about him, came to believe that he (Mr. Yako) was losing face. Whereupon Mr. Yako looked up Mr. Bueraheng and punched him in the nose. The police then looked up Mr. Yako, slapped an assault rap on him and fined him 50 bahts, which is $2.50.

For 50 bahts, Mr. Yako could have had himself serviced by a nice clean girl—the old fool.

—JEROME DOOLITTLE

Now that winter's almost gone and summer's almost here and you're starting to think about traveling on, why not consider a Sunday stopover at the Ponderosa Sun Club in Roselawn, Indiana? Why? Because it encourages girl guests to wrestle in the mud, rip each other's clothes off and get icky goo all over simply *everything*. Besides, not much else is happening in Indiana of a Sabbath afternoon.

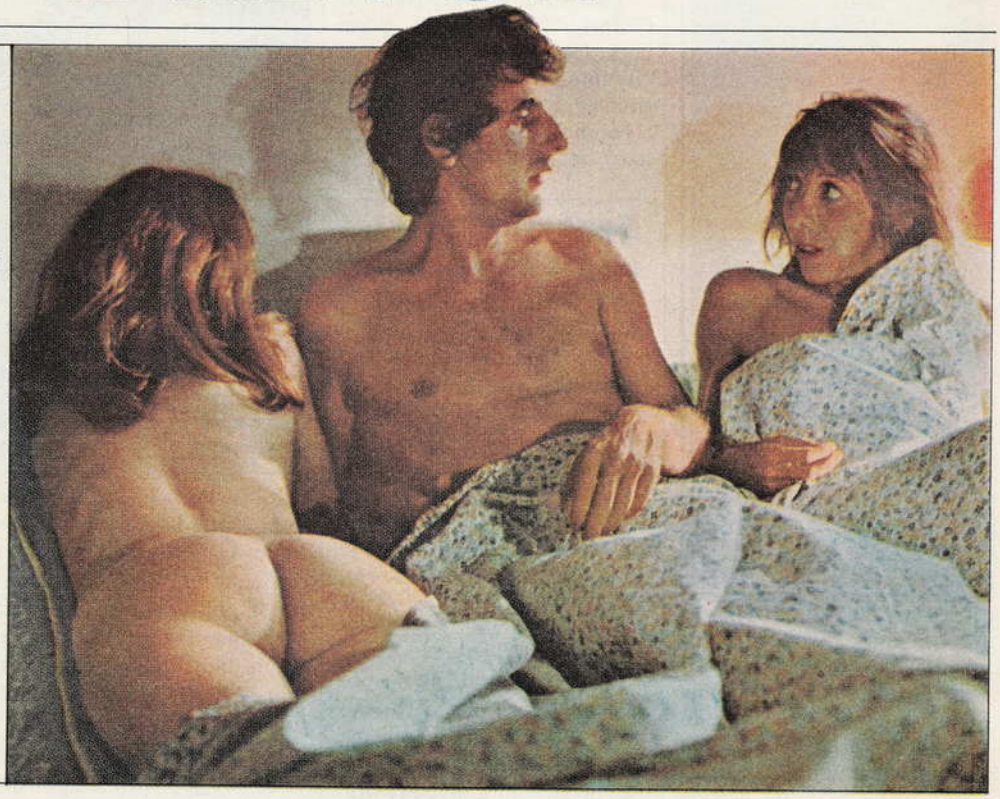


What we have here is the work of Yiannes, a New York sculptor who characterizes himself as a "serious satirist." What he is serious about satirizing, apparently, is toilet paper. "I've always had a feeling for decorating toilet paper," he says, "so when I got involved with clay, I transferred my feelings about toilet paper and presented it as a piece of fine art." His clay-toilet-paper series includes application of such items as nails, mink fur, *Whistler's Mother*, the *Mona Lisa* and playing cards. The perfect gift for that hard-to-please constipated friend.

MERCI

A tip of the OUI borsalino and a lifetime subscription to the critically acclaimed OUI subscription-renewal-reminder letter go out to: Emalee Andre, Lew Arthur, Anthony Haden-Guest (*The Incredible Hyphenated Man*), Tuppy Owens, George Powell, Vincent J. Reisch (finally made it, Vince), Laurence Santrey, Tom Stratton and the elusive Erla Zwingle. Photo credits: Ursula's quim, Dr. Graziani, Mondial Press Foto; Lollypop, Bill Frantz; Heidi, Waring Abbott; Nikon girl, Peter Fortuna; Sky stripper, Horst J. Buch; Pat Oleszko, Transworld Feature Syndicate; Mick's Morgan, Billy Clark; Mud wrestlers, Paul Knott, Jr. Art credits: *Openers* box, Steve Lounsbury; Duck tart, Brian Miller; Left-handed prexies, Bobbye Cochran; Question rag, Vincent Topazio; Film album, George Hamblin; Korean sauna, Pat Dypold; Eskimo Woodstock, George Kenton; L.A. tune, Dick Brooks. Well, that's about everybody.

PREVUE



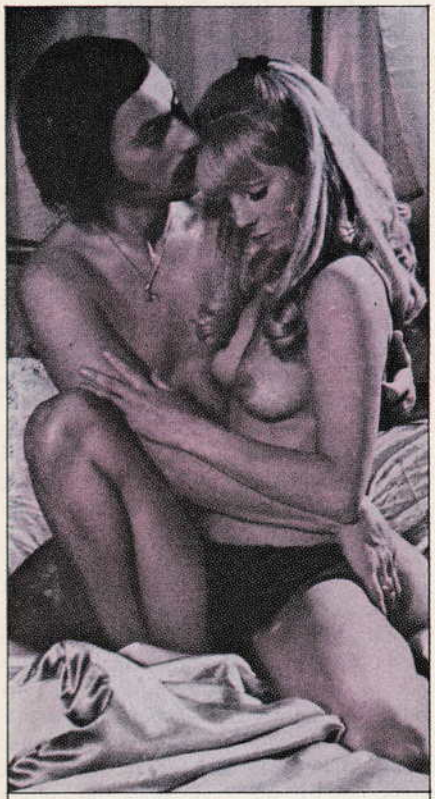
Le Chaud Lapin **literally means "the hot rabbit," but that won't do for an American title. The French name is actually a slang expression for a man who is "hot in the pants." In this particular instance, the horny guy is played by Bernard Menez (center), last seen hereabout in Pascal Thomas' *Don't Cry with Your Mouth Full* (see March OUI). Menez has once again teamed up with the young director to produce a gentle satire of French bourgeois morals. In the last film, Thomas satirized the provincials. This time out, he goes after city folk spending their month in the country. A married friend invites Menez along on a holiday he is spending with his wife and sisters-in-law. Menez figures it's his chance to make it with four women (friend's wife included). While Menez tries to get people in bed, Thomas takes a gently satiric look at their pretensions.**
—CYNTHIA GRENIER

The Slightly Pregnant Man is the English title of Jacques Demy's latest film, although a literal translation of the French would be more appropriate—*The Most Important Event Since Man Walked on the Moon*. The event is pregnancy, and what makes it so important is that the baby's carrier is not Catherine Deneuve, who plays the mother, but Marcello Mastroianni, who plays Poppa. The first question you or I might ask is how Mastroianni manages to get pregnant in the first place, which is something Demy declines to answer. Instead, he tries to coast along on a jaunty Michel Legrand score. (Legrand composed the music for Demy's *Umbrellas of Cherbourg*.) Without the basic question answered, *The Slightly Pregnant Man* doesn't really work, but it is a weird kind of fun. We get to watch Mastroianni get sick in a movie theater, rush to the doctor and receive the wonderful-terrible news. He gets exhibited to a medical convention, marries Deneuve (in order to save the child embarrassment) and—as you can see—begins to model male pregnancy clothes for a maternity firm. The clothing manufacturers are overjoyed—they've just discovered a great new market for their products. Mastroianni gives up his job as a driving instructor, since he's forced to model full time. Actually, it's a pretty good deal—for he's now too fat to fit behind the steering wheel of his car. Things pretty much go on in this vein. Mireille Mathieu is enlisted to sing a couple of songs. As the delivery date nears, we begin to ask the second important question—what part of a man's body will let a baby come through? Demy tries to finesse this one as well. Turns out that the pregnancy is false. So why care? At least the colors are pretty. —JONATHAN ROSENBAUM

Jane Birkin (below) goes for a swim and gets photographed. So what? Well, it's enough for Claude Zidi to plot out a wild chase of a comedy. Let's see, Jane's really a princess who's trying to become a movie star and Pierre Richard (France's Jerry Lewis) is the son of a politician running for office, and the photographs. . . . The film is called *La Moutarde Me Monte Au Nez!*, which means *Off the Deep End*.

Newsreel. Last fall, in London, the life of Rod Steiger was insured for a cool million while shooting *Hennessy*, a flick about Irish terrorists trying to blow up the English Parliament—just in case any irate Irish decided to blow up Steiger for acting in the film. More recently, Steiger has been working in St.-Tropez with Claude Chabrol on *Les Innocents aux Mains Sales*. . . . Orson Welles is busy winding up the editing and mixing of two films: *The Deep*, a thriller shot in the late Sixties in Yugoslavia, with Jeanne Moreau, Laurence Harvey and Welles himself; and *The Other Side of the Wind*, about an American director (played by John Huston) returning to Hollywood after many years. Present hopes are that the latter movie will be finished in time for the Cannes Film Festival in May. . . . Louis Malle's latest is *Black Moon*, shot by Ingmar Bergman's cameraman Sven Nykvist and starring Joe Dallesandro and Alexandra Stewart. . . . Just Jaeckin, director of *Emmanuelle* (see pages 76-79), is working on a screen adaptation of *The Story of O*, which will feature Udo Kier, the creepy hero of Paul Morrissey's *Blood for Dracula*. . . . Jean-Pierre Léaud has lately been involved with making a fictionalized film about his own life, *My Name Is Bernard Dubois*—reputedly in Super-8-millimeter, with the assistance of John Terry, who filmed the Parisian episodes of *An American Family*. . . . Luis Buñuel's son Jean-Louis has recruited his father's scriptwriter, Jean-Claude Carriere, along with Liv Ullmann and Michel Piccoli, for *Leonor*. . . . In London, Truffaut described his new movie, *The Story of Adele H.*, as "the story of a solitary love where one will see everything that a woman in love can undertake to try to obtain satisfaction against all reason." This summer, Truffaut plans to shoot *Abel and Calins*, about ten children of both sexes traced from birth up to the age of 12. . . . Money hassles: There's been talk that Federico Fellini's *Casanova* is getting stalled due to budgetary problems. And late last year, Jack Palance spent several days explaining to Roman airport customs that he had $17,000 cash in his hand luggage because it was paid to him in Switzerland for a movie in Spain.

British actress Suzy Kendall (above) has a bit of fun before the murderer comes for her pal, Tina Aumont. This is from an Italian film called *Torso* here. Its original title, however, tells all—*The Bodies Showed Evidence of Carnal Violence*.



The lady being fondled is the daughter of a film director and the wife of a cop. Her name is Anna Bergman and, yes, her father is the somber Swede Ingmar. Anna, who left home for England and a bobby named Peter Brown some years ago, decided to go into the family business. Her premier effort, *Whoosh!*, is hardly *Scenes from a Marriage*, however. It's a trendy little sex item, by Peter Curran, and the story concerns the adventures of Anna and a traveling salesman (played by Nicholas Day, who seems to be enjoying himself). The metaphysics may not be as exciting as Ingmar Bergman's efforts, but then the sex looks a good deal more joyful.

This is a poster for a French documentary about abortion called *The Story of A*. Not only did the film get busted but the poster got busted, too. Before France's new abortion law, you couldn't even advertise a film showing an abortion. Now that the film's not needed, it may get shown. —C. G.

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REVUE

Night of the marital menopause

A spiritual menopause walks the land. And no birds sing. We've painted the windowpanes black. Barbed wire uncoils across my driveway like a vicious Slinky. The children wear gauze masks; we prep for dinner with Phisohex; there's a paper strip across my toilet seat. Eight married couples in the neighborhood have come down with it. Time is running short. I cry loud in my sleep, "Throw out your dead." Someday soon I'll kiss my wife and, terrified, recoil from her as Kevin McCarthy does in *The Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. I'll taste a strange synthetic texture on my wife's lips, like Play-doh maybe or an old Gainesburger, and I'll know they've got her, too.

You can contract it at the movies. **Scenes from a Marriage** and **A Woman Under the Influence** are in themselves sufficient grounds for divorce. Two brilliant, bravura films that depict marriage as a Petri dish in which moist, furry things grow, none of them penicillin. Long films: Ingmar Bergman and John Cassavetes could dialog the hind leg off an asp. But they are accurate. The first effect of marital illness is meaningless discourse: explain, justify, recriminate, criminate again. My wife and I get phoned regularly from motel rooms at two A.M. We don't answer anymore. If marriage is still an institution, it's got one hell of an outpatient trade.

Bergman's film is a three-hour viewer's digest of his much longer TV production. Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson, their wax-paper Nordic skins translucent as lamp shading on a 25-watt bulb, talk out ten years of marriage, separation, divorce and secret rendezvous. They have two daughters who appear only in the first scene, three hours being insufficient time to cover four characters thoroughly. I don't judge this a weakness: When menopause fear strikes, children get billing only on the 1040 form. Josephson, in his late 40s, is told by an old girlfriend, "We thought you were going to be something special." Also she gives his poetry a four-yawn review. Also Liv hasn't been putting out and they always have Sunday dinner with his in-laws. So Josephson panics and does what any healthy, selfish husband would do: runs off to Paris with a 23-year-old hors d'oeuvre, who doesn't appear onscreen, either.

The film is about aging and other petty terrors. There are exquisite sequences. Bergman pours his narrative gingerly, patiently, as one would decant a 1959 Margaux. Ten years on, by the time both have remarried, Johan and Marianne almost understand each other, which must be a great comfort to their respective spouses. Bergman implies that separation is an aspect of marriage. Like certain quick subatomic particles, it can only be seen retrospectively, from the cryptic traces in a cloud chamber. So life is appreciated by the moribund. It's another sad, wasteful human truth. Bergman knows the soul's bureaucracy and its inexact physics. *Scenes* is a gorgeous film.

A Woman Under the Influence is gorgeouser yet. Up to now, the book on Cassavetes has been: petulant realism, obsessive length, drunkard repetitions, a tedium admirable for its stamina. *Husbands* was scrupulous as a complete G.I. series and chalky—dull as the barium cocktail that goes with it. But with *Under the Influence*—Cassavetes' story of a lower-middle-class schizophrenic housewife—technique finds its subject and the result is thunderous. Obsessive repetition becomes pointed, particularly the repetitions of a household. You know where these people live; their personal effects are inventoried. Food eaten, dishes cleaned, children dressed: Sisyphean rituals that unload the spirit teaspoonful by teaspoonful. Cassavetes' narrative is poured like a gallon of Sicilian chianti, glassless, into the mouth. With much spillage.

Gena Rowlands (Cassavetes' wife) is splendid, gigantic, a prodigy. Her features reshape emphases as do the electric dots on a 24-second clock, quicker than that. What other actress could make even her calves expressive? From the back, in flats and men's hose, she seems all vulnerable Achilles' heel. You could cry. Rex Reed has called the film a women's lib tract; Pauline Kael says, no, it's Laingian. Horse apples. Gena's Mabel is crazy, period. Unique; a sport. It's the reaction of others to her madness—husband, in-laws, neighbors—that gives *Under the Influence* a tremendous pathetic energy. At one point Mabel asks her father, "Will you stand up for me?" He does; he stands up. The insane have a special hardship: Their words are taken literally. They can't be trusted to handle even trite metaphors. Normal folk may be courageous in the presence of cancer, but madness unmans and terrifies them. *Under the Influence* is beautiful, tender, strong. Goddamn it, perfect.

What happened to romance? Exits into a sunset? Escapism? Love, the many-splendored item? Film is aging, wiser, more mature, a bit cranky. Suspicious of its hopeful youth. In the menopause, too, and preparing for death.

—D. KEITH MANO

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Blowing the star blues

Miles Dewey Davis, first of the plugged-in jazz superstars, is up to something on **Get Up with It** (Columbia), but even musicians are hedging their bets on what it is. *He Loved Him Madly*, a 30-minute tribute to the memory of Duke Ellington, is easy. Most of the adjectives applied to Davis' work in the past—brooding, atmospheric—fit it like a glove. *Maiysha* is a series of stop-time riffs, over which guitarist Dominique Gaumont can do his neo-Hendrix fuzz-and-feedback routine; no problem there. But *Mtume* and *Calypso Frelimo* introduce Miles the organist, and nowhere are the trumpeter's sophistication and delicacy transferred to the keyboard. In

fact, he returns again and again to single, thick chords, hit fortissimo and held inordinately. "He is trying to drown out his backup band," a saxophonist of our acquaintance suggests sententiously. If so, he is succeeding.

Backup bands have been a problem for Davis ever since he became the one jazz figure whose approval could always be parlayed into stardom. Musicians have been in and out, staying just long enough to make one record, then launching groups of their own. The latest Miles Davis unit features three

guitarists and no keyboards and is dominated by percussionist James Mtume, whose flailing fingerwork drives the trumpeter to inspired pyrotechnics that never let up. On *Get Up with It*, Mtume is featured only on the tune that bears his name. Otherwise he's mixed down into the tracks, and the result is an overlay of whining guitars that have been tonally expanded and phase-shifted into electronic soup. *Get Up*, then, is the best and the worst of switched-on Miles. There are brilliant orchestrations of rhythms and sounds that ask us to expand our definitions of what can constitute a theme, and there are long-winded stretches of what sounds suspiciously like sheer foolishness.

—Robert Palmer

Nonconfessions of an executive

Clive Davis was the most visible big shot the record business ever produced. It wasn't just his salary—$125,000 annually, plus a $40,000 yearly bonus, plus stock options, plus expenses—Ahmet Ertegun of Atlantic and Mo Ostin of Warner's do as well. It was his mania for exposure. Of the 18 photographs included in **Clive** (Morrow), an account of Davis' years as president of Columbia Records, 17 show him with celebrities. The last shot is of Clive's family, beaming enthusiastically, as if disaster were just the temporary loss of a bullet in the charts, as if the murmurs of drug deals and public expense-account exposure were just a bit of bad press.

The postfiring photos are few, a sad footnote in itself, and indicate serious slippage. Clive's sleekness has gone flaccid. Like Hubert Humphrey, his likable smugness has been replaced by rote cheer: "Offers came in to take over various record companies," he assures us in the last few pages of the book, when he finally gets around to the scandal. So why did he wait 18 months to accept one? He claims the case against him was purely circumstantial and that he was fully exonerated. But why won't he be more frank about the details? His lawyers advised him against it, he explains, and besides, he just wanted to write about how the record biz works.

The book is largely a record of contract negotiations and mildly interesting gossip (Janis Joplin offered to sleep with Davis to celebrate her deal, but then Janis offered to sleep with everyone.) Davis' main distinction is that he signed enough rock people to fill Death Valley. Blood, Sweat & Tears. Santana. Chicago. Johnny Winter and his goofy-looking brother. Etc. But he claims credit for even more. Bob Dylan. Simon & Garfunkel. Sly Stone. Miles Davis. The truth is, Davis inherited his most prestigious acts except for Joplin, and any finger-popping coffee gofer at CBS could have

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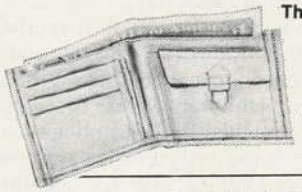

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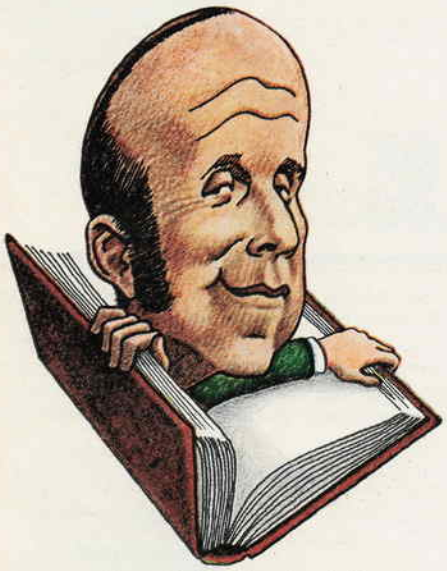
told the corporate powers that they ought to grab her.

Davis goes on about how he single-handedly raised profits from $5,000,000 to $50,000,000 yearly but fails to mention that the record business exploded for every company in the same period. Capitol had the wit to sign the Beatles, for example. You didn't have to be especially sharp to see that Broadway-cast albums, Mitch Miller and Percy Faith were giving way to the Jefferson Airplane, Cream and Led Zeppelin. And Clive is awfully easy on himself in the matter of signing dogs. Laura Nyro's



career collapsed shortly after inking her contract. Ditto The Rascals, who'd done well elsewhere. Davis also paid a record $4,000,000 for Neil Diamond, making it tough for Columbia to realize a profit, even though Diamond almost always sells gold.

Perhaps the worst indictment of Davis is that when he speaks of the "musical revolution," he sounds like a man who believes his own hype: "Tomorrow's executives are emerging from the ranks of today's long-haired youth." In many ways, the book is a long homily, written in PRese. Davis "avoids major confrontations" and gets involved in "exciting ventures" a lot. Whether he was innocent in the $94,000 expense-account misunderstanding and the murky drug deals, as he claims, is a matter for some future investigative reporter. For the present, *Clive* rates about 30 percent—and no bullet, because it doesn't have much artistic or commercial potential.

•

A few pages more: Calder Willingham's **The Big Nickel** (Dial Press) continues his mordant celebration of life. Like Erskine Caldwell, Willingham dresses up sweaty intellectualism in S/M drag, then beats his novels into shape. *The Big Nickel* juxtaposes a man's Work Dream (The Big Nickel) and Sex Dream (The Great Whore Bitch) more clearly than in any of his previous novels. Young Southern writer makes his career in New York City at same time young Southern whore makes hers; cosmically, they're linked, though they meet only in dreams. Writer succeeds at whoring creatively; whore succeeds at creating writers. Fair's fair.

Thomas Berger's **Sneaky People** (Simon & Schuster) is about, God help us, how people fail to trust one another. Buddy Sandifer, who owns a used-car lot, can't trust *anyone*, so why should he give you an honest deal? Berger likes broad, commercial themes, and he's really got one here. At least the writing technique has improved over the wire-service style he adopted in *Regiment of Women*.

Joyce Carol Oates's **The Goddess and Other Women** (Vanguard) is a collection of 25 short stories for angst queens by the greatest angst queen since Joan Didion. It isn't that Oates's preoccupations aren't warranted—she tells us why women can't sleep at night—it's just that after four years of reruns, you begin to suspect that she digs insomnia.

—JOHN LOMBARDI

Donning the checkered hat of Sherlock

There must be some larger cultural significance to the revival of interest in Sherlock Holmes, but I can't imagine what it is. Maybe it's just planet waves, patterns of taste, like the sudden affection for the Empire line that hits fashion designers at regular intervals. Or it may be that Holmes is such a satisfying archetype, such an obvious cultural asset, that alternating generations seek him out—the scientist as hero, the romantic mathematician, the Industrial Revolution's version of the philosopher king. Whichever, the grandchildren of the men and women who watched Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce in the early Forties are now rediscovering Holmes and his creator, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Like all revivals, the Sherlock Holmes boomlet is a mixed blessing. It is wonderful to have among us again **The Annotated Sherlock Holmes** (Clarkson N. Potter, two volumes, boxed), which includes the complete text of every Holmes story, together with notes and commentary by William S. Baring-Gould. The *Annotated* really is the definitive work, exploring every major Sherlockian problem—the existence and the identity of the second Mrs. Watson, the exact location of 221B Baker Street, the precise chronology of the events at Reichenbach Falls—in exhaustive detail. There are also maps, illustrations, diagrams, coats of arms and quotations from obscure reference books. If you like footnotes, you'll love the *Annotated*.

Nevertheless, it is queer to find the most complete work on the subject treating Sherlock Holmes as though he were a real person. This is the central conceit of the Baker Street Irregulars, an enthusiastic group of amateurs (Baring-Gould was a member), a fan club for intellectuals, who have been the inspiration for many of the Holmes books produced in the past 25 years. Most of the tedious excess in the *Annotated* comes from the attempt to place fictional stories on real days (with elaborate references to weather reports, phases of the moon and railway timetables) and to resolve internal discrepancies in the stories. (Where was Watson wounded? Shoulder or hip? Who cares?) So, for instance, the stories in the *Annotated* are arranged not in the order in which they were written but in the order in which the fictional events were supposed to have happened, which destroys any sense one might get of Doyle's relationship to his mercurial hero.

In the end, the Baker Street Irregulars are engaged in a silly game for overbright children. It is, to be fair, a game that has spawned numerous peculiar monographs (including Rex Stout's classic *Watson Was a Woman*), but none so odd as **Naked Is the Best Disguise** (Bobbs-Merrill), by Samuel Rosenberg. Rosenberg, who is definitely not an Irregular, favors the scatter-gun approach to literary criticism. He picks up some bright concept, toys with it briefly, throws it away and reaches for the next shiny notion, like a petulant child on Christmas morning. His central thesis seems to be that the Sherlock Holmes stories, taken as an entity, mirror the death and the resurrection of Christ, a point that can be plausibly argued about books as diverse as *Black Beauty* and *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*. Buckminster Fuller said of Rosenberg, "His mind grows out of environment like a giant redwood," which is the most depressing news we've had about Buckminster Fuller in some time.

Holmes also lives on in pastiche. The most popular of these, **The Seven-Per-Cent-Solution** (Dutton), "by John H. Watson, M.D., as edited by Nicholas Meyer," is in many ways the least interesting. The notion is clever: Known cocaine user Sherlock Holmes is convinced to seek the help of a Viennese doctor and former user, Sigmund Freud. The titans meet, all right, but Meyer is unequal to creating dialog for them, and Freud comes off as a teary schnitzelpoppa without a neurosis in the world. Meyer has little skill as a parodist and less as a constructor of plots. If this book hadn't been written, no one would sense a void.

Better, because not so pretentious, is **The Memoirs of Schlock Homes** (Bobbs-Merrill), the second collection of witty short stories from Robert L. Fish. It's a one-joke book: Homes is an astonishingly incompetent detective who fails to see what is blindingly obvious to the reader

Last year, 300,000 Americans were arrested for smoking an herb that Queen Victoria used regularly for menstrual cramps.

It's a fact.

The herb, of course, is *cannabis sativa*. Otherwise known as marijuana, pot, grass, hemp, boo, mary-jane, ganja—the nicknames are legion.

So are the people who smoke it.

By all reckoning, it's fast becoming the new national pastime. Twenty-six million smokers, by some accounts—lots more by others. Whatever the estimate, a staggeringly high percentage of the population become potential criminals simply by being in possession of it. And the numbers are increasing.

For years, we've been told that marijuana leads to madness, sex-crimes, hard-drug usage and even occasional warts.

Pure Victorian poppycock.

In 1894, The Indian Hemp Commission reported marijuana to be relatively harmless. A fact that has been substantiated time and again in study after study.

Including, most recently, by the President's own Commission. This report stands as an indictment of the pot laws themselves.

And that's why more and more legislators are turning on to the fact that the present marijuana laws are as archaic as dear old Victoria's code of morality. And that they must be changed. Recently, the state of Oregon did, in fact, de-criminalize marijuana. Successfully.

Other states are beginning to move in that direction. They must be encouraged.

NORML has been and is educating the legislators, working in the courts and with the lawmakers to change the laws. We're doing our best but still, we need help. Yours.

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and thus allows obvious rascals to go free while sending innocent men to ruin. The tales are quick, the puns are atrocious and nobody—least of all Mr. Fish—takes himself at all seriously.

The best bit of Holmes fiction not written by Doyle is more than 30 years old and almost impossible to find. It's a product of the last Holmes revival, and the Meyer and Fish books aren't in the same league. It is successful partly because it uses Holmes as a phenomenon, not as a character, and partly because it was written by someone who, like Doyle, never took his eye off the plot. The name? You know we never reveal the name until the very end. It's, it's, it's. . . .

[Here the manuscript ends. The author was found slumped over his typewriter, a dagger of uncertain origin protruding from his back. He was clutching a copy of **The Case of the Baker Street Irregulars**, by Anthony Boucher.—*Ed.*]

—JON CARROLL

Erotic vid fizz

Held in a loft in downtown Manhattan, the **Erotic Video Arts Exhibition**, multiple tapes on multiple monitors, proved to be about as libidinous as a stubbed toe.

Not since the invention of the pencil has there been a medium as unsensuous as video tape. And not since the invention of video has there been a wave of pretension as insurgent as that of underground, or "guerrilla," television. Every corny emblem of the marijuana generation was trotted out for the purpose of the Arts Exhibition. Touch therapy, suicide, the Fifties, *An Afternoon of a Faun*,

feminist documentary, adolescent angst—the procession of tapes read like the catalog of The New School. Only one tape soared above the careless activity of the others and was able to carry the promise of the medium along in its grasp. The only conclusion one can reach about the woman who made that tape is that she must have lived in a cave in order to escape the insidious influence of her associates.

Interlude, by Wendy Appel, seemed to be wrenched out whole and clean, like a heart removed in ritual sacrifice. There was no sentimentality, just an intelligent look at a sometime S/M relationship, with a wink of existential wit thrown in for good measure.

The tape shows a young couple heading down South. There are views of water and the airplane and the palm trees and the hotel room. There is a shot of him lying face down naked on a bed. There is a shot of her standing full-bodied in front of a mirror, with her camera trained on herself, her man frozen, like an Indian sculpture, with his mouth to her crotch. He is very much the noble slave. The camera that they pass back and forth serves as a hotline between them. A long shot of them together at the end of the piece reduces their fucking to the most elemental fusing of female and male.

No other work in the show was half as evocative. It was as if the simple idea of working in an untamed medium had been stimulus enough for the other artists. As if the equipment alone held more erotic appeal for them than the ostensible subject of their tapes ever could. It all made you wish that the video makers had been polite enough to keep their perversions to themselves and—with the dazzling exception of Appel—had been restrained from such rude display as the Erotic Video Arts Exhibition.

—MARCIA BRONSTEIN

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SATELLITE

The decline and fall of French filth

PARIS—Ever since Johnny went marching home after World War One and spread the word, France has been known as the spiritual home of the great unwashed. A land fabled for its disregard for regular bathing and its contempt for clean underwear. France! Cesspool of the Continent! Where slovenliness was part of the very culture. Where you could always count on emerging from your lice-infested hotel into a maze of garbage-choked streets. Where your meals were served by a scabrous waiter whose only form of hand washing was to thrust his infected thumbs into your soup.

Now it appears that the great-glory days of Gallic grime are over. *Fini, terminé.* By all reckonings, that splendrous squalor of yesteryear will soon be but a memory, trotted out for tourists now and then, like regional costumes, while the mainstream flows spotless and sparkling into the future.

Even today, the streets of most French cities are scarcely dirtier than those in the States. You have to walk along miles of parked cars to find one with enough dust on it to support a decent KILROY. Those colorful insect-, rodent- and germ-infested open markets of yore are everywhere giving way to the antiseptic cellophane vacuum packs of the supermarkets, while pharmacies are spewing forth a flood of fragrant tooth pastes, mouthwashes and deodorants. In Paris, the old public *pissoirs*, once proud epicenters of some of the malodorous emanations of concentrated filth in the civilized world, are being phased out rapidly. Meanwhile, coin laundromats and automatic shoeshine machines are popping up everywhere. The sad truth is that you'd even be hard pressed these days to find a flea in the flea market.

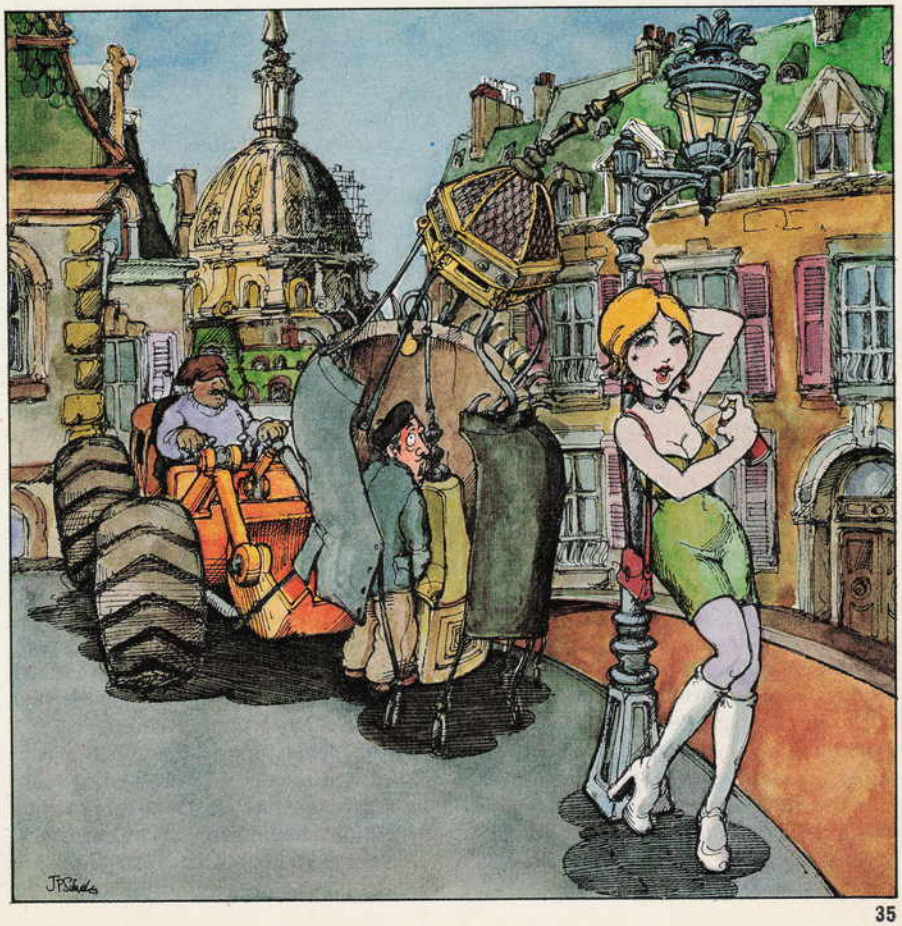
Naturally, the big change didn't happen overnight; in fact, the seeds of the downfall of dirtiness had been around for years. After all, it was France who gave the world the germ theory of disease, the bidet and the Verdun system of water purification. Until about 15 years ago, though, those measures had less effect on the general crud than so many soap flakes in a sewer. The real turning point came in the early Sixties and, ironically, it was Charles de Gaulle, the man who returned France to its former greatness in so many other areas, who must be held responsible for the lamentable erosion of the nation's high standard of slovenliness. Acting through his minister of culture, André Malraux, De Gaulle inaugurated a program that called for the regular cleaning of the façades of all public buildings in France. The idea was that by sandblasting away the centuries of accumulated soot and grime that befouled the nation's architectural heritage, the Gaullist government could restore to the French people their sense of historical grandeur.

But De Gaulle miscalculated. He failed to understand that the dirt *was* the history, that to remove the grime was to expunge the sense of grandeur, not restore it. As the buildings came clean and shining, the spirit of the people, the legendary French Will to Filth, crumbled.

The buildings went first. Then the sidewalks, streets, railroad stations and restaurants succumbed. At last, personal hygiene, the cornerstone of national nastiness, began to tremble.

A recent survey published by *Elle* magazine revealed the extent of the new wave of cleanliness in France. The results were shocking.

For example, despite the fact that many Frenchmen consider the odor of an unwashed body the emblem of dirtiness par excellence, fully 33 percent of the men and 60 percent of the women polled confessed to having used a deodorant, many of them more than once. Even worse, more than half the men and three quarters of the women openly admitted that they washed their underarms *every day*. Only a paltry two Frenchmen in



100 could boast of performing that subversive ablution once every two weeks.

In the good old days, plumbing facilities were almost nonexistent; but today, almost *half* the homes in France have either a shower or a bath (some have both). The tragic result is that 38 percent of the women and 22 percent of the men bathe or shower *every single day*!

And on and on. Tooth paste and deodorant sales have been growing at the rate of 20 percent a year. Last year, the French used twice as much soap as they did five years ago. Twenty years ago, only 11 percent of Frenchwomen shampooed once a week. Today, the figure is 60 percent. A scandalous 87 percent of the women wash their "intimate" parts once or twice a day!

Only in the realm of the feet have the grand old standards held their own. Of French men, 17 percent change their socks daily, while 38 percent make the big switch two or three times a week. This leaves a healthy 45 percent in the ripe once-a-week-or-less category, a finding rendered all the more encouraging by the fact that only 39 percent claim a daily foot washing.

Despite the statistics, some Frenchmen still like to pretend that their country is a world power in the B.O. Race. Men such as Dr. Robert Aron-Brunitière, dermatologist and author of the best-selling *Medicine and Beauty*. "The French are dirty," he boasted pathetically in a recent interview. "They don't wash. And I'm not just talking about the underprivileged. . . . I'm talking about . . . white-collar workers, professionals, executives!"

Dream on, doctor, the good old *dirt days* are gone. In a survey conducted by the newspaper *France-Soir*, only 82 percent of the Parisians questioned proudly called their city "rather dirty" or "very dirty," and the sad fact is that a majority (57 percent) were willing to pay increased taxes to clean the place. Not only is the old civic pride in filth on the wane, the French are even willing to part with money.

Flight of a sex king

ANDORRA—Somewhere in this tiny principality of valleys and mountains high in the Pyrenees hides Kurt Kohls, the bankrupt brothel king. He is a fugitive because his $11,000,000 German bordello empire, built with money from the most reputable circles, collapsed almost overnight and the investors want their money back.

Kohls's financial failure couldn't have been a greater surprise. Only last August, OUI's John Vinocur described a confident, dynamic Kohls, who at 45 controlled "a series of interlocking real-estate firms, investment companies and trust funds, which offer the public shares and limited partnership in 11 whorehouses in West Germany and Austria."

Kohls convinced some 350 shareholders to invest in his shady but lucrative business. "Build your financial future," read one prospectus, "on a golden terrain that has not known crisis in a thousand years." Even *The Wall Street Journal* advised that Kohls's 345 whores tricking for an annual turnover of 50,000,000 Deutschmarks ($19,500,000) was "a better buy than stock-market shares."

By giving prostitution a little semantic polish (whores became "Erostesses"; brothels were called "Annabella Apartments"), Kohls convinced the West German upper crust that investing in his empire was radically chic. According to the German news magazine *Der Spiegel*, which broke the Kohls bankruptcy story, "lawyers, doctors, tax consultants, several clergymen, a Swiss multimillionaire, as well as a greengrocer lady" invested in the enterprise. Tapping income from the world's oldest profession seemed like a sure thing.

It would have been, according to *Der Spiegel*, if Kohls hadn't made a string of very poor business decisions, the worst of which was establishing a bordello in the provincial town of Linz, Austria. There was little or no interest in ladies of the night in Linz. It soon became obvious that not only had Kohls overestimated the demand for his whores, he had also overestimated what men were willing to pay for a piece of ass. Buoyed by the success of his Lake Konstanz operation, where some Erostesses were pulling in as much as 20,000 Deutschmarks ($8000) a month, Kohls reckoned that in Linz his women could earn at least half as much, or 10,000 Deutschmarks a month.

But these projections were much too optimistic. The Linz ladies had little work, and the Linz bordello's construction and operating costs had skyrocketed. On top of this, according to *Der Spiegel*, competition from some 100 whorehouses scattered throughout the Federal Republic of Germany, coupled with a host of "free-lance" masseuses, models and men's cosmeticians, gradually undercut Kohls, literally fucking him out of his regular customers. Free-lancers became successful with the advent of explicit sex ads in the classified pages of German evening papers, or *Nachtausgabe*. Through the ads, men and women willing to pay for sexual pleasure can find local free-lancers who specialize in anything from leather to enemas. It was this trend away from organized prostitution to independent hustlers—many working out of their own homes—that hurt Kohls more than anything else.

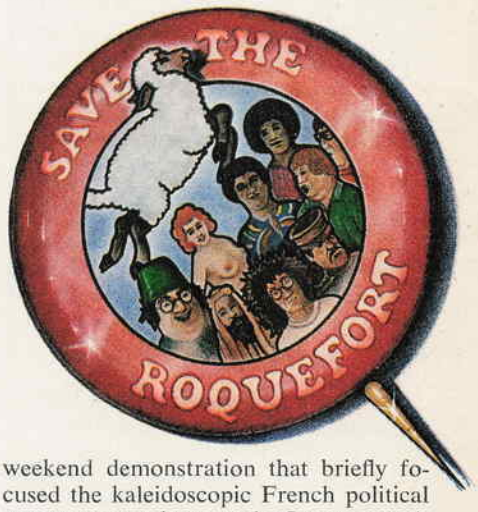
Der Spiegel reports that, in the end, Kohls tried to convince oil sheiks to buy shares in his Annabella houses, but they turned him down. More and more creditors hounded him. The Austrians were threatening to attach mortgages to his Hanover and Konstanz bordellos. And then, one dark night in Ulm, just before a scheduled meeting with shareholders at the Bahnhofshotel, Kohls disappeared.

"The golden times are past," said Kohls's assistant and friend, Helga Fletscher. "Irma la Douce now has a recession." —GALE WILEY

Roquefort rebellion

LARZAC, FRANCE—The sharp-but-subtle tang of Roquefort cheese is an ancient epicurean delight. Charlemagne is said to have loved it. Now, alas, the lovely blue-white stuff in flimsy French foil with Roquefort sheep printed in red is an endangered cheese. A controversial French-government decision to greatly enlarge a military camp in the Larzac region would displace some 500 peasants and thousands of the sheep whose sweet creamy milk is nurtured into *fromage* in Roquefort's natural caves 330 miles south of Paris.

More than 100,000 Frenchmen and others said *pfui* to that at a massive



weekend demonstration that briefly focused the kaleidoscopic French political spectrum on a large rocky Larzac meadow. Organizers created *ad hoc* streets with hay bales and French political diversity took it from there. Libraries of tracts, pamphlets, manifestoes, books, journals and mimeographed broadsides were flogged under hundreds of banners and signs linking the Roquefort rebellion to the causes of Third World exploitees, ecology activists, antimilitarists, peasants' rights, right-wing anarchists and left-wing anarchists.

The heavy-booted partisans of the Larzac defense committee served thick slabs of dark country bread and big glasses of rough red Provençal wine for two francs. Just two tents away were the stylish Parisian liberals who publish a witty sex-education newspaper. The *Coordination Anarchiste* banner seemed appropriately contradictory. English was spoken only at the I.R.A. information booth, where the protest emerged from the English army's sometime rental of the Larzac site for war games. Nearer the large natural-rock stage, African revolutionaries furnished Sahara drought

The French have a word for it.

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information, anti-colonial outrage and *couscous*: They spoke Sorbonne French, but they came from Tunisia, Mauritania, Senegal, Niger, Mali, Chad.

Also on hand were Breton separatists and bourgeois families with blue-and-orange tents and pique-niques. Everyone talked endlessly over the Africans' steel-drum rhythms, rapping politics even while they danced at dusk. Socialists from Santiago were here alongside German archaeologists who were interested in the Larzac's extensive Roman ruins. There was a nude hippie in clown paint and several topless French girls practicing the forearm nipple cross for photographer Henri Cartier-Bresson.

There weren't a lot of Americans on hand, although the *International Herald Tribune*'s Mary Blume had previewed the protest's eclectic nature in a long feature headlined "STRANGE BEDFELLOWS VS. FRENCH GOVERNMENT." One Ami in a surfer shirt and a slightly spaced grin asked a string-topped Communist League lady where he could find the legalized hashish tent, "*s'il vous plait.*" The girl smiled faintly and launched into a Marxist analysis of drugs in the revolutionary process and concluded that American leftist thought is perhaps somewhat more developed than that of Europe on this question of overthrowing oppressive ruling-class laws against *les drogues douce*.

"Well, then," the guy said, "whaddya say you and I start our own movement?" producing as he talked a fat joint of what proved to be fine Mexican *herbe*, rolled in American-flag papers from a Sausalito head shop.

François Mitterand, the defeated Socialist hopeful for French president, appeared near the stage, evidently intending to make an amplified cheese endorsement to the assembled thousands. Before he could reach the mike, however, swarms of rowdies waving the anarchist black flag surrounded him and pressed him away toward his car. There was a frightening moment as a few sizable stones arced over the crowd, but only Mitterand's pride suffered.

He drove off, but the incident remained alive in widespread argument late into the night over Mitterand's right to speak versus his putative political opportunism on the cheese issue. It was a marvelous scene: The vast crowd engaged in voluble debate, half-hearing occasional folk singing from the stage and eating well from a large tent kitchen. There were lots of trash baskets. Nobody had come here to litter.

Little evidence of protest was left, except for a new sheepfold that the people of the Larzac built last year despite governmental denial of a building permit. On the structure's cement wall, a stonemason carved the words, HERE AND NOW, THE PEOPLE HAVE SAID NO.

—JOHN ROEMER

A sexpatriot's Spain

MADRID—"Do you like porno?" asks Mr. Shean the moment you enter his digs. And if you say yes, Larry Shean, age 76, will proudly display a mind-boggling collection of pornographic books, magazines and photographs that he has had sent to him from around the world—all of it stacked, cupboard upon cupboard, in his small Madrid apartment.

The question that pops immediately into the mind of a Spanish resident is how Shean got it all past the probing eyes of Generalísimo Franco's mail censors. "Well, some I got out at the American base in Torrejón, but most of the stuff comes to me through the mails, with no trouble at all. In big envelopes marked ADULT SEXUAL MATERIAL. Can't explain it."

Larry Shean is the son of Al Shean, who played the Ziegfeld Follies with Ed

Larry Shean . . . not so innocent.

Gallagher in the early part of the century, and during the Thirties and Forties, Larry and Ed Gallagher, Jr., revived the old "Mr. Gallagher–Mr. Shean" routines on the new medium of radio. Shean first came to Spain ten years ago to visit a son who was working here, and he remained behind when the son left.

The biggest drawback to Spanish residency, says Shean, is the lack of readily available pornography. "They're only about a hundred years behind the times. If it wasn't for the American base, I'd never even get to see a movie. Last week I saw *The Seven Minutes* and it was *great*; you see them doing *everything*. My two favorite women are Xaviera Hollander and Germaine Greer; they're real smart girls. I've heard about Linda Lovelace and I think whoever made up the idea of the girl with the uterus stuck down her throat had a great idea."

Larry Shean thinks there is more of a similarity between the old vaudeville routines and the new sexual freedom than most people realize. "People think vaudeville was sweet and innocent, but it wasn't. They could get pretty dirty." Then Shean smilingly recites some favorite dialog from the original Gallagher and Shean repertoire:

Oh, Mr. Gallagher, oh, Mr. Gallagher,
There's a gorgeous tattooed lady lives next door.
She's got pictures here and there;
She's got pictures everywhere;
She's got pictures I never saw before.

Oh, Mr. Shean, oh, Mr. Shean,
There's a picture I'll bet you've never seen.
It's a battleship on her chest.
It's the one I like the best.
Did you see it, Mr. Gallagher?
No, I sank it, Mr. Shean.

—PATRICIA JOHNSON

Naked came the Celts

LONDON—The streaking number hit the British Isles with the same dulling media force with which it clubbed the United States, but what has passed unnoticed amid the exclamations of disgust from British magistrates and exclamations of fatigue from British policemen is that today's English streakers are just bringing the custom back to where it all began. The British—or, rather, the Celts, who lived in the islands before the Romans or the Saxons or the Normans or the Americans came—were the original streakers of the ancient world.

In those olden days, the Celts streaked through all of France and into northern Italy. Only the Roman Republic stood between these big, naked men and the warm streaking grounds of southern Italy. Alas, it was never to be, and the Celts' dream ended in 225 B.C., when the Romans defeated the naked Celtic hordes at the Battle of Telamon.

Defeat notwithstanding, the Celts' assault on Italy stands as the greatest mass streak of all time, and the classical historian Polybius recorded the spectacle of thousands upon thousands of streakers with the horror of a gentleman: "The warriors in the front ranks had discarded their garments and stood naked, with nothing but their weapons, in front of the whole army."

The Romans never forgot the experience and in sculptures such as *The Dying Warrior*, Roman artists returned again and again to the theme of the naked fighting man. It was, instead, the Celts who eventually forgot the tradition, turning their attention to another native custom, for which they had even more enthusiasm: head-hunting.

So it was a fine irony that, just as the Celtic nationalists amassed their first bloc of strength in the House of Commons in the 1974 elections, the oldest Celtic custom made its grand reappearance. —BYRON ROGERS

"How I install a car stereo."

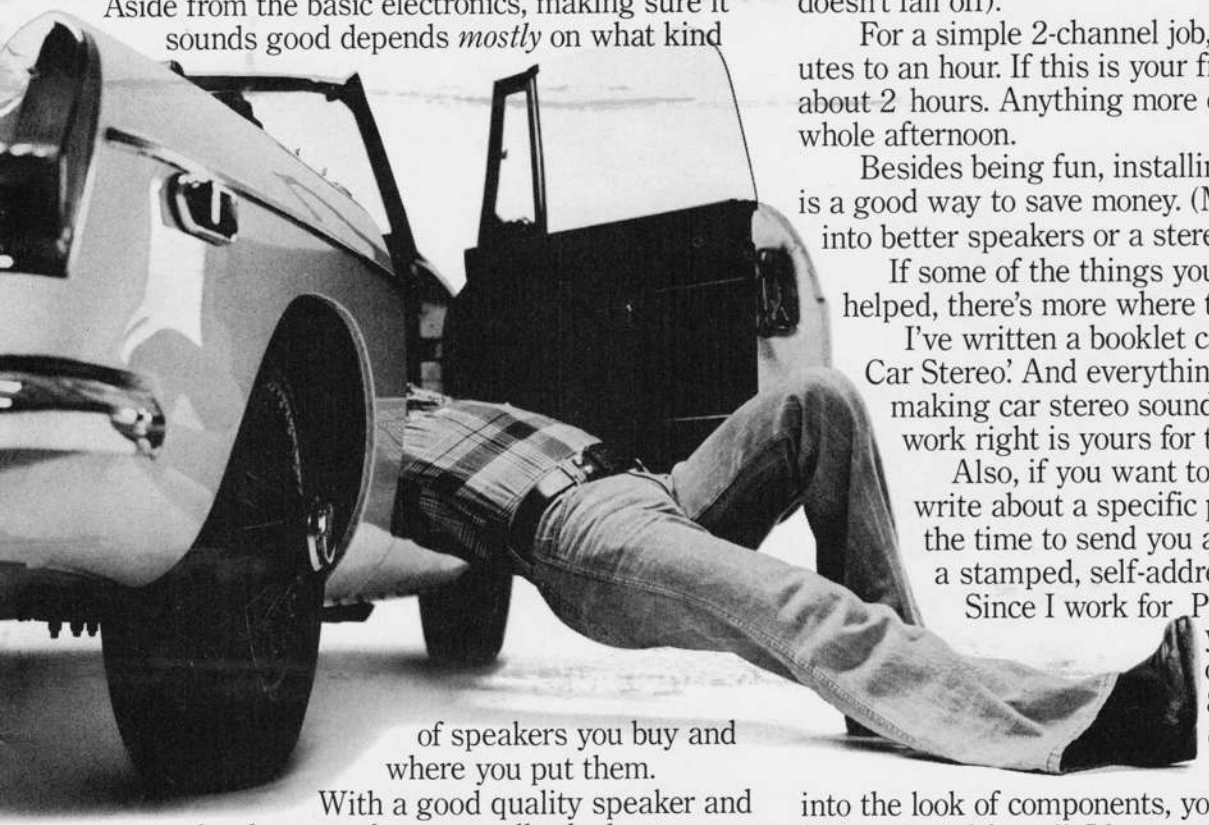
—Steve Tillack, installation expert.

"A lot of people will tell you different ways to put a stereo system in your car.

But since this is my work, I only know one way: to make sure it sounds good, looks good, and works right.

All it takes is a little patience, and remembering you're drilling into a pretty expensive piece of machinery.

Aside from the basic electronics, making sure it sounds good depends *mostly* on what kind of speakers you buy and where you put them.



With a good quality speaker and most cars, the door panels are usually the best place. They make a good acoustical chamber, they're close to anybody listening, and are well protected.

Unless there's no choice, I don't install flush-mount speakers on the rear deck. The sun can dry out the speaker cone in no time, the two channels shouldn't be mixed in one enclosure, and you lose some highs and midrange.

Making sure your car stereo looks good is where patience and a little care do most of the work. I don't drill through carpet, I cut it with a blade.

Excess wire shouldn't show anywhere.

Rough edges should be sanded or filed smooth.

And a man I once worked with used to tell me, 'If it isn't straight, it isn't right.'

If a car stereo *works* right, it means you're getting the best possible sound all the time.

You could be getting sensational response from FM stereo, but if you mount an under-dash unit at an angle of more than 20°, tape sound is going to suffer.

If you pick a convenient mounting over a solid mounting, the tape's going to make some strange noises every time you hit a bump (providing it simply doesn't fall off).

For a simple 2-channel job, I take about 30 minutes to an hour. If this is your first time, figure about 2 hours. Anything more complex, plan a whole afternoon.

Besides being fun, installing your own car stereo is a good way to save money. (Money you could put into better speakers or a stereo with AM and FM.)

If some of the things you've already read have helped, there's more where that came from.

I've written a booklet called 'How I Install Car Stereo.' And everything I know about making car stereo sound good, look good and work right is yours for the asking.

Also, if you want to take some time to write about a specific problem, I'll take the time to send you a solution. (Just enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.)

Since I work for Pioneer, I'll also send you the latest catalog of in-dash, under-dash, 8-track, cassette, quad systems, and speakers. (If you're into the look of components, you should see the new 800 series.) After all, I know a lot about car stereo.

And if you're interested in *how* I install, you might also be interested in *what* I install."

Pioneer Electronics, 1555 E. Del Amo Blvd., Carson, CA 90746 2A

Dear Steve,
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in a _____
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Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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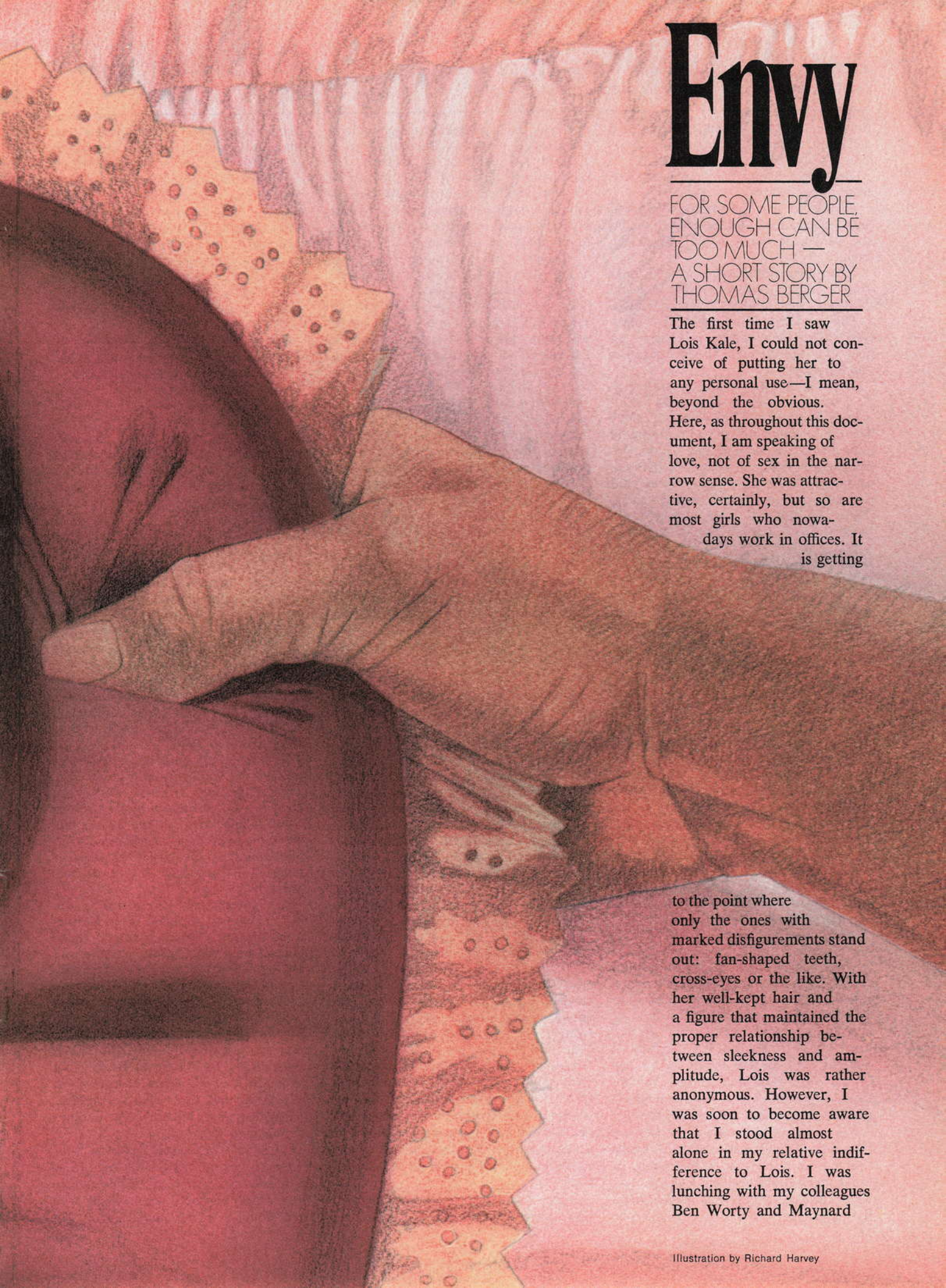


Envy

FOR SOME PEOPLE, ENOUGH CAN BE TOO MUCH — A SHORT STORY BY THOMAS BERGER

The first time I saw Lois Kale, I could not conceive of putting her to any personal use—I mean, beyond the obvious. Here, as throughout this document, I am speaking of love, not of sex in the narrow sense. She was attractive, certainly, but so are most girls who nowadays work in offices. It is getting to the point where only the ones with marked disfigurements stand out: fan-shaped teeth, cross-eyes or the like. With her well-kept hair and a figure that maintained the proper relationship between sleekness and amplitude, Lois was rather anonymous. However, I was soon to become aware that I stood almost alone in my relative indifference to Lois. I was lunching with my colleagues Ben Worty and Maynard

Illustration by Richard Harvey

ENVY *I telephoned Lois and all but begged for the privilege of buying her dinner. To reflect on those early days of our relationship makes my flesh crawl.*

Small, both married men, and Maynard suddenly remarked, over a forkful of boiled beef, "Have you seen her?"

Ben lifted his eyebrows in lascivious acknowledgment.

It was to live up to my reputation that I finally said, with no idea to whom the statement might apply, "I've seen better."

There was little good will in their rough laughter, although both Ben and Maynard were normally genial fellows.

Maynard shrugged his bearlike shoulders. "That makes sense, in view of the fact that Bill Bandell already occupies the territory."

Bandell, the other bachelor in our office, was given to safari clothes—jodhpur boots and the like—and allegedly went in for scuba diving and purportedly took flying lessons. He and I might indeed have been considered rivals were it not that we had always observed an unspoken agreement as to women: Those he pursued were automatically exempt from my attentions and vice versa.

Of course, I understood that my colleagues were guying me here. Yet they had touched a nerve. I was currently in a weakened condition, having but lately broken off with a girl I'd been dating for five months. We had quarreled, as usual, over a ridiculously petty matter. She invariably lost one shoe when seated in a theater, and I was frequently obliged, at the end of the performance, to grope for it on hands and knees while she balanced one-legged in the aisle and smirked at the audience whose departure she thereby hindered. Old annoyance, long the source of argument, but suddenly we understood, she and I, that it was symbolic of our general unsuitability for each other. We parted and, by turns, I felt relieved and forlorn. The conflict between those two emotions abraded my nervous system and left me unusually vulnerable to the needle as applied by Ben and Maynard.

In no other fashion can I explain why, on returning from lunch, I searched through the business before me until I found some correspondence on which I could reasonably confer with Bill Bandell. Our offices were compartmented by clear-glass partitions and I could see him long before I reached his doorway. I did not care for the thrust of his jaw or the overbright glint of his eye, but I could imagine that a woman might—or at least a certain type of woman.

We spoke on the business matter and, of course, Bandell made several attempts to one-up me: He had, in the middle of our conversation, to place a phone call, which proved lengthy but inconsequential, unless he was speaking in code; he professed to have disposed of my matter a week earlier and then, when challenged, claimed habitual loss of memory for such minor detail—it was merely a $12,000 shipment to St. Louis—and, although our colloquy consumed a quarter hour, he made no move to offer me the spare chair, at that moment occupied by his briefcase and a cardboard box bearing the name Dunstan's Menswear.

We had finally disposed of our business and, still seated on the corner of his desk, I was gathering up my papers when this new girl, Lois Kale, entered the office and stood so that her projecting right bosom was at the level of my left eye. She was not being intentionally provocative. She obviously failed to notice me at all. Her attention was fastened exclusively on Bandell, who all but ignored her and suddenly made an unprecedented show of friendliness to me.

"Say," he said, flipping a pencil into the clutter alongside his telephone, "say"—he stretched his neck—"we should get together one of these nights and juice it up or something."

By now, I had realized, from Lois' obsessional stare, that it was she to whom Ben and Maynard had referred at lunch. But they had misplaced the emphasis: *She* appeared to be the hunter, Bandell the prey. She would not take her eyes off him.

Oddly enough, though the name could not be called common, there were two Lois Kales in the telephone directory, the first being distinguished from the second by the use of a middle initial. For some reason, I decided that the girl from our office would be Lois G. Kale. It seemed strange to me afterward that I did not assume that she was the standard brand, the authentic article, the absolute carrier of the name, any claim to which by another must be qualified. But I did not. Now I can see that this was the unconscious type of self-defeating effort that, in opposition to the most positive feelings on the level of awareness, results in psychic impotence.

At any rate, in the evening of that day, I telephoned Lois G. Kale on a sudden, desperate impulse and was answered by an apparently middle-aged woman who spoke with some sort of accent—German or, possibly, Hungarian. Apologizing, I hung up and dialed the other number and tried again and again throughout the night until one A.M.; results, nil. I must admit that I also called Bill Bandell on the same schedule, with a like outcome. Now the hook was set. However, when I finally retired, I slept well.

Lois obviously had not. As fate would have it, she and I arrived at the building simultaneously the next morning and entered the elevator together. She looked haggard and responded to my falsely bright greeting with a disaffected nod.

When we reached our floor, she turned off into the corridor toward department 115. She had walked perhaps a yard when, in a flash of what felt like anger—though whether directed against her or myself I could not have said—I shouted her name at her back.

She stopped and looked around warily.

"I wonder," I said, "whether we might have dinner together some night."

"Oh," she answered and walked on.

I was sure I had heard correctly that it was "Oh" and not "No." I felt curiously triumphant.

I called her twice during the day; someone else answered the phone both times, saying that Lois was away from her desk. I saw nothing of Bill Bandell. He was supposedly detained at home by a head cold.

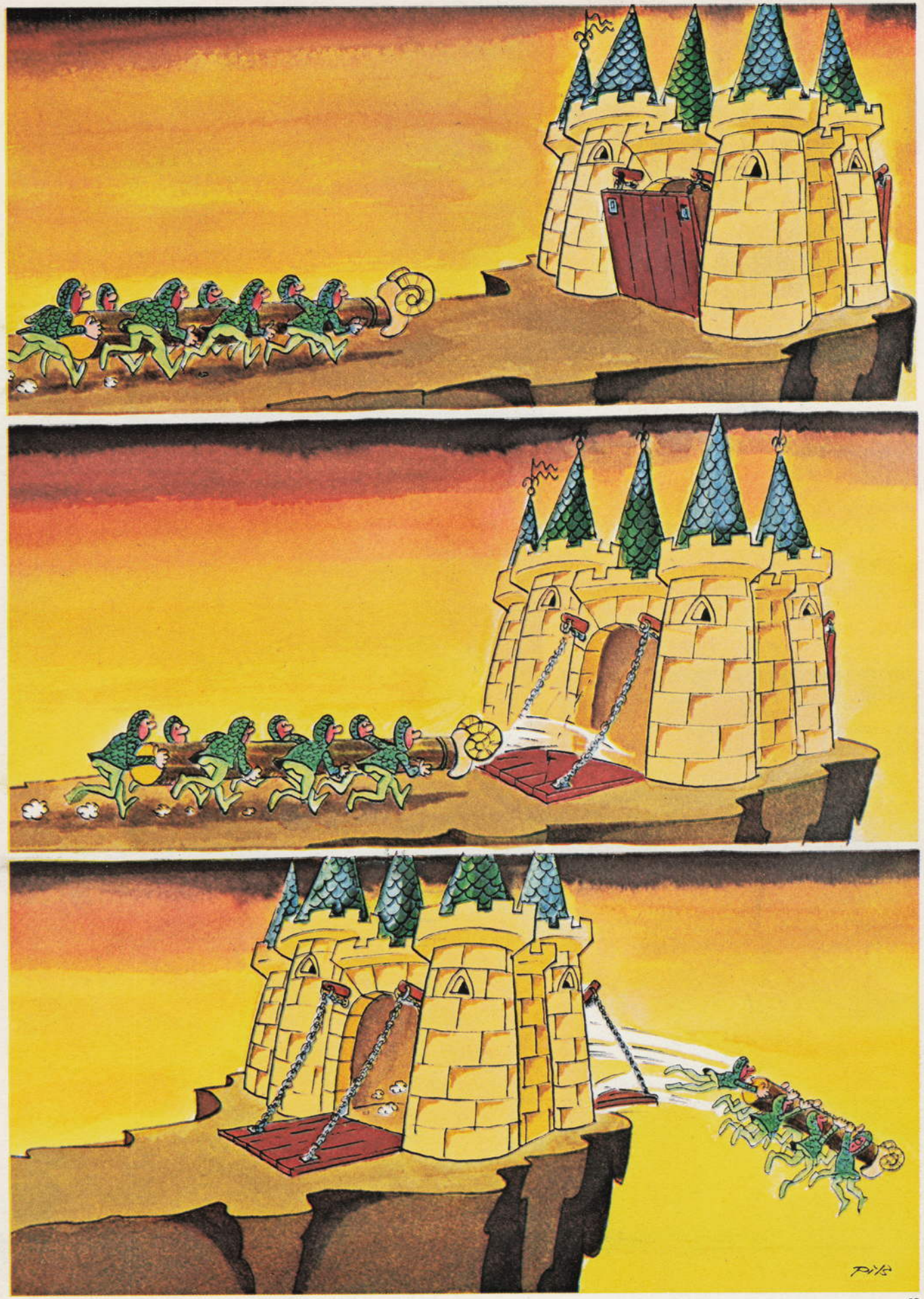
On arriving at my apartment that evening, I telephoned Lois and all but begged for the privilege of buying her dinner. To reflect on those early days of our relationship makes my flesh crawl. She finally acquiesced when I injected Bandell's name into the colloquy.

We met at a small Neapolitan restaurant near her apartment. It was grossly crowded and vilely loud. Until the serving of the biscuit Tortoni, we could not have heard each other across the foot-wide tabletop even if we had tried to converse, which we did not.

Then the mob suddenly departed as one and we were virtually alone. The waiter refilled our espresso cups with a knowing leer. Obviously, he took us for lovers. I hated him for the assumption and, at the same time, was flattered by it. I was almost nauseated by the smell of oregano—it's odd how one remembers such a detail.

But these matters were extraneous to the fundamental problem. Lois had accepted my invitation only after I added the suggestion that, following dinner, we visit Bandell at his sickbed. I, of course, had had no intention of carrying it out. I had assumed that once we were alone, distracting her would easily be accomplished. I had refused to believe that Lois was unmoved by my admiration. It was simply, I had thought, that she felt obliged to Bandell, no doubt because he had noticed her first. There is nothing that women cherish so much as the *idea* of their own loyalty.

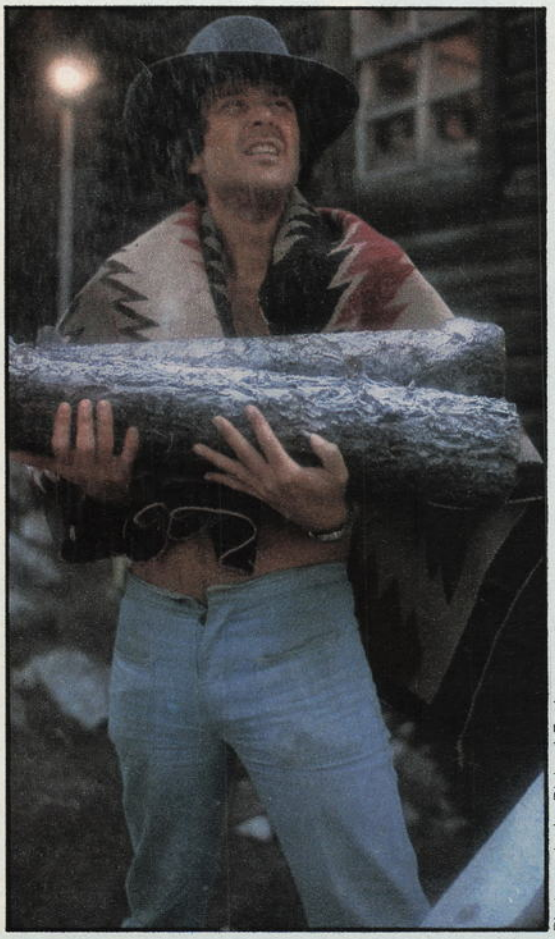
But once I was seated opposite Lois, I found it beyond my power to be witty or interesting or, indeed, to alleviate in any way my sense of doom. With each sip of coffee, *(Continued on page 100)*



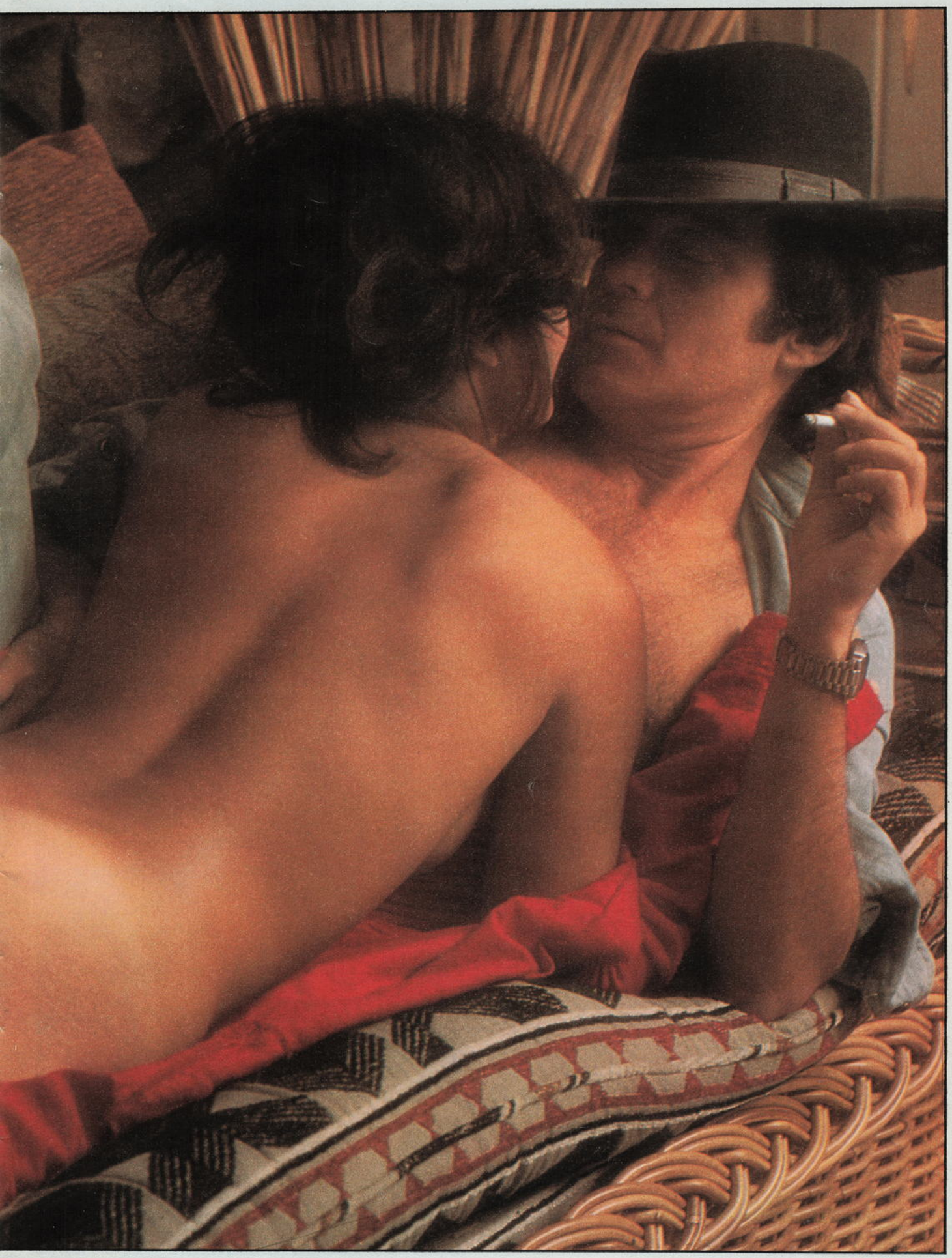
Michael Callan glows warm

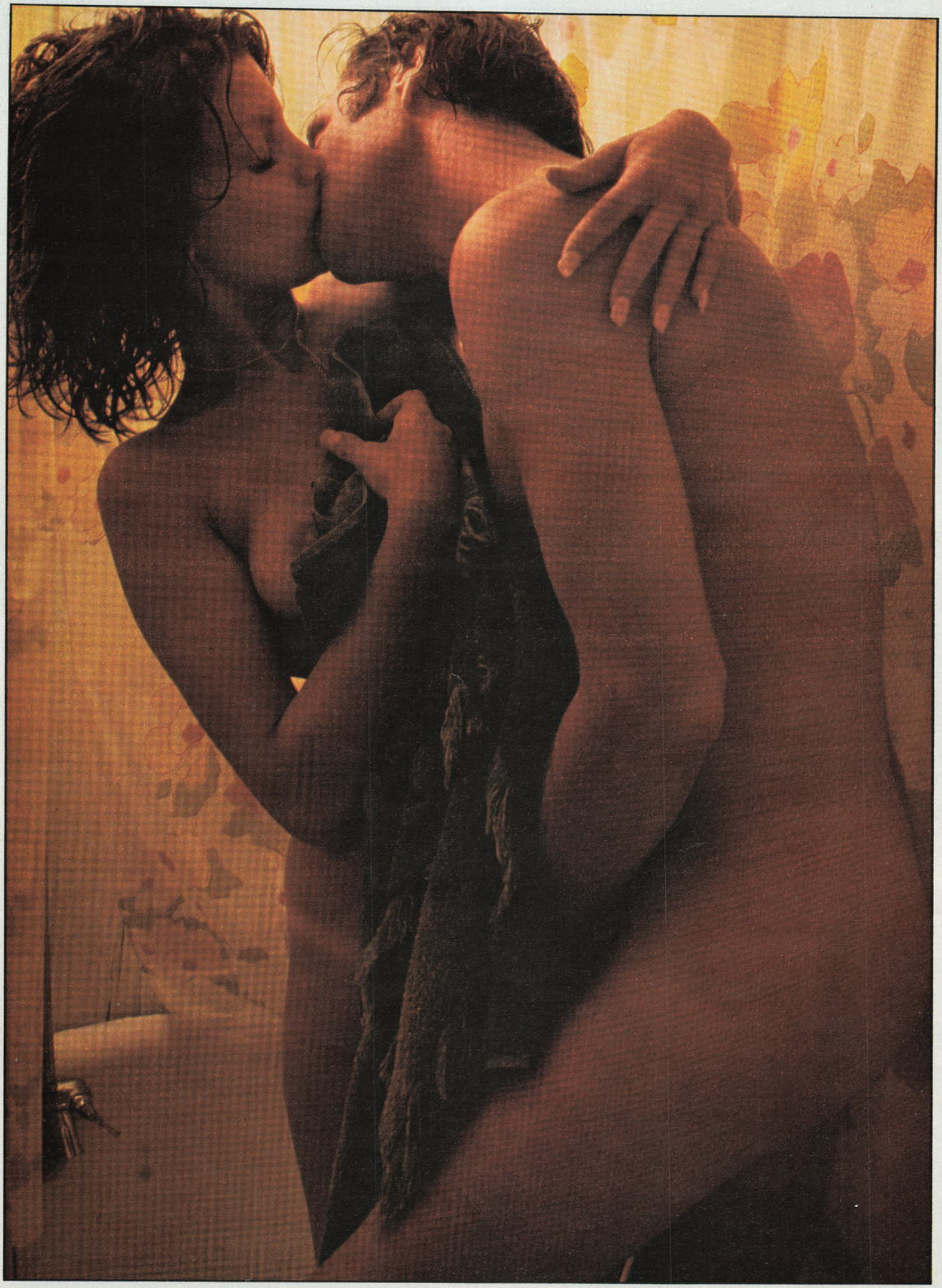
A DAY IN CALIFORNIA WITH THE ACTOR AND HIS FRIEND KAREN, PROVING THAT WOOD HAS MANY USES

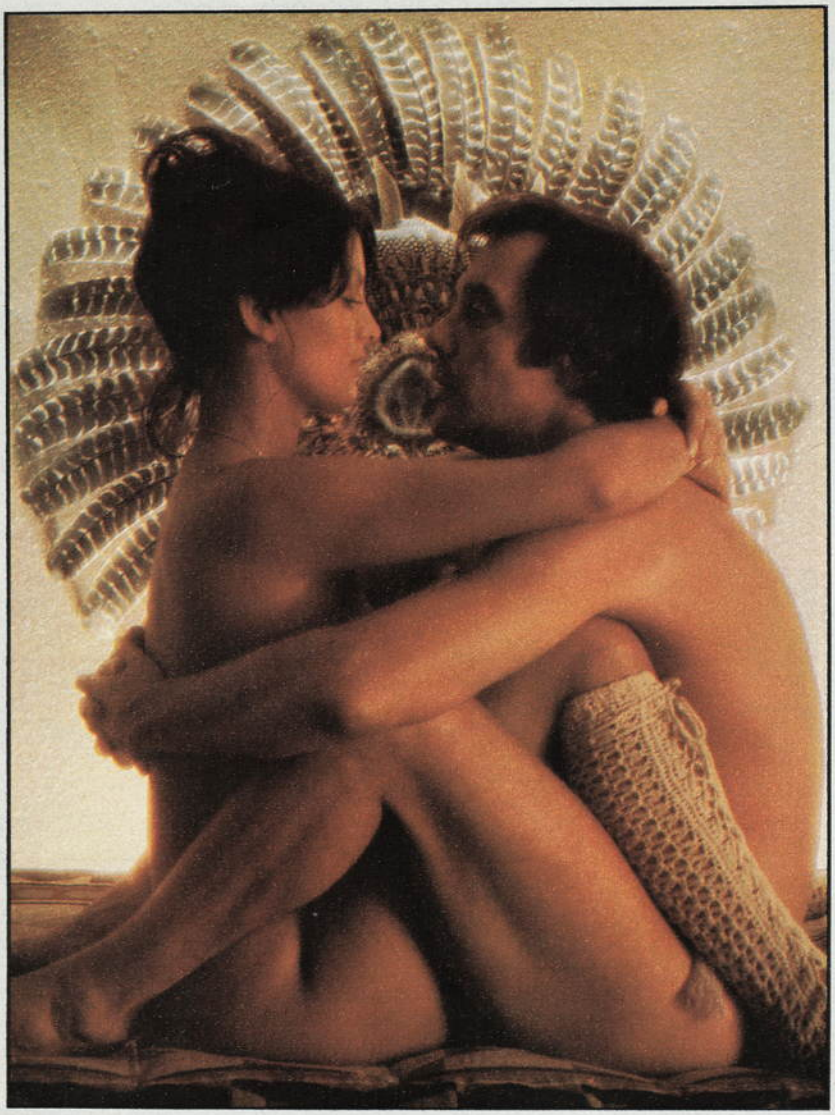
"When it gets down to 40," Michael Callan says, "we get real surprised." Ah, those Californians. What can the rest of us do? Well, marvel that there's still a need for firewood in a place where it never gets cold. But Callan and his friend Karen know the truth about firewood—it's as much an aphrodisiac as a source of heat. This is a night off. No rehearsing. No performing. Life wasn't always this sweet. Callan started working when he was 15 years old in his native Philadelphia.



Photography by Richard Fegley

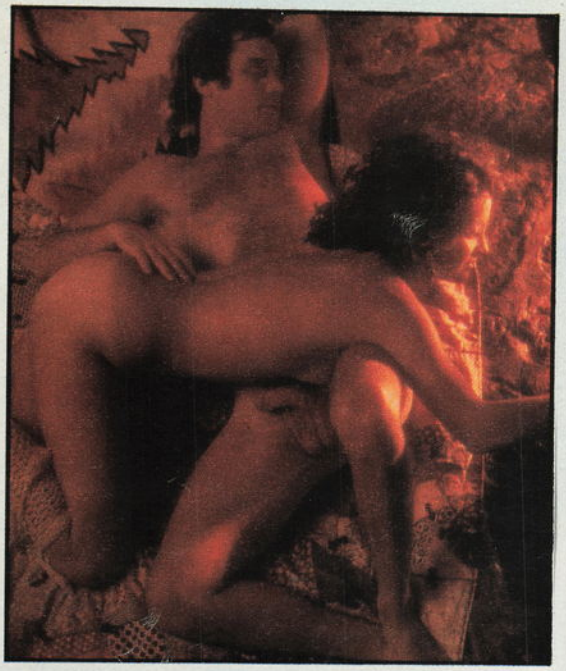


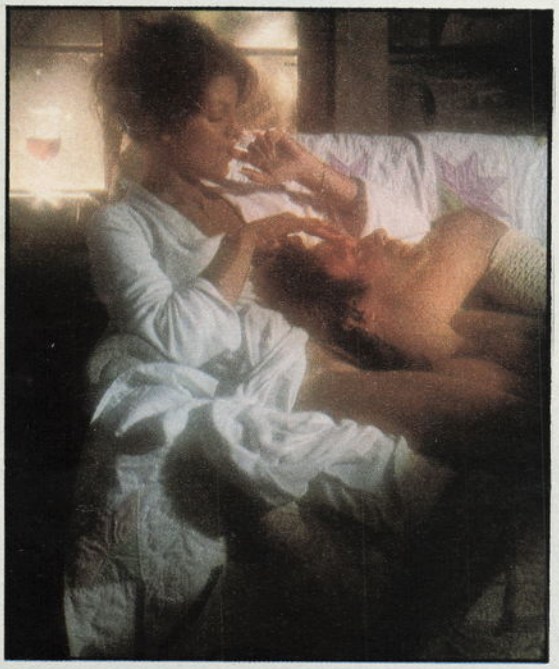




THE WARMTH OF A FIRE PERMITS PASSIONS TO FLOURISH DESPITE THE CRISP NIGHT AIR

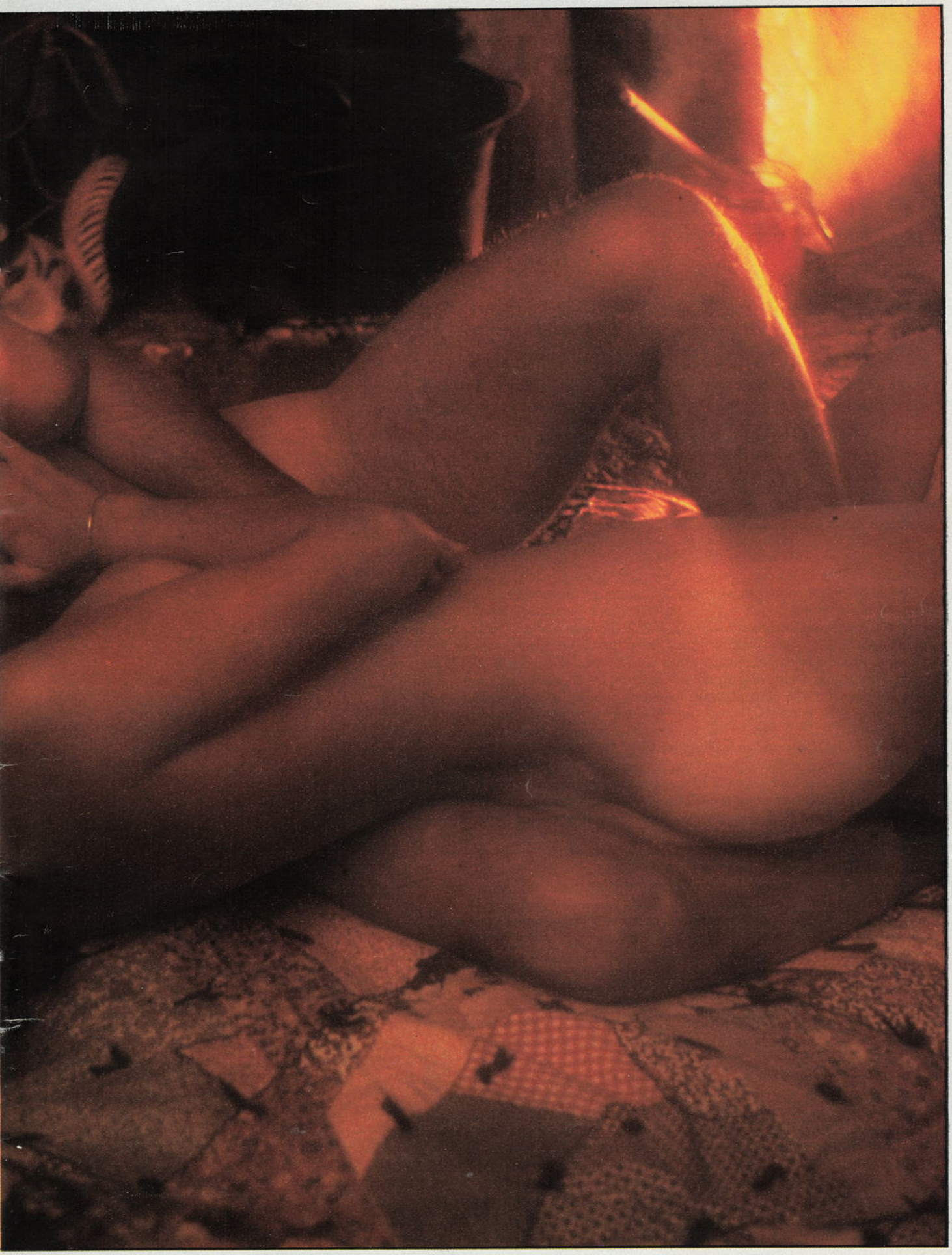
"I'd been singing and dancing in amateur shows, and found out I was pretty good," he reflects. "It beat being a carpenter or digging ditches, and the money in those days was about the same. So I went into showbiz." He began working regularly in films and television, and landed a few plums—such as *Cat Ballou* and *Love, American Style*. What's it all like, Mike? "I take 'em one at a time," the actor drawls. "I just want to keep on doing it till I get it right, making it as pleasant as possible as I go along." The working actor's life, Callan explains, is mainly work. Take the past few months. Daytimes, Callan worked on two features—*The Photographer* and *Lepke*. Nights were spent polishing up a night-club routine. "Since *That's Entertainment!* and the nostalgia kick," he explains, "night clubs are the only area left for a comeback. The night-club routine hasn't been tampered with much, and it should be fun, both for me and for the audience, to see what I can do." While Callan tries out material, Karen does her own creating. As an actress and model, she can be seen doing television commercials and modeling fancy clothes. One day, she decided she'd just as soon make clothes as model them. And just as suddenly, she was a designer. And while both are busy with their





respective careers, Karen and Michael have forged their own quiet space together. Fidelity, Michael notes, has its advantages. "We're not dating other people," he says, "because we just like being with each other." And how did it feel participating in this session? "I'd never done a nude layout before," Callan replies, "but after a while it became something I could get into." And having gotten into it, Callan agrees that it's a pleasant sort of work.

WHEN THE FIRE DIMS, THE HEAT SUBSIDES INTO A STEADY, CALM GLOW



EQUALITY ON THE WANTED LIST

FEMALE FELONY IS ON THE RISE AS WOMEN REACH FOR A BIGGER PIECE OF THE ACTION—LEGAL AND OTHERWISE

BY ROBERT SHANNON

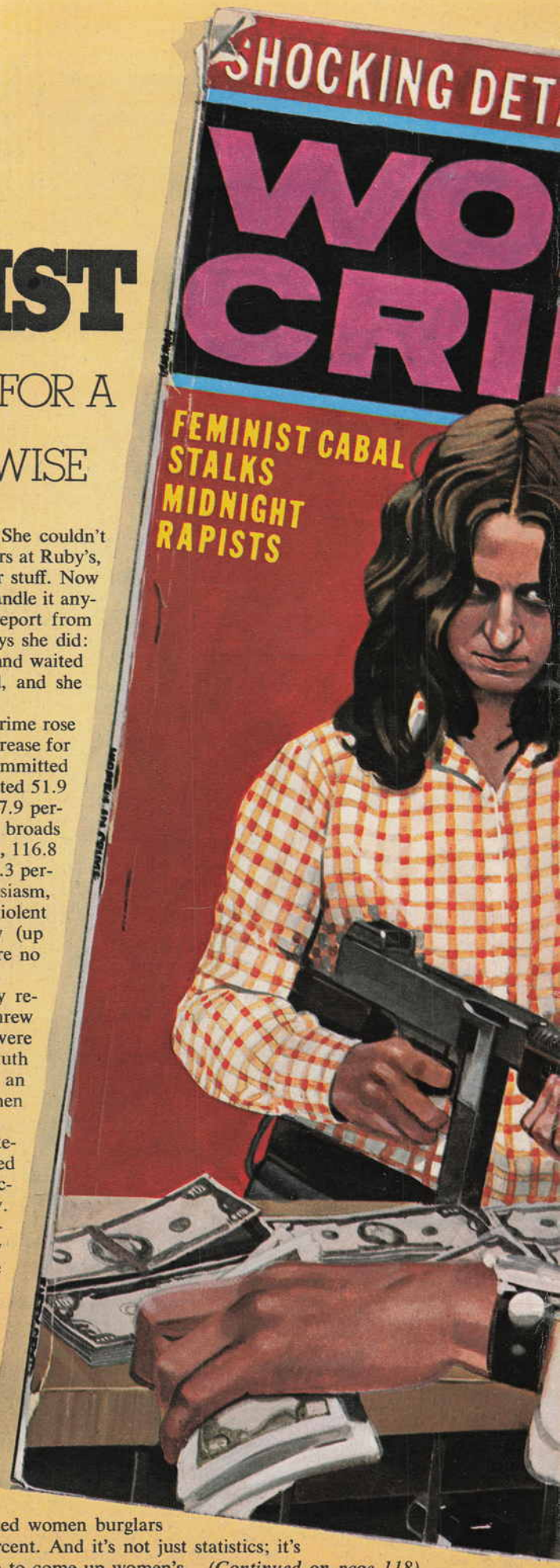


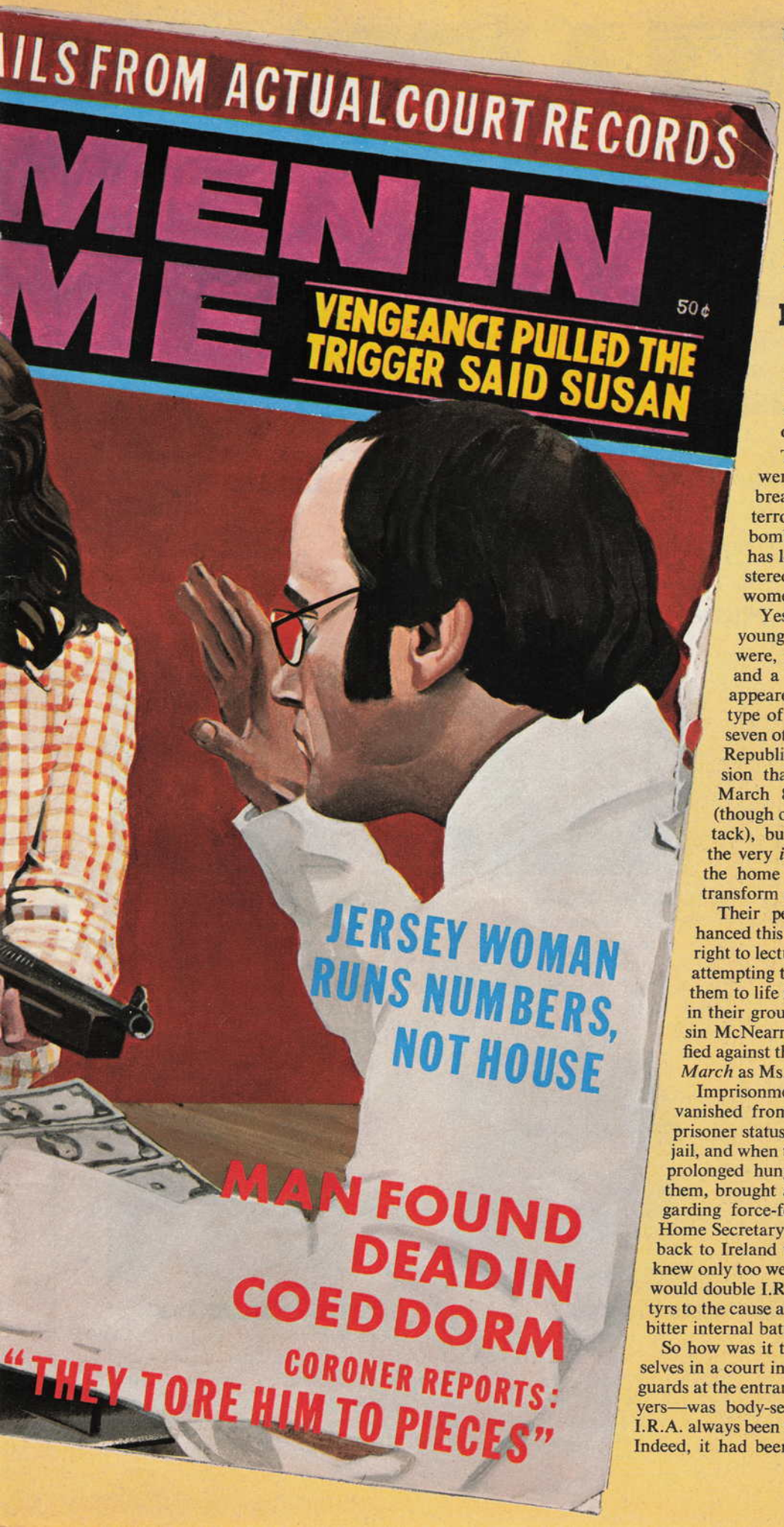
Illustration by Julian Allen

Artie's husband, DeWayne, was on the couch, smashed and nasty. She couldn't stand it. She'd been out around, see—a couple of gins with wine chasers at Ruby's, Scotches at the Albany Club (a bald-headed dude was buying), other stuff. Now she was having a lot of words with DeWayne and she just couldn't handle it anymore, you know? So she went outside, and here's what a police report from the U. S. Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence says she did: "The defendant then obtained a can of gas from outside the house, and waited for the victim to come out. In a few minutes, the victim emerged, and she poured the gas over him, struck a match and set him on fire."

The *FBI 1973 Uniform Crime Report* says that while total male crime rose 27.8 percent since 1960, total female crime rose 95.3 percent. The increase for minor boys was 123.5 percent; for minor girls, 264.1 percent. Men committed 160 percent more robberies; women, 286.6 percent more. Men assaulted 51.9 percent more people; women, 123.3 percent more. Men committed 87.9 percent more "serious crimes"; women, 277.9 percent more. Are the broads going nuts? Forgery and counterfeiting: men up 15.3 percent; women, 116.8 percent. Fraud and embezzlement: men up 49.6 percent; women, 281.3 percent. Minor girls are having a real picnic, going, with blistering enthusiasm, into robbery (up 476 percent), aggravated assault (up 350 percent), violent crime (up 393 percent), fraud (up 334 percent), stolen property (up 664 percent), larceny (up 365 percent) and—the ladies show they are no pikers here—murder and manslaughter (up 296 percent).

While male criminals still outnumber female criminals 5–1, they recently had but a 7–3 edge on the FBI's Ten Most Wanted list until it threw in the towel on Bernadine Dohrn. Patty Hearst might be on it if there were an opening. There had never been a female on the top ten until Ruth Eisemann-Scheir did a spot of kidnap and burial alive in 1968. Said an agent in charge of top-ten PR, "We're seeing more and more women criminals all the time. I think it goes along with the trend of society."

As women have become liberated, they have begun to more fully integrate themselves into American society. This being a fairly crime-riddled society, we can expect that as women get a piece of the legitimate action, they will also crop up more frequently on the other side of the law. Except that it isn't quite that simple. Statistics are merely the droppings of reality. For years, the boy/girl arrest ratio was dependably 4–1; now it's just 3.4–1, but these statistics do not necessarily prove that more women are committing crimes. Maybe women are committing sloppier crimes. Maybe they're committing harder crimes. Maybe they're committing crimes like those of men. Maybe these figures are an FBI hype to get budget boosts. Traditionally, cops were reluctant to bust women and tried to avoid it. Chauv-pig patronization has saved some dames some real time; but how much and how often? Since the emergence of chicks up front and feminism, cops are overcoming this hesitancy. The President's Commission on Law Enforcement threw up its hands and said that there was no way, what with the social volcanoes going off all around, you could tell if any category of person was more or less criminal than in the past. Yet, according to a study in 1963, only 51 percent of convicted women burglars were full cohorts or soloing, whereas in 1968, this figure was 95 percent. And it's not just statistics; it's a lot of other things—trends, vectors, social arcs—and they all seem to come up women's *(Continued on page 118)*



WOMEN OF THE I.R.A.

EUROPEAN LADIES LIBERATE THE BOMB

BY LEN SANDERSON

SHE'S THE QUEEN OF EUROPE'S GUERRILLAS! . . . SULTRY HI-JACKER HELD! . . . GUN GIRL ARRESTED! . . . MEINHOF AND HER GRUESOME GIRLS!

The headlines of the early Seventies were to disturb many a Continental breakfast. It was not the *acts* of the terrorists that jangled the nerves—the bomb-throwing anarchist in an overcoat has long been a made-in-Europe political stereotype—but the *sex* of the terrorists: women! With guns and bombs!

Yes, and unseemly women at that. Two young sisters, Dolours and Marion Price, were, respectively, a 22-year-old teacher and a teenage student before their names appeared on the front pages in the boldest type of all. They were charged, along with seven other members of the Provisional Irish Republican Army, with causing the explosion that rocked London's Old Bailey on March 8, 1973. The blast killed no one (though one bystander later died of a heart attack), but the audacity of their escapade—the very *idea* of planting a bomb in front of the home of British justice—was enough to transform the Price sisters into terror figures.

Their performance at their trial only enhanced this image. "Shut up, Shaw, you have no right to lecture us!" they told the judge, who was attempting to do just that after he had sentenced them to life in prison. And when another woman in their group, an 18-year-old typist named Roisin McNearny, turned state's evidence and testified against them, the Prices hummed the *Funeral March* as Ms. McNearny left the dock.

Imprisonment did not mean that the Price sisters vanished from the headlines. Claiming political-prisoner status, they demanded transfer to an Irish jail, and when this was refused, they embarked on a prolonged hunger strike. The strike nearly killed them, brought about changes in the British law regarding force-feeding of prisoners and convinced Home Secretary Roy Jenkins to send the two women back to Ireland to serve out their sentences. Jenkins knew only too well that their deaths in a British prison would double I.R.A. recruiting figures, add new martyrs to the cause and do nothing to end one of the most bitter internal battles in England's history.

So how was it that two young women found themselves in a court in the army town of Winchester, with guards at the entrances, where everyone—even the lawyers—was body-searched upon entering? Hadn't the I.R.A. always been the bastion of the Irish male patriot? Indeed, it had been, with *(Continued on page 124)*

WHAT'S A NICE GIRL

WELL, ARMED ROBBERY, RIOTS, BOMBING GOVERNMENT

Women are still sugar and spice, but nowadays some of them are also armed and dangerous. In a sense, women have always been dangerous, but traditionally their methods did not involve explosives, automatic weapons or hijacking intercontinental jets. During the past few years, that's changed. Radical political ideology has made extralegal measures particularly attractive to women. And while we know that politics certainly makes strange bedfellows, we suspect that crime does, too. Herewith, OUI's vogue rogues' gallery.

CAMILLA HALL
A suspected member of the S.L.A., she was wanted for armed robbery of the Hibernia Bank in San Francisco, and shot it out with police (unsuccessfully) in the battle of L.A.

KATHERINE ANN POWER
Wanted since 1970 for ripping off Boston's State Street Bank and Trust Company, and for the murder of patrolman Walter Schroeder. May be accompanied by Susan Saxe.

BERNADINE DOHRN
The Raquel Welch of the Revolution. Former University of Chicago law student, member of the Weather Underground. Wanted since 1970 on charges stemming from Chicago's Days of Rage.

GUDRUN ENSSLIN
Active member of the Baader-Meinhof gang of left-wing intellectuals who robbed banks and set off bombs all over Germany. Apprehended by German police and is now serving time.

PATRICIA (MIZMOON) SOLTYSIK
Another alleged member of the S.L.A., a suspected participant in Hearst's kidnaping and involved in the heist of the Hibernia Bank. She was also snuffed in the L.A. shootout.

LEILA KHALED
Hijacked a TWA jetliner to Damascus, and then blew it up. Later, she unsuccessfully tried to take over an Israeli airliner, was captured and then released by the British in an exchange.

CATHYLYN WILKERSON
She was present at her father's 11th Street town house when 100 pounds of dynamite went off prematurely, killing three. Wanted for homicide, mob action and interstate flight.

LIKE YOU DOING....

CONSPIRACY, INCITING BUILDINGS AND JUST PLAIN DOING TIME

PATRICIA (TANIA) HEARST
America's sweetheart. Her picture with a machine gun is as famous as Huey Newton sitting in wicker. Called her old man a pig and her fiancé a clown. Not bad for a deb.

PATRICIA SWINTON
Wanted for conspiracy and destruction of Government property. She allegedly was involved in the bombings of several buildings in New York. Still at large.

MARION PRICE
She and her sister, Dolours, are among the women in the I.R.A. Both were convicted of several bombings in London, including the bombing of the Old Bailey Building.

JANE LAUREN ALPERT
In 1970, Jane and two others pleaded guilty to conspiring to bomb the Whitehall induction center. While free on bail, she disappeared, and only recently turned herself in.

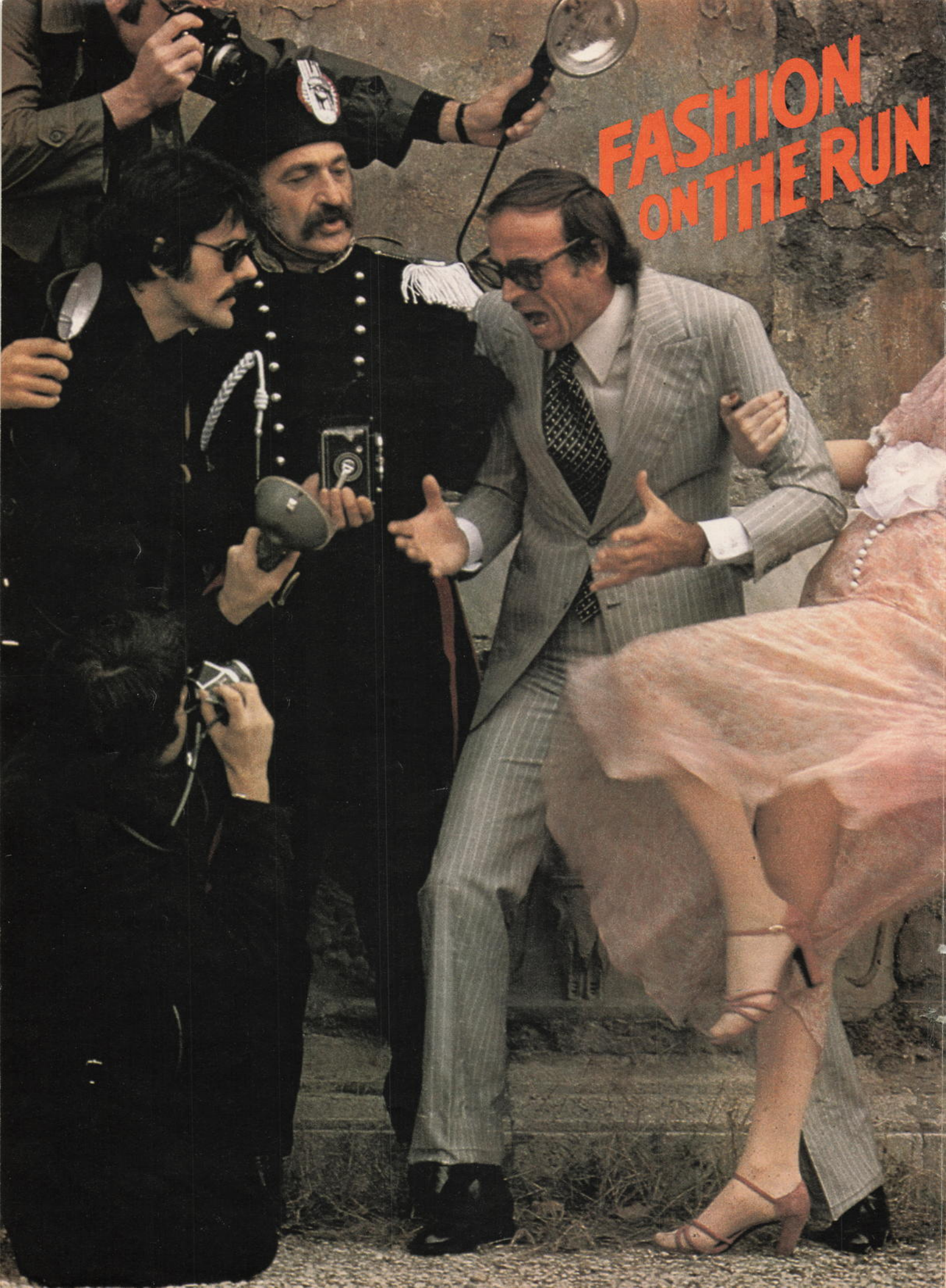
SUSAN EDITH SAXE
Sought since 1970 for murder, bank robbery and theft of Government property. She graduated magna cum laude from Brandeis in English before taking up fringe politics.

DOLOURS PRICE
She and sister Marion staged a 205-day hunger strike to force officials to move them to an Irish prison. It didn't work and both are still serving life sentences in England.

MARIA MCGUIRE
A gunrunner formerly employed by the I.R.A. In 1971, a $77,000 consignment was seized in Amsterdam. She spilled the beans to the authorities and has been keeping a low profile since.

NANCY LING PERRY
Alleged S.L.A. Minister of Information. Authored the "Letter to the People" that took up a lot of advertising space in Poppa Hearst's paper. Was she sexually duped by Cinque?

KATHY BOUDIN
She is wanted for interstate flight, mob action, riot and conspiracy. An active member of the Weather Underground. She escaped from the wreckage of 11th Street, then disappeared.


FASHION
ON THE RUN

This is a time for clothes that really move, clothes you can dance in when you go to Annabel's in London, clothes you can run in when the *paparazzi* recognize you in Rome. Fellini gave us the *paparazzi* in *La Dolce Vita*, and he gave Anita Ekberg a big flowing velvet gown to run away from them in, with Marcello Mastroianni jogging beside her in his dark suit. Today, the sweet life in Rome still has its bittersweet price—and running from sensationalist photographers is one of the facts of life there. (At least Ron Gallela still lives in New York.) Left, the starlet is in a pink-and-gray chiffon dress by Scott Barrie ($300), Charles Jourdan sandals ($68) and a Dulken & Derrick flower. Her manager fends off the *paparazzi* in a two-piece mohair suit ($325), beige silk shirt ($40) and tie ($20), all appropriately Italian, from DiMitri of Italy. Flashbulbs pop off his pink linen suit by Don Robbie ($100), top right; worn with a pure cotton Yves St. Laurent shirt ($30) The starlet straddles his knee in a long floaty chiffon dress by Scott Barrie ($300) scattered with tulips and colors. Mashed in the revolving door, below right, the manager tries his Italian on the *paparazzi* in a plaid suit by Bill Blass for PBM ($180) with an orange cotton shirt by Turnbull & Asser for Bonwit Teller ($40). Her rayon dress is by Franck Olivier ($175). The sunglasses are to hide her identity, or so she says. Secretly, she is wearing them to make sure that all the *paparazzi* will wonder just exactly who she is.

CLOTHES TO RUN IN WHEN THE PAPARAZZI SPOT YOU

Paparazzi are a very greedy lot, especially when they begin to get response from their starlet. Perhaps the two of them have a secret they don't want bandied about in the daily press. But then again, maybe they're just playing hard to get. It's a popular game in Rome. J. Paul Getty III didn't do too well with it, but then he went to *discothèques*, and our couple is sticking to the Fountain of Trevi and the very Grand Hotel.

Top left, even her manager can't move faster than *paparazzi* on a Vespa. "*Basta!*" he yells in his white linen three-piece suit by Arthur Richards ($180); "*Basta!*" in his white cotton shirt by Yves St. Laurent ($30); and "*Basta!*" in his Franck Olivier silk tie ($15). While all this shouting is going on, she just leans back and enjoys it in her peach silk dress by Scott Barrie ($300).

Bottom left, chased right into the Fountain of Trevi, she begins to feel like Anita Ekberg; unfortunately, her manager refuses to play Marcello. The *paparazzi* ignore her manager in his Yves St. Laurent green linen suit ($160), beige Turnbull & Asser cotton shirt ($40) and silk tie ($15). They're aiming straight at her Walter Albini blue silk dress and those blue Nina sandals she's holding in her hand ($30).

Right, the starlet is really beginning to glow under the allure of the flashbulbs, much to his annoyance. Her lilac chiffon dress is by Scott Barrie ($300), his beige cotton canvas suit ($210), cotton shirt ($32.50) and burgundy silk tie ($22) are all by Ralph Lauren of Polo.

ROMAN PHOTOGRAPHERS ARE A PERSISTENT LOT

La Gazzetta dello Sport
CYNAR
Boninsegna non sarà solo

When you're dealing with a star on the rise, what are you gonna do? Arthur Miller had to stand back and let his Marilyn take the fall; Richard Burton couldn't even keep Liz Taylor out of the camera's eye. And how could any girl resist the *paparazzi* of Rome? They may be sweaty, cheap and ugly, but they're persistent. And sometimes persistence counts, as her manager has finally admitted. When the *paparazzi* come in on the heels of an elegant room-service dinner for two, there is nothing you can do but put a grim look on your face and Let It Happen. He's grim in a pistachio hemp tweed suit by Sal Cesarani for Country Britches ($160) over a loosened tie by Charles Jourdan ($20) and cotton dress shirt by Gates ($22). His lace-up shoes are by Charles Jourdan ($75). The starlet is letting it all hang out in a brown chiffon dress by John Anthony ($295).
Shortly after this tacky scene of intimate exposure took place, the starlet became the toast of Rome, the hit of Cinecitta. She signed as lead in *Naked in the Night, The Night Came Naked, Heart Beat, Throb of the Heart* and the sequel *Teen Throb Beat* (in which she played a difficult dual role—mother and daughter both). She pioneered a new type of cinema in Italy called "spaghetti-ohs." No one remembers precisely who coined the name, but some Roman wags say it's quite a simple story: The star is always moaning "Oh" when she's being photographed by her beloved *paparazzi*.

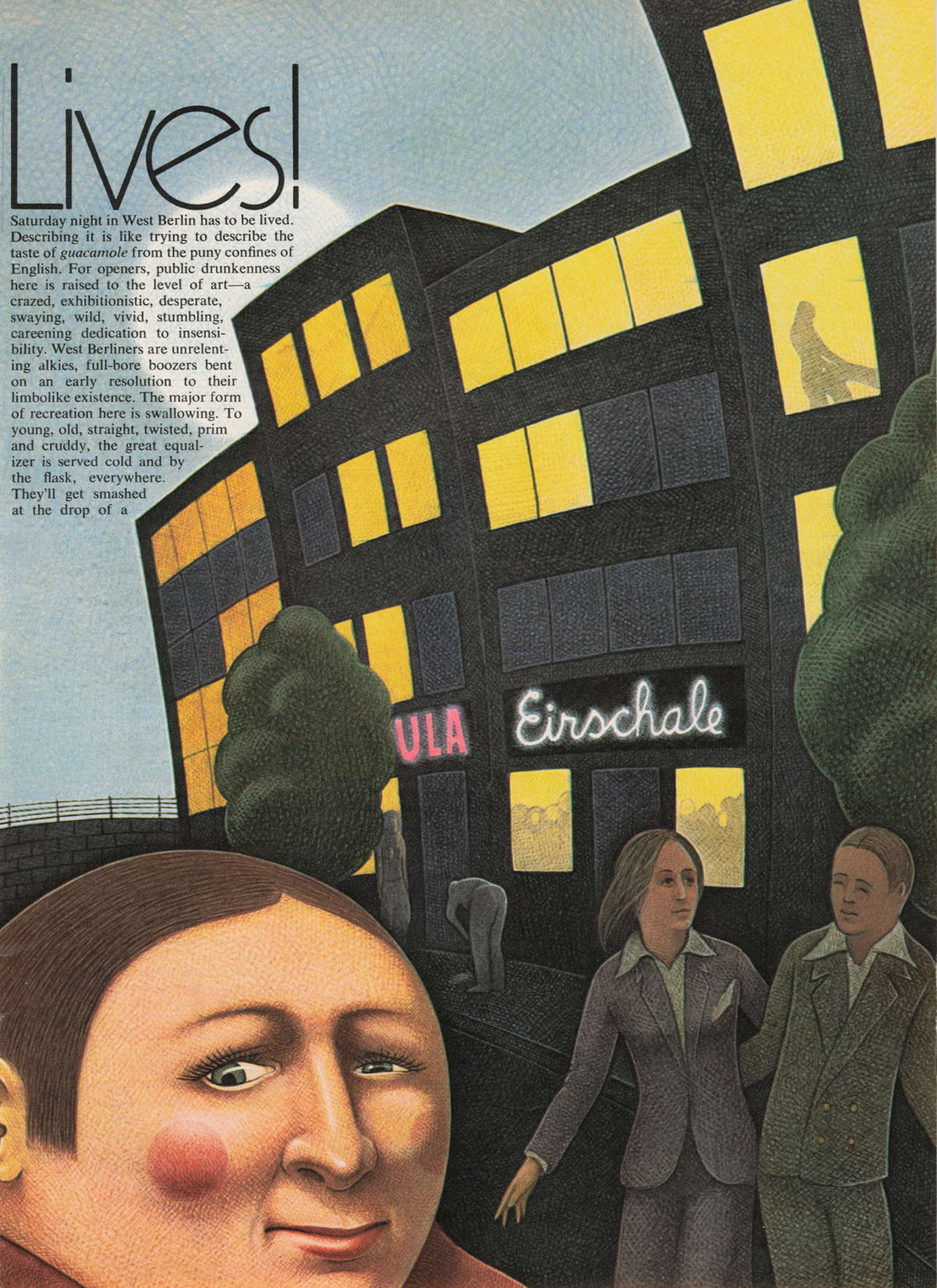
SOONER OR LATER, EVERYONE GIVES IN

Hair by Riccardo

Berlin
THE CITY THAT GAVE YOU DECADENCE AND DADA DOES IT AGAIN
BY ROBERT WIEDER
charles shields

Lives!

Saturday night in West Berlin has to be lived. Describing it is like trying to describe the taste of *guacamole* from the puny confines of English. For openers, public drunkenness here is raised to the level of art—a crazed, exhibitionistic, desperate, swaying, wild, vivid, stumbling, careening dedication to insensibility. West Berliners are unrelenting alkies, full-bore boozers bent on an early resolution to their limbolike existence. The major form of recreation here is swallowing. To young, old, straight, twisted, prim and cruddy, the great equalizer is served cold and by the flask, everywhere. They'll get smashed at the drop of a



BERLIN LIVES! *Professional or amateur, West Berlin women are good, good-looking and good at it, with pants one size looser than shellac and lovely pouting Mädchen mouths.*

hat. Leave the liver no room for doubt! *Ich bin ein Berliner. Ich bin ein lush.*

West Berlin's main drag, the Ku'damm—Kurfürstendamm—was designed to be the Champs Elysées of Berlin: wide, tree-lined, a long, broad corridor of cafés, *cinés*, shops, four- to eight-story buildings, most of them new. Ku'damm on Saturday night is bright, vibrant, alive with strolling celebrants and sidewalk craftsmen hustling leather, jewelry, etchings, candy apples, you name it. Every public surface is papered with posters advertising sex shops, fuck flicks and massage parlors nonstop. Much of the hype is *auf Englisch*. Cars are parked randomly throughout the district: double-parked, astride the curb, in the street, sideways, on the sidewalk, at crazy angles, pretty much wherever the driver decided he had had enough driving. West Berliners think that a car is to be driven at maximum velocity or not at all. They jump at Mercedes and BMWs like they were class-II fuel drag rails and push them around corners like Alfa Romeos. Wherever you're going, the idea is to get there no matter what.

Streetwalkers drift around the area like leaves, openly and in places obvious and unlikely. They are quiet, clean, discreet and absolute ladies, blends of Margo St. James and Princess Grace. Professional or amateur, West Berlin women are good, good-looking and good at it, with pants one size looser than shellac and lovely pouting *Mädchen* mouths; these aren't your boat-assed *Brunhilden* but things as fawnlike as those on *Ingenue* covers. They're everywhere but especially in the screaming boogie dance halls, digging the Umbrella Jazzmen at Eirschale, the Kreuzberg Stompers at Schnapshus, Outless at Tarantula or the Storyville Jazzband at Leierkasten. Anybody who can't get laid in West Berlin should have it tied off or, in the case of females, spackled.

The flank-speed hedonism of West Berlin is stupefying. It began during the Fifties as an ongoing spasm of self-affirmation, when a public display of abandon was needed to demonstrate to that dreary time capsule across the border just *who* had won the war (our Germans) and *who* had lost it (theirs). The need is history now, but the Wall is still the city's dominant piece of architecture, so Total Indulgence lives on and West Berliners practice it with the zeal that produced the *Panzer*. It's Edge City and they're pushing life right to the limit, dancing along the drop-off point.

If the city's style is chaotic and overwhelmingly excessive, it is because there's much to be overwhelmed: the precarious politics, insane geography, nationalistic limbo and identity vacuum. You'd be chaotic, too, if, for the past 30 years, you'd been run by the Americans, the British and the French, a coalition that couldn't even agree on wallpaper. From 1929 through 1969, Berlin was a society of mad untenability, an amphetamine-psychosis night-sweat culture hurling itself into novalike activity.

Now the pressure is off and West Berlin is looking to *move*. It is an island of sin amid national lobotomy consciousness and it produces more than simple whoopee. It has revived the underground mentality that flourished here during the Twenties, harking back to that shining period when Berlin's interwar decadent culture spread and was adopted throughout the world. Berlin then was bright, hip, cosmopolitan and flashy, the international capital. True, historical patterns are crap and mankind is a wanderer, but it does put one foot down after another, and by watching the signs and lines in people's faces, you can spot the trends. If the world stole its act from Hollywood in the Thirties and from San Francisco in the Sixties, in the feverish Twenties, its material came from Berlin.

Berlin's post–World War One politics were those of Old Authority Defeated: The city was rife with Socialists, Communists, anarchists, nihilists, Spartacists, Fascists and loons; the daffies of the political spectrum were hot stock; and the Weimar Republic was about as germane to the German character as the *I Ching*. "Political meetings were well attended," wrote Christopher Isherwood. "They were cheaper than going to the movies or getting drunk." The Depression hadn't yet sunk its teeth in, but neither was this Fat City. There was no fun to wealth—only the terror of burglary, riot and revolution and back yards protected by wire fences and attack dogs; *Scheisse*, poverty became absolute liberation and the arts a street slander of the system.

Berlin circa 1925 strutted in colored shirts, bell-bottoms, lilac spats and pastel two-toned snakeskin shoes; flash and filigree—not *Supermensch* but Super Fly. Make-up was applied with a trowel by both sexes; men used cold cream and eye shadow, plucked their brows. Decadence was selling like horse meat. Fashionable were: English names, slick hair, chalk complexions and men in hair nets. Jobs lasted a week if you were lucky; everyone was corruptible and, inevitably, corrupted. During the day, you were tripping over the army of hookers, pickpockets, junkies, thieves, gold diggers, gigolos and hustlers. Three whores to each street corner, whispering in harmony, "*Komm, Süsser.*" With its stained glass, indoor plants, bisexual chic and arts of excess and escapism, Berlin anticipated the Los Angeles and the New York of the Seventies by 50 years.

The primary social activities involved alcohol, drugs, loud music, dancing and fornication, hopefully in combination. Parties reeled with noise, various smokes, unhooked garments, relentless boozing and superhuman doping; green fingernail polish, blue hair, gold teeth; armloads of bracelets, six-inch heels, long black boots laced to the knee, scarlet leather, whips and spurs, fag and bi, trans and lesbo, S/M, B/D, Ve haff vays of making you come—oh, good God, whooping lecherous abandon. This strain is descended from the Vandals and the Visigoths, don't forget. Modernity was an obsession, amorality its expression. The official underground-art-decadence drug of the day was, guess what? *Ach, Liebchen—Kokain.*

A depression is the most logical and necessary time for art, and if Berlin fired the fashions of the world, that was chump change compared with the Weimar Republic's effect on the legitimate arts. From the neurotic tensions of this gloomy crucible came an awesome outpouring of seminal creativity that has yet to be matched in this century. For example:

• The Bauhaus, the art school that revolutionized art and art training by ending the idiotic 19th Century division of art and craftsmanship, forcing artists to confront the challenge of the Industrial Revolution and founding modern architecture and design under Walter Gropius.

• Bertolt Brecht, the father of modern expressionist literature and a poet-playwright-reformer whose furiously antibourgeois works brought the stage's attention to the frequent parallelism of capitalism with promiscuity, greed and violence; he reflected his generation's dim regard for the "civilization" that had collapsed under World War One.

• Kurt Weill, the creator of a revolutionary opera of sharp social satire about Berlin's underworld thieves, hookers and pugs; with Brecht, he wrote *Die Dreigroschenoper* and *Mahagonny*, giving us *Mack the Knife*, *Alabama Song* (see first Doors album) and, later, such haunting melancholies as *September Song*.

• Paul Klee, the spacy genius of modern art—his work riddled with autohypnosis—and, according to most art critics, one of the greatest visionaries of all time. He considered reality a "momentary and accidental arrangement," and art for art's sake gave him indigestion.

• Thomas Mann, Nobel Prize–winning author, German-lit heavyweight; he was preoccupied with the relationship of art to neurosis, *(Continued on page 109)*

ELENA
WITH
SHADOW

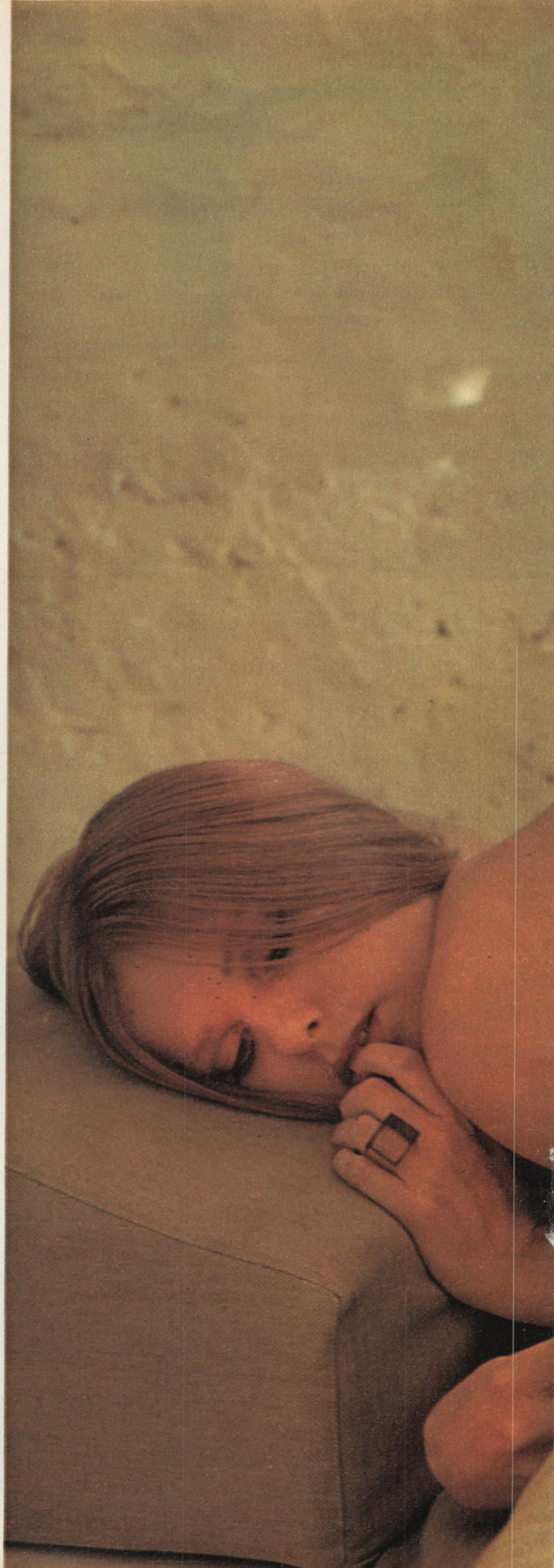
ELENA IS A WORD DERIVED FROM THE GREEK. IT MEANS LIGHT AND FITS HER WELL

It is almost spring in Milan, in northern Italy, and the sun moves slowly through a cloudless sky toward the spires of the Duomo. Elena watches, lounging, waiting for the proper shadows to appear. She tells us that her last name is Mercuri, and we don't doubt it. She is a model by profession, 23 years old, and a photographer when the subject strikes her. Mounted on a tripod in the corner is a 35mm Pentax. "Yes, I carry the camera always, but I rarely do any shooting. Film in Italy is too expensive. I save it for when I see something truly beautiful that I do not want to lose to memory." A helpful skill, especially in her line of work. "If I make a suggestion to a photographer on a job, he gets angry. But I suppose I would, too. That is why I'm going to do a self-portrait, as soon as the light is good. I even brought a Van Gogh hat to put me in an artistic mood." She laughs and her breasts bounce slightly. We compliment her on her choice of subject. "You are American, yes? I like American men. More honest. In Italy, every man I meet tells me he is *mafioso*. Then he pinches me." She laughs again. Her English is excellent. "I learned to speak English in New York. Oh, yes. I was there with a short film I had made for the festival, and a film producer liked it and offered me a job as a film editor. He made industrial films, but he was

ELENA
WATCHES,
LOUNGING,
WAITING
FOR
THE PROPER
SHADOWS
TO
APPEAR

"IN ITALY, EVERY MAN I MEET TELLS ME HE IS *MAFIOSO*. THEN HE PINCHES ME"

good-looking, so I stayed a few months." We lived in the Village, near an outdoor vegetable market. She throws a long white shawl over a wicker chair. "I finally got tired of him and came back to Milano." Elena begins to pose now, consciously, in preparation, glancing with each posture at the changing quality of light. She watches the shadows on the bare white walls, the wood paneling and the wicker chairs. Then she places the camera where it can catch the shadows. "It will be twilight soon, when the guard is changed at the Brera Palace. It is very sensuous; I don't know why. I did a lovely shooting of it a few days ago." A hand mirror appears to check her make-up. "Perhaps I'll wear boots today. That would be military." She laughs again. It seems a pleasant way to spend a late afternoon. "For now, yes. It is cold outdoors. But in the spring, the horse racing begins at the Ippodromo and later the Grand Prix at Monza, only a few kilometers from here. That is really exciting. I take my camera and a boyfriend and spend the day where the action is. Ha! He always loses money on the horses—but I never gamble; I take pictures. I took one last year at the rail that resembles the famous Degas painting. It was very exciting." Now the light is perfect and the timed shutter begins to click. Very exciting.



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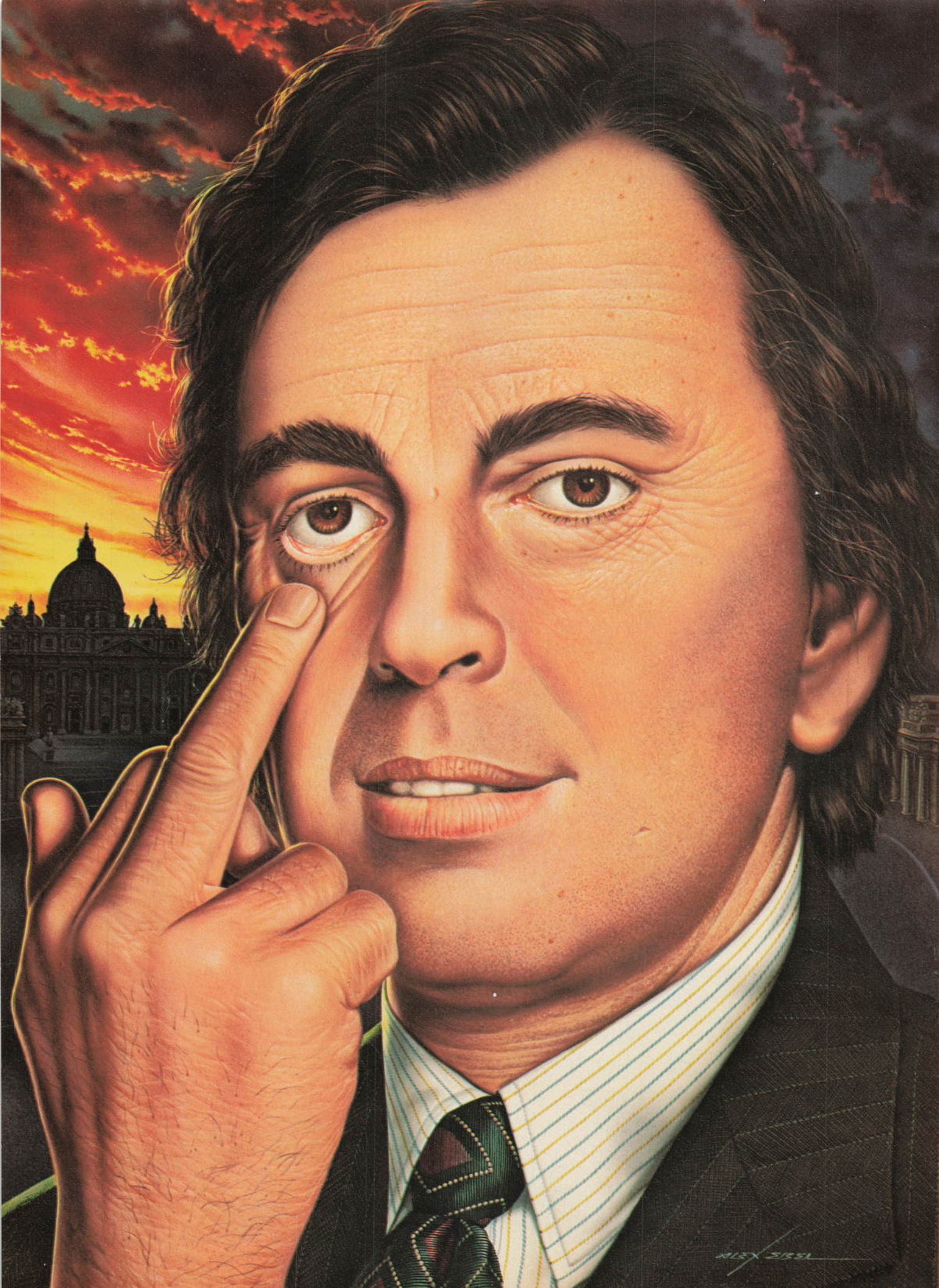

ALEX SIZEL

CONVERSATION WITH

GORE VIDAL

The controversial novelist and critic assails the "dictatorship" of heterosexuals, explains his disillusionment with the Kennedys and pours scorn on Americans of all persuasions

Gore Vidal is used to being called outrageous. It might even be said that he courts the notion. He first invited the characterization in 1948 with the publication of his short and spare novel "The City and the Pillar." Vidal had dared to write about homosexuality, a subject then forbidden to all but the pornographer. Panic ensued. Book reviewers refused to review it, newspapers refused to advertise it, but Vidal was on his way to becoming a legend.

He proved himself not only controversial but also prolific and versatile. Out of his imagination sprang historical novels, such as "Burr" and "Julian"; "Myra Breckinridge," an irreverent, hilarious female/male creature who, in the struggle for identity, illuminates Vidal's intense conviction that man is by nature bisexual; and, most recently, "Myron," who emerged to continue the interior war with Myra, lurking these past years in his flat breast. Out of his critic's mind have come myriad essays, ranging from studies on overpopulation to a bitter attack on the Kennedys following Vidal's expulsion from the White House inner circle by an irate Bobby Kennedy. And interspersed were the gibes and the ever-so-cool put-downs, which reached their widest audience during the 1968 Democratic Convention, when Vidal and William F. Buckley met on national television in an artfully ferocious exchange, of the type managed only by those schooled in good manners.

Today, at the age of 49, Vidal can claim 14 novels; several mysteries under the pseudonym Edgar Box; Broadway plays, among them the hit "The Best Man"; a score of television dramas; theater and book criticism; political commentary; and an unsuccessful run as a Democratic candidate for Congress in 1960. Never far removed from the stings of past rejection, Vidal is quick to point out that though he lost the race, he polled more votes in his conservative Upstate New York district than did Jack Kennedy.

Vidal was raised on politics and the uses of power. His father, Eugene, the only man Vidal admits to really having liked, was F.D.R.'s first director of air commerce. Vidal spent much of his childhood guiding his blind and acerbic grandfather, Oklahoma's Senator Thomas Gore, around Washington—and reading aloud to him from the Congressional Record. *At the same time, he was sampling socially acceptable boarding schools and vacationing from them at Merrywood, where he moved after his mother's marriage to Hugh D. Auchincloss, who some years later had another famous stepchild in residence—the present Mrs. Aristotle Onassis. Vidal still has a hearty appetite for drawing-room gossip. When he asks "What's new?" as he invariably does, he relishes an account of a politician's latest, most preposterous act, or a tale in which one grand personage has just departed from another grand personage's bed.*

"My life," he has said, "was like an MGM movie." But nothing nettles him quite so much as the myth that he inherited money. Vidal is an actor responsible for his own lines and disguises; he is also a man responsible for his own wealth. Part of that wealth bought La Rondinaia, his exquisite villa in Italy, which overlooks the Tyrrhenian Sea, where OUI *sent Beverly Kempton to conduct this interview.*

She reported that "life at the villa reflects the many moods and layers of Vidal's personality. It is understood by all and sundry that he is not available during much of the day, preferring the isolation of his bedroom or study, where he reads and works. But during the evening, he is a willing host, and it is hard to imagine that even Lady Astor could have boasted such a sparkling guest list—including Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Mick Jagger or Princess Margaret. His table is set with food from his own garden; his wine is made from grapes from his own vineyard; his conversation is eclectic, learned and bitchy. The tone is elegant. Only his clothes provide a contrast. Despite occasional bouts of excess, he takes rigorous care of his body and thinks nothing about the fit or fashion of what he puts on it. Vidal doesn't have to dress up. His costume changes are verbal.

"Vidal's father once described him as the sport of the family, with no drive for popularity. It is a description with which he is most at home. I began by asking him about his reputed disinterest in winning people's friendship."

OUI: Do you feel hated?

VIDAL: In some quarters.

OUI: By whom?

VIDAL: Well, you would know better than I. I can't say I give it, as we say in the South, much mind.

OUI: Did this contribute to your decision to move to Italy?

VIDAL: In my New York Congressional district, I was the biggest Democratic vote getter for half a century. So I do pretty well with the electorate. On the other hand, I am never popular with *The New York Times*—it did the only ax job on me in the election of 1960. Happily, it is now declining as a newspaper and I'm going strong. And I'm also not as popular with the English departments of our American universities as I am with the political-science, history and classics departments.

OUI: Whom do the English departments admire?

VIDAL: Those academic writers who reflect the university itself, like John Barth. He writes novels to be taught in class. He practices a labored, quasi-illiterate style that calls for interpretation, translation. I aim at clarity and need no one to mediate between me and the reader.

OUI: And what about the critics? Are you affected by their judgments?

VIDAL: They have no effect at all on me.

OUI: Do you feel that if your books had

GORE VIDAL *I took on the heterosexual dictatorship of the country. The panic, rage and resentment that this caused still reverberate. Two years later, I met Norman Mailer, who thought I was the Devil.*

been accepted differently by American critics, you might be living in the United States today and not in Italy?

VIDAL: Ah, I see the interview! Bitter, disappointed, Vidal turns back on area and nation that rejected him! Hardly applicable, however, to a writer as much praised and read as I am—if for the wrong reasons.

OUI: Certainly, some of the reviews of your novel *The City and the Pillar* were less than generous, to say the least.

VIDAL: I took the attacks as a compliment. After all, the two books prior to *The City and the Pillar* were extremely well reviewed. I was the first of the war novelists and much overpraised. Then came *The City and the Pillar* in 1948, when I was 23. With an ax, I took on the heterosexual dictatorship of the country. The panic and the rage and the resentment that this caused still reverberate. Two years later, I met Norman Mailer. He told me he thought I was the Devil. The book-chat world doesn't mind a faggot who comes on like a cripple. When Tennessee moans and groans about how decadent he is and how he's going to die tomorrow anyway because he's been spitting blood all morning, well, how can you hit this poor gallant old thing? Or Truman, who comes on like Cousin Hetty from Kansas. But for the—quote—tough—unquote—war novelist to say I'm here to challenge the heterosexual dictatorship and before I'm finished with you, you're going to accept the homosexual act as being equal to the hetero—well, that challenge to the sexual mores of the uptight American male was and is unforgivable. If you don't honor him for the desperate battle he's fought to be a heterosexual, you might just as well cut his powells off, as Myra would say. After all, the only thing a great many American men have to be proud of is being heterosexual.

OUI: Why do you despise the heterosexual dictatorship?

VIDAL: Because it's inadequate. To hear two American men congratulating each other on being heterosexual is one of the most chilling experiences—and unique to the United States. You don't hear two Italians sitting around complimenting each other because they actually like to go to bed with women. The American is hysterical about his manhood.

OUI: Why is that?

VIDAL: A lot of it is bullshit from the old frontier, where the only way you could judge a man was if he could knock somebody down—and of course the heterosexual male's obsession with cock is far beyond that of any fag. I remember recently reading about a college where the black boys and the white boys were living in the same dormitory. The black boys asked to move out. When the whites asked why, the blacks said, "Because these white cats are always looking at our cocks. That's all they think about is cock. We're not into that."

OUI: You don't resent heterosexuals, do you?

VIDAL: What gave you the idea I did? And what is a heterosexual? The word is an adjective, not a noun, describing the sexual act between a man and a woman. It does *not* describe a temperament. Can you say: "I spent the afternoon with Lyndon Johnson and Jack Kennedy and both behaved in a typical heterosexual fashion"? If you can find any similarity in character between those two, other than the fact that they fucked women, I don't know what it is. Yet people will say that there is such a thing as a fag, a homosexual personality, when there's no such thing. I realize that this is a startling thought. Anyway, I set out to re-educate my countrymen and, to a point, I have. Victory is by no means in sight, but certainly the sexual mores of the times are changing and I've made my contribution.

OUI: If gay is now fashionable—not only fashionable but marketable—how do you feel about such people as Dotson Rader and Mart Crowley, who are exploiting homosexuality?

VIDAL: Well, Dotson Rader must eventually learn that it's not enough to be homosexual, you must also have talent. But these are all fashions and they'll be onto something else soon. Just yesterday, it was fashionable to be black. Remember? Any black writer could get away with murder, just as any Jewish American writer can get away with murder. Women writers are also doing pretty well in their fear of flying.

OUI: You have attempted to be both a popular and an intellectual writer. Do you find that intellectuals resent your popular success?

VIDAL: You must ask them. But then, there aren't many intellectuals in the United States. I have the impression that this happy few rather like what I do.

OUI: Do you categorize your work and see it on two levels, the popular—*Myra Breckinridge*, the recently published *Myron*—and the scholarly *Julian* and *Burr*?

VIDAL: No, it's all the same. No matter how hard I try, I am still just one person.

OUI: But there are books, such as *Myra*, that you said you wrote quickly—*Myron*, also. And then there is *Burr*, a very long study.

VIDAL: Yes, but of the two, *Myra* is not only the better book but also, I think, a part of the history of literature. A lot of people could have written *Burr* or *Julian*, but I am the only American who could have written *Myra*.

OUI: Why?

VIDAL: Because it isn't like any other book that's ever been published in America or anywhere else—as the British critics have noticed. The locals, on the other hand, still think it's a dirty book. I'm afraid it will be years before our book-chat writers figure out that *Myra* is a serious work of art. Fortunately, their opinion matters to no one.

OUI: And *Myron*? Does it also have a unique and American voice?

VIDAL: Anything I write I regard as being very American, since I am very American. So, obviously, whatever comes out of my consciousness will always be the same. I can't judge *Myron*. I prefer it to *Myra*, but I don't think others will.

OUI: Your idea in *Myron* of substituting the Supreme Court Justices' names for dirty words is a marvelous joke. How did you come up with it?

VIDAL: How did man discover fire? Or, not to be sexist, how did woman discover the wheel? It was just there. I laugh when I think about it. I only hope that the Justices will now take the hint and Rehnquist will change his name to cock, Whizzer White to cunt, and so on.

OUI: You indicated that British critics had a better understanding of *Myra* than American critics. As a writer, do you feel more at home in England because of that?

VIDAL: No, it was a general observation. In America, book chat has always been written by people who were not good enough to write about sports. Out in the provinces, books are often handed to somebody's wife or, worse, to a local academic. In England, the standard of all critical writing, whether it's book chat or showbiz chat, is higher than it is in America because, by and large, the English write better and talk better than Americans. As Dwight MacDonald pointed out, any letter to *The Times* of London is better written than any editorial in *The New York Times*. The English just have a greater respect for language. And, of course, their reviewers have read more books than ours have. The British saw *Myra*'s relationship to world literature—that my origins are in Petronius and Apuleius, two writers no American journalist has ever read. One even remarked upon the resemblance to Choderlos de Laclos' *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*. I don't need to say that no book-chat hack at the *Times* has ever read that brilliant novel.

Even in Italy, where hardly anyone reads, the level of reviewing, though there's an *(Continued on page 82)*

HOW TO KILL TIME

BEATING THE CLOCK TO DEATH

By Nick Kazan, J. C. Lewis and Dr. David Hurwitz

This subject seems frivolous. It is not.

Because of today's inflationary time spiral, people who try to "save" time are only wasting their time. Instead, they ought to spend every minute as fast as they can get it. Nowadays, you could save up three weeks, even a month—and in a year it wouldn't be worth one quarter of an hour.

KILLING *VS.* WASTING

Most people accept the misconception that killing time and wasting time are the same thing. This is bunk. This is a particular kind of bunk perpetrated by those anal compulsives who think that every second of their lives ought to be "used" for "something constructive." If you are reading this magazine, you are not one of those people.

When time is "wasted," the implication is that it could have been applied to some valuable, even historic venture but was instead wantonly pissed away. Accordingly, you feel a little guilty *when* you waste time and even more guilty *later*, when you recall what you have—and have not—done. To waste is to wound . . . and the scar hurts.

In contrast, time killed is dead time. You are so totally absorbed by what you are doing that you don't even know you're doing it. Hence, you retain little memory of it—and no guilt.

Time-killing activities must, above all, have no overpowering effect on your life. Sadly, this means that no activity is a guaranteed time killer, since—no matter how rigorously you guard against it—something meaningful may suddenly intrude. You are watching TV in the den, sipping a beer. You are content, happy; you have no idea what program is on. And then a truck drives through the living room, ricochets into the kitchen and proceeds out the back door, down into the lake. Suddenly, you're not killing time anymore.

Let's take a more familiar scene: You're out on an idle stroll, knocking off a quick half hour before dinner, and, inadvertently, you have an important thought. You discover that you're not wearing any pants, or that your whole life is meaningless, or that you're $4000 in debt. Your stroll, at least as a time-killing measure, is ruined.

STILL CONFUSED?

We know that some readers—no matter how full and exciting their lives may be—are inexperienced at time killing. People are always coming up to us and asking, "Am

I killing time when I take a Tums?" or "At what age can I expect my child to have his first genuine time-killing experience?" The distinction between wasting, killing and using time *is* nice—a matter of interpretation and degree—and so, to clarify our subject, we present this chart (right):

THE TIME PIE

Cave men didn't have time to kill time. Just in order to survive, they had to hunt, eat, procreate, walk 100 yards to take a dump, fight off saber-toothed tigers with sharp rocks and, when possible, sleep. Such activities consumed 23 hours out of every day. The other hour was wasted doing things inefficiently, like trying to kill an antelope by pushing a tree on top of it, or attempting to start a fire by rubbing two sticks together.

The cave man's time pie looked like this:

Now, of course, we have flush toilets, supermarkets, sex on the run, prefab homes and jobs where people spend all day talking into black plastic handles and making marks on pieces of paper. Also, saber-toothed tigers are extinct and all other tigers are kept in zoos or in India. The time pie of many Americans looks like this:

Some consequences of baking such an unbalanced time pie are now known to modern science. Already, statistical links have been found

WASTING TIME	KILLING TIME	USING TIME
folk dancing	sex	"conceiving life"
watching baseball or golf	playing basketball or tennis	doing daily R.C.A.F. exercises
thinking or talking about any of the following: "What is life?"; "Is the universe infinite?"; "What is infinity?"; "What is the difference between love and sex/good and evil/up and down?"	taking a crap	wiping yourself
praying to God	cursing life	cursing life
the United Nations, the House of Representatives, the government of Turkey and the Catholic Church	you	you and me
creating or appreciating any kind of art	watching TV	going to the movies
high school	college	grade school
losing money at the race track	winning money at the race track	armed robbery at the race track
liking	loving	being polite to keep your job, to maintain friendship or to con others into thinking you're an "all-right guy"
smoking your neighbor's home-grown weed, which he personally fertilized with caviar	smoking Thai buds	refusing to introduce any foreign substances into your lungs
drinking	getting drunk	orange juice on ice

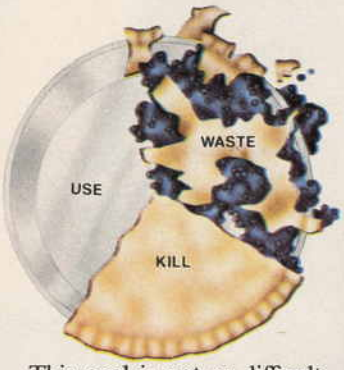
The distinctions are not as absolute as they first appear. A mediocre hand job, for instance, might qualify as wasting rather than killing time. And some movies—Clint Eastwood or Charles Bronson blood baths—are, if not outright killers, at least assault and battery on your time.

Then there are the questions of degree, like the distinction between "drinking" and "getting drunk." As an example of the sort of reasoning the reader should apply, we offer this distinction:

HOW TO TELL WHEN YOU ARE DRUNK:

It is past midnight. Well past midnight. Time to retire. You go into your bedroom and find yourself, instead, in the bathroom. How convenient: You urinate. While doing so, you try to mentally sketch the architectural floor plan of your home. This enables you to navigate into the bedroom. You know that it is the bedroom because the bed is there, slowly moving across the room. It bumps against the right wall, shudders for a moment, then swings over and bumps against the left wall. You stare at it with all the concentration you can muster. You time your move. You leap onto it. . . . When you miss, you know you're drunk.

with heart failure, cancer and the need to smoke cigarettes or to drive around in hopped-up cars. To maintain health, the human organism requires variety: a balanced pie for a balanced life. The ideal pie, of course, looks like this:



This goal is not as difficult to achieve as one might think. Keep in mind that—in general—your job is a waste of time, your sleep is a use of time and the rest of your day should be killed.

In order to help you reach such equanimity, we present:

SPECIFIC INSTRUCTIONS:

Before you can knock off even five seconds, you have to develop the proper:

ATTITUDE

Are you a confident person with a firm sense of what you want out of life? Are you always rushing around, doing one exciting thing after another, as if you just can't get enough? If so, you probably haven't been killing very much time.

What you need is a sense of confusion. You need to introduce hysteria, doubt and angst into the fabric of your life.

Try this exercise: The next time you leap up to do something necessary or rewarding, ask yourself:

Do I *have* to do it now? (Of course not! You don't *have* to do anything. It's a free country.)

Am I sure it will be enjoyable/rewarding? (Nonsense! Balderdash! Pig shit! You can't be sure of anything in life. It may turn out to be an abomination! A catastrophe! In fact, it probably *will* be awful; you'll probably screw up and everybody will hate you and. . . .)

Once you start questioning your every move, you'll *want* to kill time. Remember, when you're killing time, you're not really doing anything, not risking anything—and that means that *you can't lose*!

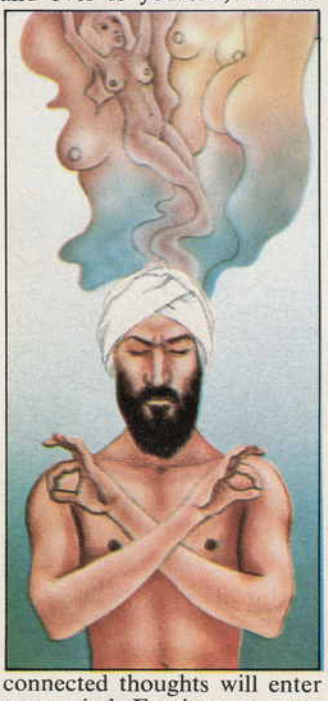
THE 30-SECOND EXERCISE

Light a match and hold it at an angle 20 degrees from the vertical, so that it will continue to burn. Stare at the flame and try not to think about what's going to happen to your fingers. This is a good way to begin forgetting about things

that matter. It is also a finite exercise: On completion, you can immediately do something useful again—i.e., blow out the match and run to the kitchen to put ice on your fingers.

KILLING 5 TO 20 MINUTES

Once you've thoroughly charred your finger tips, you're ready for the mantra. A mantra is a one-syllable nonsense word, a sound. All you do is repeat the mantra over and over to yourself, and no



connected thoughts will enter your mind. For instance, one mantra is the well-known Eastern syllable Om. We have selected a mantra more appropriate to our contemporary lifestyle. It is spelled S-L-U-T and is pronounced to rhyme with hut. Say it again and again to yourself, ignoring any meanings that may pop into your head. Let the mantra echo and resonate in your mind; repeat it; if a stray thought should creep in, gently return to the mantra. Slut.

KILLING A FEW HOURS

1 Subscribe to Gallup, Harris, Field and all other public-opinion rolls and revise your thinking so that you invariably agree with the majority. (A variation on this technique has been used by the former President, President, the former Vice-President, the incumbent—as this article goes to press—and most other politicians.)

2 Heat one-half cup vegetable oil to smoking. Add one cup (eight ounces) pineapple yogurt. Then swirl in one cup popping corn. *Voilà!* Hawaiian-yogurt-popcorn surprise!

3 Take every sensitivity course offered in your area and, on completion, try to relate honestly to one other human being. No cheating!

4 Call all phone booths in your area and try to sell nonexistent products to whoever answers. Produce elaborate statistical charts showing which booths are frequented by the most gullible consumers. Submit results for a doctorate in sociology or psychology, then get a job in a major university.

AN INTERLUDE

Q. 1 What is the all-time-record time kill, who did it and how long did it last? **A.** The Dark Ages, by civilized man; it lasted 3.24 centuries.

Q. 2 Is there any way whole countries can kill time?

A. Yes: war. Everybody gets involved in it and it serves no useful purpose. It kills all the time for some of the people, some of the time for all of the people and some of the people for all of the time.

LONG-TERM TIME KILLS

Most people think in terms of killing a few minutes—or, at most, a few hours—of time. Few realize the importance of killing days, weeks or even years . . . let alone killing a lifetime. Try this:

1 Make a list of the ten things you most want to do with your life. Then make a list of the ten things you least want to do. Are your lists identical? Now make a list of what you did today. And a list of what you did yesterday. DO THIS NOW!

All finished? You will notice that you have killed a lot of time and you are now, or ought to be, very good at list making, which is a guaranteed time killer.

2 Job: If it's important, quit. Virtually everyone has a meaningless job; you can find one, too.

3 Break up with your lover but continue to live with her. Refuse to discuss difficulties in your relationship. Talk about trivialities. If you start to have an apoplectic fit when her other lovers chase her naked around the house, criticize yourself for being so "uptight."

4 Set up regular social activities—the bowling league, Friday-night poker, Sunday golf. Pretty soon, you'll be so bored that you'll forget you're bored.

By applying these techniques, you may, with luck, patience and skill, be able to go through entire years on automatic pilot. Then, one day, you'll wake up and become conscious of what you're doing. You will then be ready for the ultimate time killer:

SUICIDE

This is the only sure-fire way to kill time. It is effective and irreversible. Once you decide on it, do not be dissuaded by those who contend that reincarnation exists and that you will come back as a Gila monster. We have talked to Gila monsters and it's just not so. ▣

FINE KRISTEL

SYLVIA KRISTEL, OUI'S DISCOVERY OF LAST SUMMER, IS THE HOTTEST STAR IN EUROPE— AND "EMMANUELLE," HER FIRST FILM, COMES TO THE U. S. AFTER BREAKING ALL FRENCH BOX-OFFICE RECORDS

Emmanuelle is an erotic movie that may change the meaning of porno movies irrevocably. First of all, its star, Sylvia Kristel, is one of the freshest beauties ever to be filmed. If you remember our August issue last year, we featured her in a pictorial just after the movie was released in Paris. *Emmanuelle* was first an autobiographical novel about a

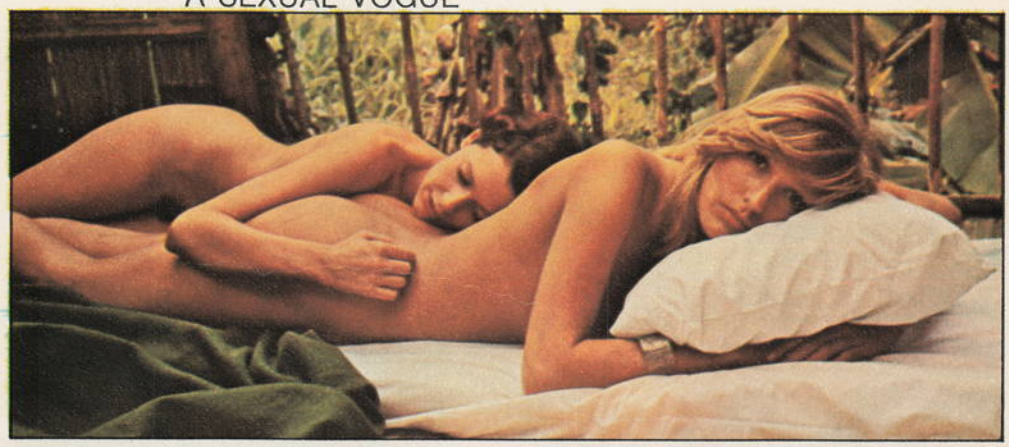
young married Frenchwoman living in Bangkok. Her world is peopled with the ultra-chic and the superwealthy whose recreation is pleasure. Emmanuelle Arsan, the *nom de plume* of the author, takes the reader through her search for sexual fulfillment. When the book first appeared, it was immediately banned by Charles de Gaulle, who felt that it condoned wanton and lascivious behavior. But, in truth, De Gaulle had mistaken honest and sophisticated curiosity for senseless and compulsive rutting. When the new government of France took over, the movie based on the book was released amid a flurry of critical acclaim. During the first 14 weeks, 2,500,000

Enroute to meet her husband in Bangkok, Emmanuelle fights jet lag with a fellow passenger (top). She and Ariane (right) play another form of squash. Mario, who takes on her sensual education, introduces her to a friend (above left) and Ariane and Emmanuelle share a quiet moment.

Photography by Frank Gitty Trinacra / Gamma

"EMMANUELLE'S" SEXUAL EXCURSION WEAVES AMONG HIGH FASHION, THE IDLE RICH AND BEAUTIFUL BODIES. THE MOVIE HAS ALREADY BEEN CALLED "A SEXUAL 'VOGUE'"

Frenchmen saw the film. Currently the movie is playing in 31 theaters in Paris alone, and in countless others in London, Copenhagen, Hamburg, Stockholm, as well as New York. It is not what one might expect an erotic film to be. The photography is lush, the cast is beautiful (Alain Cuny, Emmanuelle's mentor in the film, is one of France's leading Shakespearean actors) and rather than dwelling on the rhythmic opposition of genitalia, the movie understands the body's most responsive sexual organ is the brain. That's not to say the movie isn't explicit; it is. Emmanuelle and partner do not have a double standard of repressed abstention juxtaposed against motel liaisons. As is evident in these pictures, they take advantage of what's available—an airplane washroom, a gym, whatever. Alex Comfort has observed that pornography reinforces anxieties. *Emmanuelle*, however, does not. It is an erotic film that is fanciful, elegant, joyful and intelligent.



Emmanuelle fixates on Ariane's tush (top). She also boogies in the jet's john (left), lets someone see what she's got up her sleeve (center) and turns into the prize of a prize fight (center right). Finally, she tries some less adventuresome gamboling with her husband (above).

GORE VIDAL *Currently, Americans are in love with ignorance. For a long time, we celebrated "the child's eye"—the clumsier the line, the better the art. That's real decadence, of course.*

(Continued from page 74) awful lot of political ax grinding, is considerably higher than in the United States. And there are more good novelists working in Italy than in the United States, where all the bright young people want to be movie directors or, God help us, movie reviewers.

OUI: Do you see yourself as one of the few American novelists?

VIDAL: I'm certainly one of the most *persistent* American novelists. I've gone on writing novels for 30 years as though there were a public, as though it made some difference. I'm the only one who really is a novelist, at least of my generation. There are a lot of younger people who write good novels, and I'm afraid that many of them I haven't read. But of my generation? Well, there is Mailer, who is not a novelist but an autobiographer. And Capote, who wears with a certain panache the boa of the late Louella Parsons.

OUI: And Saul Bellow?

VIDAL: Bellow is a real novelist, as is Nabokov, who is a good deal more talented than any American writer now working. To paraphrase James, it takes a great deal of civilization to make a good writer. Currently, Americans are in love with ignorance, because they confuse ignorance with innocence and innocence is all-important. For a long time, we celebrated "the child's eye"—the more naïve the painting, the clumsier the line, the more violent and primary the colors, the better the work of art. That's real decadence, of course.

OUI: Do writers of your generation read one another?

VIDAL: It's my impression that most of my contemporaries never read books at all. I know that 25 years ago, you could never talk about a book to any other writer unless it was a new book by a contemporary. There was also no interest in any literature except the home-grown. They thought if you had read Herman Melville, you knew all there was to know about great writing. As a result, our writers have had very little connection with Western civilization, and that's what the game's all about.

But genius is not enough. You also have to be good. And since we are a nation of hustlers and self-promoters, forever lying about ourselves, we have a situation where nobody tries to be good, only great. The result is our writers are neither. I've been reading a lot of Hawthorne lately, and though he's an interesting writer, he lacks the *means* to write well. The dialog is unbelievably bad, the prose banal. Yet the mind is interesting, the imagination unusual.

One of the problems the American writer has always had is that there's no one to talk to. Mark Twain finally decided there wasn't a God and confided his terrible discovery to a secret journal. Poor Mark Twain thought he was the only person ever to have thought this thought, because he had never really read much of anything and had no one he could talk to honestly.

OUI: You once wrote that Samuel Beckett was "drifting toward night and silence and Tennessee Williams toward day and fulfillment." Where do you see yourself drifting?

VIDAL: Did I say that? Sounds nice. But is it true? You know, I suffer from a kind of aphasia. Once I've written something, it goes out of my head forever. Thank God! Drifting toward death like everybody else. As a writer, I am highly critical of society, and I think I have been at various times in my life capable of viewing, if not the whole, at least a large part of it. So I continue to be a constant critic, motivated by an overdeveloped sense of justice, as opposed to that awful word of the Forties, compassion. I lack compassion, but I do have a sense of justice and I do believe that words mean what they mean—that in the Army you kill somebody with a gun at My Lai, you do not "waste a fire area with an antipersonnel weapon."

OUI: Do you see America as a particularly unjust society?

VIDAL: I would say paradigmatic! The United States was built on injustice. The country was invented to protect the property of the few. The Constitution was designed to preserve property. It's highly class-conscious, always has been. From the peculiar institution of slavery to the peculiar penchant for murdering Indians, we have been a predatory and wicked country from the beginning. In this century, we have been imperial, defeating Spain and Mexico, acquiring Cuba, the Philippines—and killing 3,000,000 Filipinos—conquering or subverting the governments of Cambodia, Laos, Chile, Turkey, Guatemala, the Dominican Republic, Greece and Cyprus.

OUI: And you do not think other societies are unjust?

VIDAL: In my lifetime, no, with the obvious exceptions of Stalin's Russia and Hitler's Germany. But the mysterious thing about the American society is the total hypocrisy of everybody. As soon as you get anywhere near the truth about anything with an American, he becomes a sort of squid: Black ink begins to fill the atmosphere as he tries to disguise what he's up to, which is usually stealing your watch. Ditto the politicians—in spades.

OUI: To what extent did your feeling about America determine your decision to leave it?

VIDAL: I never left America. I live in Italy because it's a good vantage point from which to look at the United States. After all, I don't write about anything other than the fact of being American. I have no other subject. From *Washington, D.C.*, to *Myra Breckinridge*, to *Burr* and *Myron*, not to mention the essays, I write about politics, my subject is America. On the other hand, if I lived in New York, I'd be on television every five minutes and probably running for office—a stupid fate that I'm saved from by living six hours from New York.

OUI: Do you think you see America more clearly because you live outside it?

VIDAL: Geography is of no importance. If I want to know what an American feels about anything, I sit and ask myself what I feel about it. My emotions are those of the average American. My mind, however, is a bit different. Anyway, the proof of this likeness is that I am a popular writer. I write books that say things Americans detest yet are drawn to, so it must be that in some way I am, if nothing else, a mirror image of the reader, just as Nixon was a mirror image of the voter.

OUI: Why are you trying to avoid that part of you that would be on television or running for Congress?

VIDAL: Because I couldn't be a writer and do that. At one time, I wanted to be both a writer and a politician. Well, you *can't* be both, and in the long run, the books I've written are far more important than a career in Congress. Anyway, the only thing worth having in the country is the Presidency, and that was not within my reach. Anything else would be a spear carrier in the declining days of the Empire, and I'm not much good at being an extra.

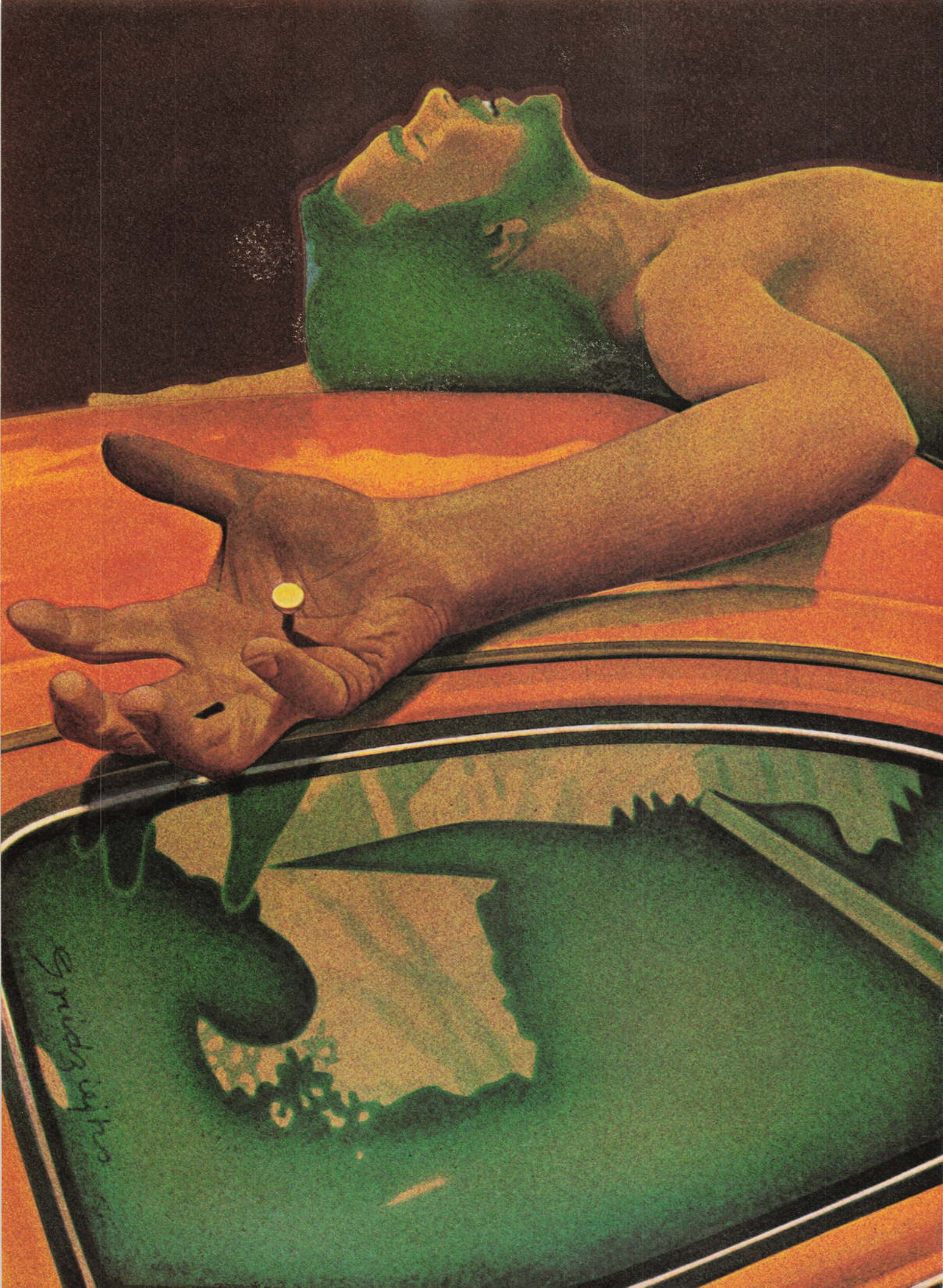
OUI: You appeared in Fellini's *Roma* and said that you were waiting for the apocalypse. Are you still?

VIDAL: I didn't say that. Fellini wanted to ask a number of non-Romans why they lived in Rome. He told an interviewer that he picked me because I was a "typical Anglo-Saxon gone native." Shows what a sharp eye he has! So when he said, "Gorino, why you live in Rome?" I said something like, Well, the world is coming to an end through overpopulation, pollution, inadequate resources. What better place to observe the end of the world than from a city that calls itself eternal? Henry James said that Rome is the place in which one loses all earthly vanity—and promptly moved to London. Yet it's true in a way. Rome gives one the sense that all things have—and will—come to pass.

OUI: So you don't live in Rome because you have lost your desire for action.

VIDAL: No. *(Continued on page 134)*

"Don't worry about me, Miss Tuttle—you just go ahead and look for your contact lenses!"



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG SCULPTURE

CHRIS BURDEN IS HIS OWN RAW MATERIAL

BY JOHN CALENDO

Chris Burden was flying over L.A. when he decided to get crucified to a Volkswagen. He was hurtling along the freeway when he made the final plans. How sharp should the nails be? Piercing. Would they cripple his hands? A risk. What if he screamed? Handle it. Violence and art were merging as neatly as the traffic lanes.

His wife was distressed. That week, as nails were honed to cutting points and a beat-up Volkswagen bought, she would catch Chris examining his palms and find herself taking deep breaths. Actually, Barbara had seen worse, had been there at the start, in 1971, when Chris won a master's degree in fine arts from the University of California at Irvine. For his master's thesis, he had crammed into a student locker (2′ x 2′ x 3′) and had stayed there for five days. No food, little air, only water, dripping in from the locker above and pissed out into the cubicle below.

Since graduation, Burden had averaged one ordeal every six weeks. He'd hear the call out there on the freeway or while sitting alone in his studio, and then nothing—not

CHRIS BURDEN AS SCULPTURE *The gun wound prompted the press to baptize the sculptor as the Evel Knievel of art (a comparison, Burden feels, that compromises the seriousness of his work).*

reason, not phobia—could stop him. His dread of electricity, for instance, had been put aside when art commanded that he be shackled between two live wires, each dipping into a pail of water. Three nights he lay silent, warned that if a pail overturned, 220 volts would char his body to smoke. Barbara knew that, too. It was she who clamped him to the gallery floor, screwing in the copper bands around neck, arms and legs.

And it would be she, no doubt, who had to hammer him to the Volkswagen. It would be easy, someone said, like whacking at a tough piece of meat.

The day of the event, Chris awoke to find a note on his wife's pillow:

Took bus to work. Can*not* do nails.
Couldn't sleep.

That afternoon, the phone rang.

"Chris..." Barbara was crying. "Chris, don't. What if you hit a nerve?"

"Oh, Barbara, come on. I've been looking through some medical books. The hand is pretty hollow inside. I mean, I can't exactly ask the L.A. Free Clinic to give me instructions."

"Just do it in the web, OK?"

"That ruins the whole image. Nails through the palms make it powerful."

And the crucifixion that evening was powerful, though the nailing (courtesy of a lawyer friend) took place unseen. Invited spectators gathered at an address that turned out to be a garage in Venice, L.A.'s hippie beach slum. At six, the shingled door slid open and a blue Volkswagen was backed out to show its Christlike burden, feet on bumper, arms to either side of hump, the motor grumbling louder and louder. A photographer snapped. The Passion lasted two minutes, climaxed by an explosive *pahhh* as the engine retched to its death. A sound, Burden would say later, that took the place of his scream.

Is this guy playing with a full deck? That is the question a policeman asked when arresting Burden for creating "a false emergency." The artist was caught playing in traffic—playing dead, that is—lying motionless under a somber tarpaulin for an audience of 300. Motorists were delicately swerving past the flare lit "corpse" when the night was shredded by sirens, red lights and amplified police-radio static. What truly bewildered the cops when they arrived was that not one of the 300 had actually eyewitnessed the accident. The inspection of the possibly icky remains fell to the youngest sheriff. So the rookie went up to the bundle, braced himself, then quickly flipped back the crackling tarpaulin. Burden blinked; the sheriff jumped. "What the hell are you doing?"

"Making a sculpture, man."

Later, at the trial, even the D.A., who hated Burden on sight, had to admit that whatever it was, it was art. Still, he prosecuted with a vengeance and the jury was sufficiently confused to come in with a hung verdict.

Burden a lunatic? No, a *performance artist*. "The most far-out performance artist," according to *Newsweek*. Quite a title, considering that one of this artistic movement's leaders, Vito Acconci, created a sculpture by masturbating, and another, Rudolf Schwarzkogler, knifed off his penis as one work of art and later killed himself by leaping from a window before a host of patrons. Masochism rules; the sculptor is the sculpture.

As the meanest performer, Burden puts himself through torture tests: He gets shot in the arm, dropped on his head, rolls in fire, has a stud hammered into his breastbone. "I get so hyped up on a piece, I don't even feel the pain," he confides. "By thinking strong thoughts, making strong resolutions, you can divorce your mind from your body, force the body to accept things it naturally shouldn't." An artist of our time, announcing (perhaps) the sensibility of our future. A plastic-surgery future of self-manipulation, of the sci-fi bondage of biology to psychology.

The gun wound Burden suffered on his left arm is notorious, prompting *Esquire*, *Newsweek* and *The New York Times* to baptize the sculptor in blood as the Evel Knievel of art (a comparison, Burden feels, that compromises the seriousness of his work). The piece was called *Shoot* and an amateur marksman was supposed only to graze the flesh, but he miscalculated and ripped through it. Another centimeter off and the .22 would have shattered bone.

"The fantasy was that I could will the bullet's path," says the artist, who often tries to assume the mythic qualities of Superman. "I got so into mind control that I didn't even bring a first-aid kit. Later, in the hospital, I got real depressed. It had been such a violation to my person. What was I doing?"

So ferociously do accident and mutilation hover over Burden's labors that the Art Institute of Chicago demanded that he sign a preperformance release: "I, Chris Burden, do hereby . . . agree that all risk of death be assumed by me. . . ." Yet it is endurance, Burden claims, and not death that is at the heart of his art. Lying in bed without speaking for 22 days, crawling near naked through 50 feet of glass, surviving on a deserted beach for a week and a half of 120-degree temperature—these are the ways he steels himself past the breaking point. A pursuit of the ultimate, not of the end.

But are you sure this is art?

"What else is it?" replies Burden.

Theater, perhaps?

No, he says, because you can't rehearse getting shot in the arm. *Shoot* is a real event, not a simulated one.

How about a publicity stunt?

No, again. A stunt is simply a stunt, no pretense, no context, just thrills, spills and bring on the human cannon ball. But Burden, by calling his trials art, forces the cultural connection. Man as daredevil. Life as a gunning, a fake hit-and-run, a rape. These are his metaphors for this time and this place.

On meeting Burden, you might never suspect that he entertains such S/M reveries. He is soft-spoken and always serious. Seems permanently startled, with a blue stare you can feel as though it were a cold shower. And though a self-proclaimed sculpture, the kid's no *Apollo Belvedere*. He is squat, a square head on a block trunk. With his brown-spotted complexion and face yanked by the nose, he resembles a mole boy, an intense Hobbit in batik shirt, dark-corduroy bells and snub Earth Shoes.

One gun wound, two nail scars, various burns, cuts: The Body Breakable. Burden is what his experiences have made him. At 19, he was placed under observation at Massachusetts State Mental Hospital. Spurned by his girlfriend, he had climbed a tree to her bedroom window, threatened to kill himself and take the girl with him. The hospital therapists blamed alienation and upbringing: a childhood in foreign countries (Burden's first language was Chinese); a preference for solitude; divorced parents, both of whom were busy at Harvard (father, a dean of engineering; mother, an art restorer at the Fogg Museum). For this escapade, he was sentenced to two weeks in the psychiatric cooler and then shipped back to California, where he was a freshman at Pomona College. His wife, Barbara, remembers him there as a stoned kid who thought the FBI was on his tail. A fact that didn't prevent her from marrying him a few weeks after they met—or from supporting him, until recently, with a tedious library job.

At Pomona, Chris was always burning with wild energy, a little less so after he focused on fine art in his junior year. Even then, remembers buddy Roger Wong, Chris had a talent for bulldozing everyone toward the edge: "I'd be on the back of his motorcycle, both of us raging on LSD, and he'd tear around the curves, like, at 110 miles per hour. He loves to freak people out. In the coffee shop, he'd sit next to some girl and, when she wasn't looking, his hand would sort of wander over her on the verge *(Continued on page 126)*

THE GREAT GULP

A CONSUMER'S GUIDE TO BEER

BY ROBERT CHRISTGAU AND CAROL A. DIBBELL

Eighty percent of the beer in this country is consumed by 20 percent of the drinkers. That's why the most effective beer slogan ever conceived claims that its product is the best beer to have when you're having more than one. OUI's consumer guide to beer, presented herewith, has been devised for the 80 percent of American beer drinkers who care about that *first* one.

Beer has been around ever since people discovered thirst. The Mesopotamians, for example, invented a beerlike fermented beverage as early as 6000 B.C. In a porridgelike

Photograph by Richard Fegley

form, a mildly inebriating beer product may be as old as the Neolithic discovery of sprouted grain. This is very similar to the basic element of the beermaking process today, a porridge called wort. Strain the liquid off, ferment with sugar and yeast, flavor with hops and there you have it. Whereas wine is the product of fermenting the juice of grapes, beer is the generic term for any brewed and fermented beverage made from malted cereals.

Beermaking begins with malting—roasting germinated barley or other grain to convert its starch to fermentable sugars. The malt is thoroughly soaked in water, stirred and heated. Mashing, as this process is called, determines the fermentable and nonfermentable substances that will go into the brew. (Nonfermentable substances give body to the finished product.) This process produces enzymes that further convert grain starches into fermentable sugars. When the stirring stops, the solid materials settle, and the liquid passes to a brewing kettle. Hops, which give beer its bitterness, are added and the whole thing is boiled for a couple of hours. This reduces the liquid, sterilizes the wort and darkens the brew. The hops are strained out and fermentation begins.

The wort is cooled (to 37°–49° for beer, 50°–70° for ale) and brewer's yeast is added to trigger the fermentation. More than any other substance, the yeast determines the final character of the beer. It is the secret to each beer's particular taste. Beer takes about ten days to ferment; ale takes five or six.

Carbonic-acid gas, a by-product of fermentation, is given off and stored to be added later on. The young beer is then stored in a glass-lined vat, close to freezing, so that the yeast and the other solid materials sink to the bottom. This makes the beer clear and allows it to mellow and mature. The period of maturation is called lagering and takes three or four months. The beer then gets its fizz back when the carbonic-acid gas is returned (a process called krausenating) and then the beer is run through a final filter and packaged.

Beer came to America with the early settlers, who correctly believed it safer and more nutritious than the water. Early American beer was strong and flat, like English beers. The light, dry, sparkling type had to await clipper ships fast enough to transport perishable lager yeast from Germany. Lager beer, which is now the only kind brewed in America, first appeared in the 1840s and was an immediate success. In theory, the extremes of American climate demand very light, highly carbonated beers that are best served ice cold. But rising grain costs have played a less aesthetic and more important part in the increasing lightness of American beer. So has the inevitable centralization of the industry. Since the end of Prohibition, the number of American breweries has declined from 735 to about 70, and while that means a lot of smalltime swill no longer greases the tubes, the old-timers who complain about today's horse water aren't just being nostalgic. A great many small brewers who used to make wonderfully idiosyncratic beer just couldn't keep up with more profitable mass production and distribution.

Under scientific conditions, none of this supposedly matters. When test-tasting from unmarked glasses, most drinkers can't even identify their favorite. But since beer actually contacts different receptors on the tongue when it is gulped than when it is sipped, maybe science doesn't matter. To assess the ratings presented below, we not only sampled beers blindfolded but tried to live with them as well. This technique had its debilitating consequences, but after months of unpremeditated naps, we had learned to distinguish some of our beers all of the time, and all of them some of the time. However, because beer is fragile, we may not have sampled all of them in optimal condition, and some beers, particularly the smaller and more westerly ones, were unobtainable. All of the place identifications, by the way, represent the brewery from which our batch was obtained.

One of our conclusions was that if you're thirsty, there's no such thing as an undrinkable beer—therefore our ratings, which ordinarily descend to E-minus, stopped at D-plus. Many of the best beers in the country are virtually unknown, but the size of the company is no clear indication of mediocrity. We like Bud and Miller's and admire the National Brewing Company of Baltimore, Detroit and Phoenix. We were surprised, however, to discover that once poured into glasses, bottled beer was rarely so superior to canned as to make a B beer as good as a B-plus.

ANCHOR STEAM BEER

(San Francisco, California)

This product is the last example of America's only indigenous brewing process. The main feature of the invention is air-temperature fermentation and its mother was an ice scarcity during San Francisco Gold Rush days. The beer also contains four times the usual amount of hops, the flower that gives beer its bitterness. "Steam" just means carbonation. Our bohemian friends found it winy, but we found it one more instance of San

Francisco's chronic confusion of eccentricity with quality. B

ANDEKER
(Pabst, Milwaukee, Wisconsin)

The most European of the Americans, with full body and well-modulated flavor. Creamy rather than violently carbonated, sharp but not bitter. Can be sipped as well as gulped and doesn't get pissy as it sits. A-minus

BALLANTINE PREMIUM LAGER
(Newark, New Jersey)

For a long time, Ballantine's main social function was sponsoring Mickey Mantle's home runs, which Mel Allen used to call Ballantine Blasts. Well, Mel Allen is gone from New York now, and P. Ballantine and his sons have left Newark. Falstaff bought their firm in 1972 and immediately excised the "overpowering aroma" that was Ballantine's last distinctive quality. Ballantine Ale, though, is metropolitan New York's only surviving contribution to the brewmaster's craft, and the India Pale ("aged in wood") is so bitter it starts conversations at parties. C

BREW II
(Horlacher, Allentown, Pennsylvania)

The label boasts, "Second to none," and we don't doubt it, since this beer seems to be its own category. While Brew II isn't malt liquor, it has the highest alcohol content of any beer in the country and is definitely the oddest one in our survey—so we liked it. Bitterer than stout, sweeter than ale and *strong*. B-minus

BUDWEISER
(Anheuser-Busch, Newark, New Jersey)

Anheuser-Busch isn't the biggest beer company in America just because of its distribution. Budweiser is the Great Mean of good American beers. In blindfold tests, Bud invariably placed second or third out of four but rarely inspired much enthusiasm. It is scrupulously controlled against off-flavors and idiosyncrasies. Even the water is made to recipe in all plants, samples from two of which we taste-tested and found indistinguishable. Busch Bavarian, A-B's non-premium product, goes for 10 cents to 20 cents less per six-pack but costs only half a cent less per bottle to produce, a classic example of the "premium" concept. The concept goes back to the Thirties, when, as a means of financing long-distance shipping for some of the more successful beers, it may have borne a realistic relation to the quality differentials. In Bud's case, it's not just hype—Bud is measurably better than most "popular-priced" beers, including Busch Bavarian. Schlitz, on the other hand, isn't. B

CARLING
(Natick, Massachusetts)

This beer has something of a rep. It's brewed in five locations all over the country; our batch came from a package store in Boston and was brewed in Natick, Massachusetts. We entered it in a blindfold test against two nationals and one flourishing local: It finished last. Taste: bad-bitter as opposed to good-bitter. Reputation: inflated. C-minus

CHIPPEWA PRIDE
(Jacob Leinenkugel, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin)

A clean but otherwise undistinguished Wisconsin light beer from the makers of a superb one. C-plus

COORS
(Golden, Colorado)

A cult has developed around this beer, especially in the East, where it is not available except in memory. Some cult. Coors ranks behind Bud, Schlitz and Pabst as the fourth-biggest beer in the country; it expands at ten percent per year and its only plant, in Golden, Colorado, is the largest single brewery in the world. Even so, production can still fulfill only 11 states' consumption. Coors distributes within refrigerated-car shipping distance of its "Pure Rocky Mountain Spring Water" (Continued on page 114)

AN ITSY-BITSY PIECE OF LONDON

by Ralph STEADman

OUI asked Ralph Steadman for an explanation of his liking for London. He sent us this:

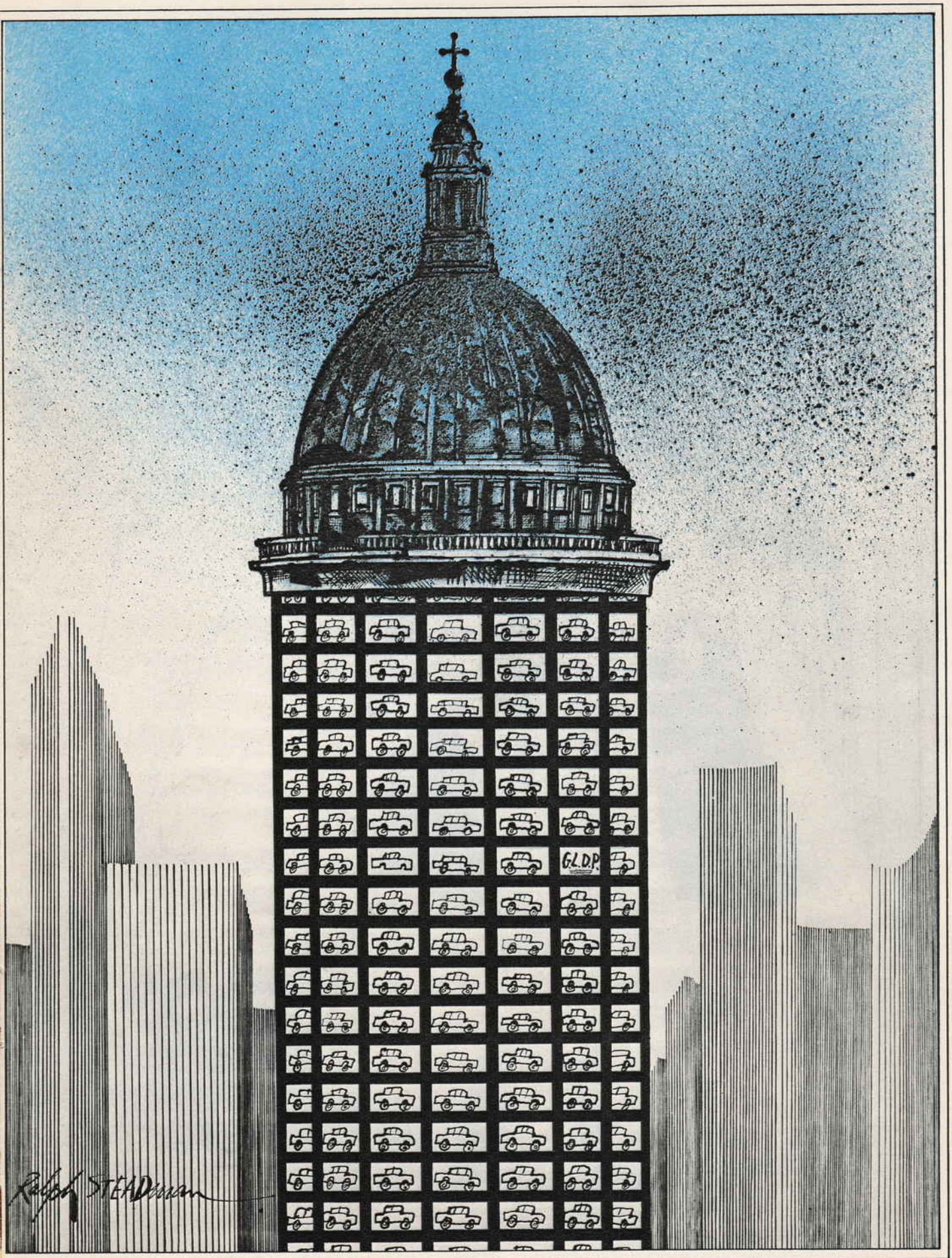
"In New York, I saw a man say to a water hydrant on Thanksgiving Day, 'Have a nice day, now!' Can you imagine how that water hydrant felt—stuck there all day in the same place, day after day? It's insincere. People don't mean it; they just say it.

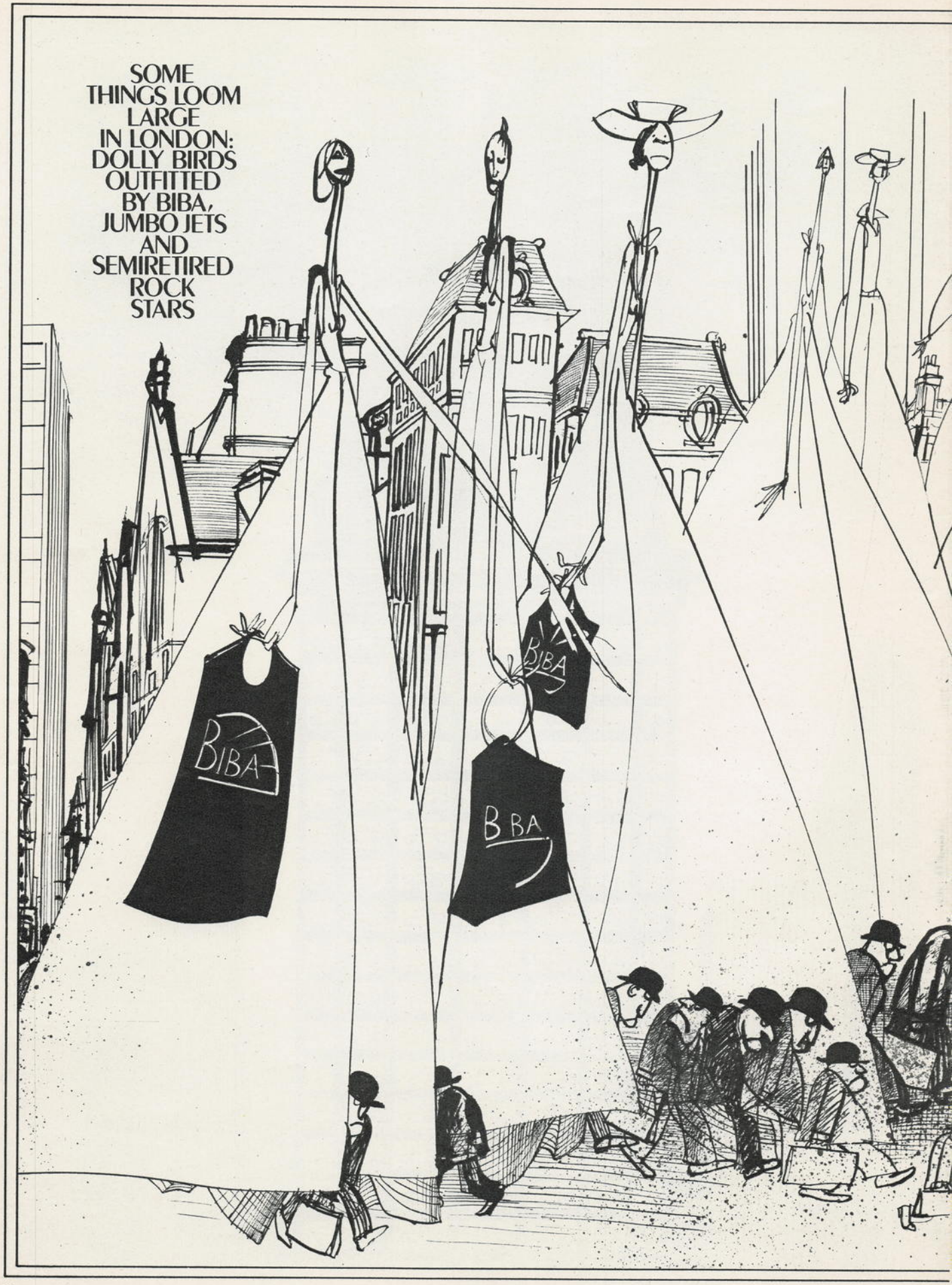
"But in London, we don't talk to water hydrants that way. In fact, we don't talk to water hydrants at all. We don't even have water hydrants.

"This is what I'm trying to convey in my drawings. We don't need water hydrants, we can get along without them, even though we care about them. If you would like to help, please send your contribution, no matter how small, to:

The Rest Home
Water Hydrant Home of Redundancy
103 New Kings Road
London SW6, England

Thank you."


G.L.D.P.
Robert STEADMAN


SOME
THINGS LOOM
LARGE
IN LONDON:
DOLLY BIRDS
OUTFITTED
BY BIBA,
JUMBO JETS
AND
SEMIRETIRED
ROCK
STARS
BIBA
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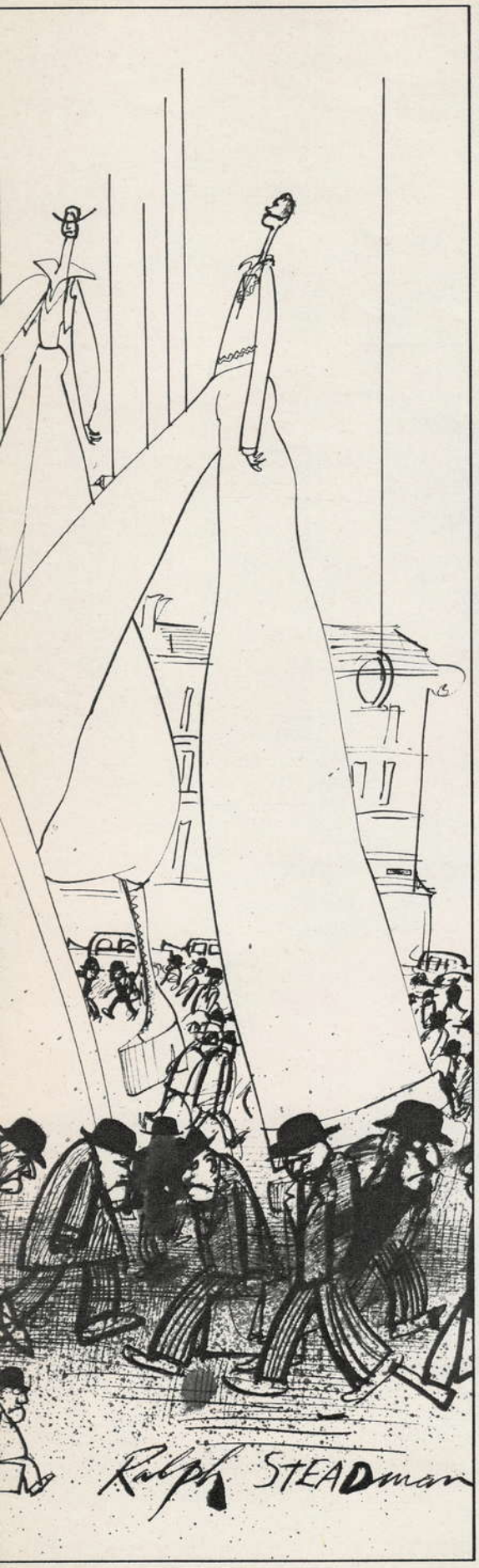
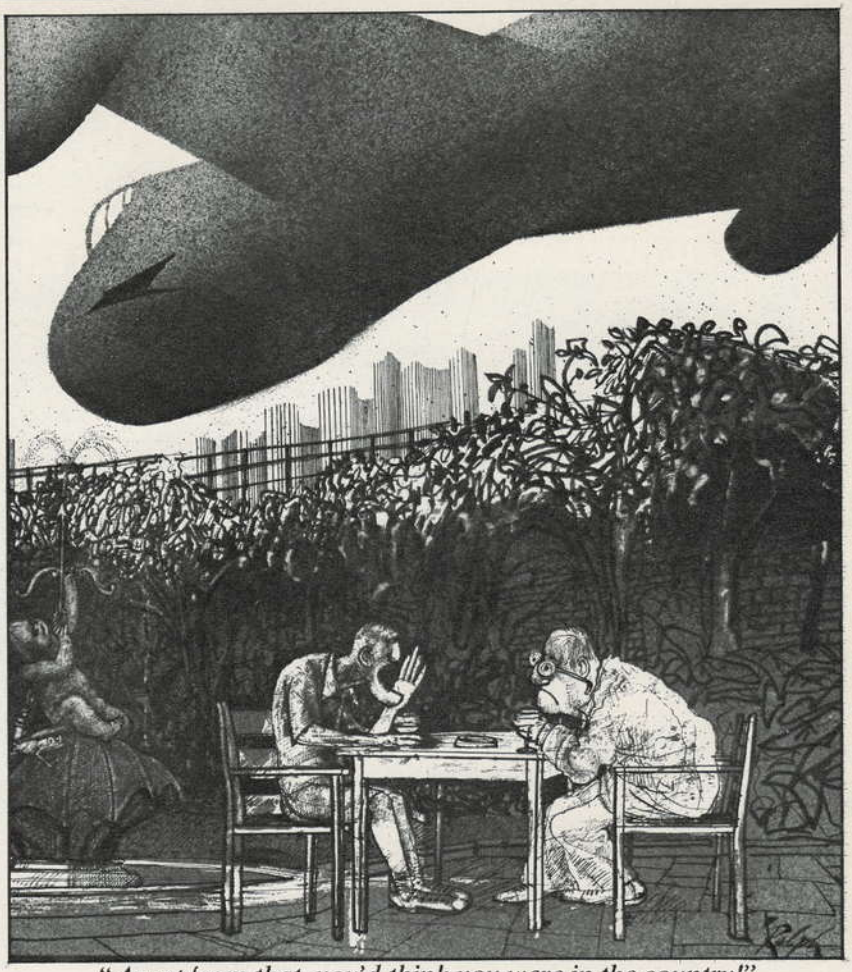
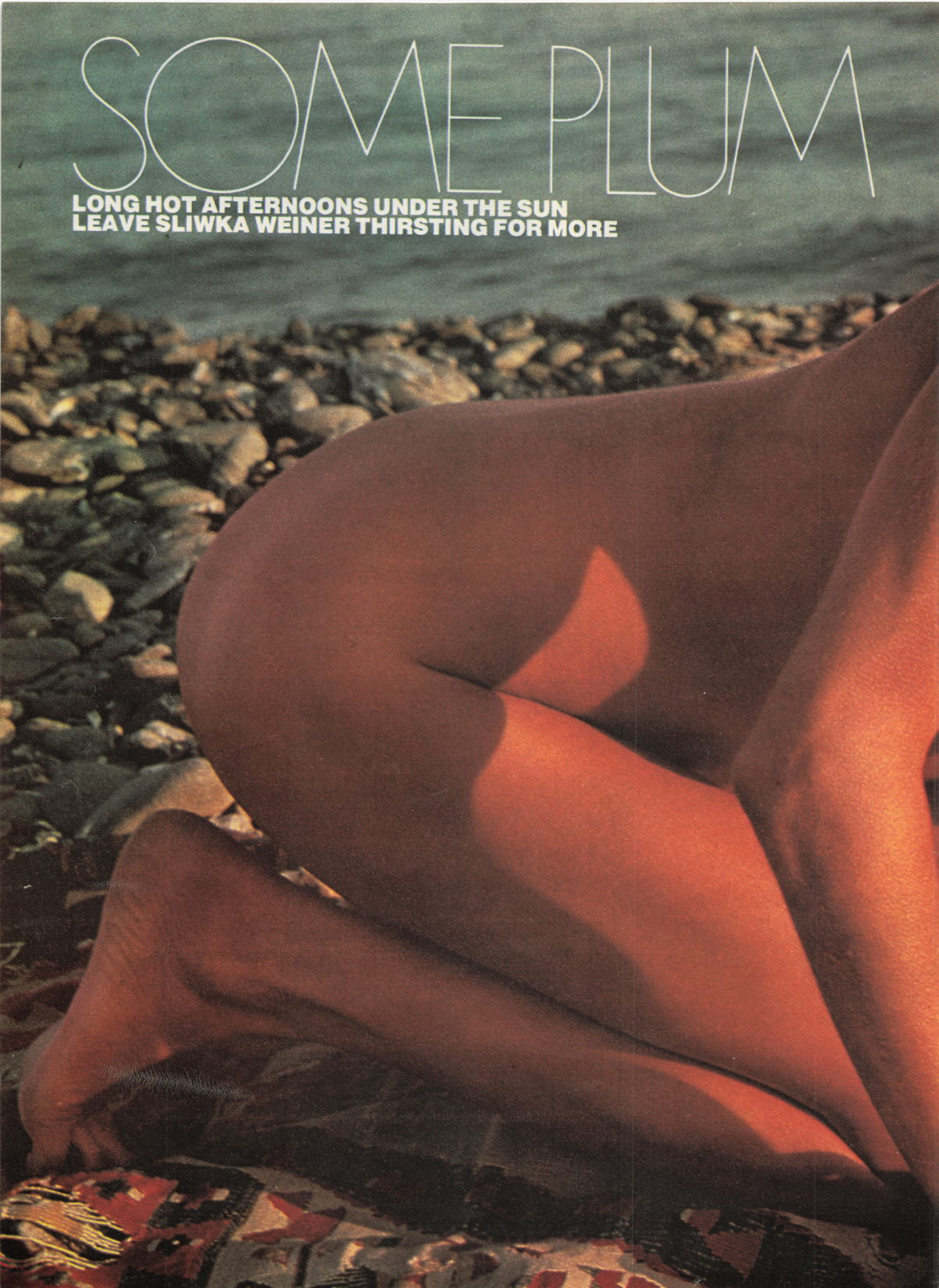




"Apart from that, you'd think you were in the country!"

SOME PLUM

**LONG HOT AFTERNOONS UNDER THE SUN
LEAVE SLIWKA WEINER THIRSTING FOR MORE**



Photography by Sacha Van Dorsen

"MODELING GIVES YOU A CHANCE TO LIVE OUT YOUR DEEPEST FANTASIES."

Polish model Sliwka (pronounced "Slivka") Weiner's name translates to "little plum" in English. Life has been juicy for the "little plum" since she took a supposedly short sabbatical to Jamaica. "I came to Jamaica as the guest of a noble-type gentleman. He was a client of an architect friend of mine, and when he asked me if I would like to accompany him to Jamaica, I immediately accepted. The trip was only supposed to last seven days, but I've been here for three months now and the end still isn't in sight. I have fallen completely in love with the climate and the people." Her gentleman friend was less enchanted with Jamaica, and he left for Aruba, preferring the hot dice of big-time gambling to the hot sun of leisure-time lounging. Staying in Jamaica has changed Sliwka's style. "In London, I am very trendy. It comes with being a model. I have a Mini-Cooper and closets full of clothes. I spend most of my time making the scene—it's useful for contacts, you know; but after a while, you find that your social obligations and your work rule your life. That's why Jamaica is so nice. Things are different here. In London, the weather is so abysmal that everything takes place inside. In Jamaica, everything

"THE PROBLEM WITH BEING NARCISSISTIC IS IT'S EASY TO FALL IN LOVE WITH YOUR IMAGE."

takes place outside—including most of the sex. Because the island is relatively uncrowded, lovers can make love anywhere they choose—on the beach, in the water, wherever." But sex is not the only thing that's different. "I like not having to worry about a job or meeting a schedule. I have many new friends and they take care of me and my needs. If I feel like working, I might take a job at night just to meet some new people. But basically, I'm using my Jamaican sojourn to relax and get some very needed perspective on my life." When will it all end? "I don't know. Sometimes I miss being in front of a camera. I'm basically narcissistic—all models are, but most of them won't admit it—and I really miss the attention I get when I'm being photographed. During those shooting sessions, I am the center of the universe and I love it. But all that seems very distant now. That doesn't mean that I don't want to model again. I do; I still have the return ticket to London. It's just that I can't imagine myself living exactly the same way I was before I came to Jamaica. I know that from now on, I'm going to want to enjoy the best of both worlds—the intensity of modeling and the total relaxation of island living."

ENVY *I heard mention of knives, wounds and blood, and assuming that it was a routine dream, I hung up. But the phone rang again as I came back from the bathroom.*

(Continued from page 42) we were getting inexorably nearer to the visit with Bandell.

Finally, I excused myself, went to the telephone booth and called him.

"Heard you had a cold," I said.

His voice was as clear and strident as ever. "I hope they believed that at the office. Actually, I was hung over. Listen, have you noticed the new girl in one-fifteen?" He had forgotten, in his cheap way, that little scene in his office previously described.

I coughed.

He said some ugly things about Lois. "Then," he went on, "I got smashed. Woke up this morning with a ringing in the ears."

I mumbled and then he asked, "What was it you wanted?"

"Just to see how you were feeling."

He seemed touched. "Look," he said, "that's damn decent. Frankly, I always thought you disliked me."

When I left the phone booth, Lois was already in her coat and waiting at the door of the restaurant. I paid the check and joined her.

"We can't see Bill tonight, as it turns out," I said. "He's too sick for visitors."

She looked dully at me and said, "I know. I called him earlier."

For me, the most exciting moment with a woman usually long precedes actual physical contact. In a sense, the latter is anticlimactic, because by then I take it as my due. No, the high time is that instant at which I detect the subtle beginnings of her inclination toward me.

With a thrill, I now believed I had reached that moment with Lois. Why else had she agreed to eat dinner with me, knowing, as she had, that we would not go on afterward to see Bandell? On the other hand, Bandell's crass remarks about Lois began to prey on my mind. Had they been the product of mere bravado or was he telling the truth? If the latter, was it his alleged charm that did the trick or—unbearable thought—could Lois be had for the asking?

Therefore, it was with mixed feelings that I invited Lois to my place for a post-prandial drink. I had apprehensions about whichever choice she would make. However, when she accepted, my worries found still another focus: the unkempt condition of my apartment. Like most bachelors, I live in chaos unless I expect visitors: clothes strewn about, plates with dried egg stains, unwashed coffee cups, etc.

But as we entered the apartment, I remembered that I had tidied it up in expectation that we might repair there after dinner. Why I had forgotten such a psychically important fact is significant. Obviously, I had some deep-seated urge to feel inadequate vis-à-vis Lois; unconsciously, I would even go so far as to fake unworthiness.

I poured us both a measure of brandy, pulled my chair near the couch on which she sat and answered her question with a massive lie.

"How well do you know Bill?" she had asked, her eyes becoming shifty with pain.

"He's my best friend."

I gave in to a terrible impulse to be ingratiating. I knew very well that affection is death to passion, that she who hates you may reverse the sentiment but that liking will never turn to loving. Yet I knew that academically. Far stronger at the moment was my wish to evoke from her a positive response, however modest. She was, after all, sitting in my apartment, drinking my brandy; at least, I wanted to enjoy the illusion that we shared a friend in common.

It was a pleasure to watch her taste the Armagnac. The sound of her teeth against the glass was even more eloquent than her eyes. She was, I believed, about to sob but caught herself and bit the snifter's rim.

Many men profess to find a woman's tears unendurable. Speaking for myself, I am curiously indifferent to that phenomenon, perhaps because my mother used to cry over everything indiscriminately, reward or loss: the business troubles of a third cousin, a jolly postcard from Atlantic City, spring's first robin, along with other appropriate disasters.

So I was not disconcerted by Lois' behavior because I had already lived several days with the knowledge that she was fascinated by Bandell.

"Are you in love with him?"

"I was, once," she said, her voice assuming a very hard note on the terminal word.

She must be mad, I recall saying to myself; she has known Bandell for a week, at the outside. Thinking on this, I did not hear the beginning sentence of what she went on to relate.

". . . So I took this job to be near him, knowing in my heart that it was self-destructive but being utterly powerless to do otherwise." She stared at me in a kind of rage. "The truth does not always make you free."

"You have known him for years?"

She turned testy. "I said four months, give or take a week. I said—oh, to hell with it. You are jeering at me."

"I am not," I assured her, though now that I think it over, I might have been doing just that. You can pity persons suffering from unrequited love, but with the best will in the world, it is difficult to feel respect for them. They are unwanted and that shows up as a stain. As Lois said, the truth may not make you free; but still, it *is* the truth and I for one have never known how to get around it.

"Well," she said, "you are his friend and not mine and I understand exactly what you are doing. Can't you see that it doesn't work? I know he is with another woman tonight. I am used to that, but what hurts is this idea you both seem to have that I'm going to cause trouble. Do you think I have no pride?"

She rose and demanded the return of her coat. She vigorously rejected my offer to drive her home and, grateful for the first piece of luck that had come my way that evening, I went down to the street and found her a cab.

Three hours later, I was roused from sleep by the telephone, which I answered as if under water. Incomprehensible noises came from the other party. Finally, I believed I heard mention of knives, wounds and blood, and assuming that it was a routine dream, I hung up. But the phone rang again as I came back from the bathroom. It had apparently been a genuine call. I lifted the receiver and this time heard Bandell's voice, still frantic but recognizable.

He claimed to be seriously wounded and again spoke of knives. Though still foggy, I had the presence of mind to say that I was neither policeman nor doctor, but his panic made him deaf to any such information. I dressed and took a taxi to his apartment, and when he opened the door after my prolonged ringing, I took it hard that he showed not the least mark of damage.

Once I was inside, however, Bandell thrust his left thumb before my face. It wore a Band-Aid, signifying that the cut in no case could be longer than three quarters of an inch.

He had calmed down by now, but I took over something of his late emotion. "You complete bastard," I said. "You got me out of bed in the middle of the night for that?"

"Wait a minute, guy," he said. "One minute. Don't plan to sidetrack me. It was you who got her worked up to this. She has a date with you and turns homicidal."

He meant Lois, of course, and somehow I was not surprised.

"She sat in that chair," he said, "and began to give herself a manicure. I can't *stand* the sound a file makes on a fingernail and she knows it. I tried to pull her up and she went for me with the tool. Right toward the heart. Luckily, my thumb stopped it. I could *hear* the point nick the bone." He was cradling his bad hand in the good one as if he were holding a newborn puppy.

I was totally *(Continued on page 106)*

IS THERE PORN IN THE VATICAN?

OR IS IT JUST A LOT OF PAPAL BULL?

By William Murray

I was 16 when I first heard about the Vatican porn collection. A bunch of us were sitting around a prep-school butt room on a cold New Hampshire winter night, listening to my roommate, the one who went on to become an eminent corporation lawyer, give an impassioned reading of *Fanny Hill*. Between chapters, we'd light up and shoot the shit for a while, and it was during one of these frequent breaks that

PORN IN THE VATICAN *The assistant said the library had pornography, but it was open only to serious students. I said I was serious. "I didn't even laugh at 'Deep Throat.'"*

somebody in the group got to wondering whether this masterwork was in the Vatican, too. The Vatican? Yes, it seemed that the Vatican had this great library, which had absolutely everything in it, including the biggest and the best selection of sex books anywhere. "How do you know?" I asked. "I mean, where'd you hear that?" My informant said that everybody knew it, that it was just one of those things that were generally known. I found out, to my surprise, that I seemed to be the only guy in the room who didn't know about it, though nobody could get specific on the subject. We were dealing, I gathered, with a myth, but a curiously compelling one.

The point is that this story about the Vatican crops up persistently, again and again. I've heard it preached as gospel almost everywhere the boys gather to swap dirty jokes. But not only there. When the first Kinsey report came out, one reviewer referred to the Vatican collection. I once asked a friend of mine, who had become a Jesuit priest, whether he'd ever heard of it and he admitted he had but had no direct knowledge of it. When I lived in Rome after the war, a man who used to work for the old *New York Herald Tribune* and specialized in Vatican affairs once told me that he'd passed a secret section in the Vatican library where the stuff was stored but that no one, not even high-ranking prelates and qualified researchers, could gain access to it. I wondered who did get access to it, but my reporter friend, who went down with the Andrea Doria a few years later, said that it was simply material the Church had been accumulating over the centuries and that probably nobody actually used it; it was just there.

As it happened, I stopped in Chicago on my way from California to Rome a few months ago and I got to discussing the myth with an editor at OUI who believes in all kinds of myths, most of them having to do with his tennis game. He told me that he'd discussed the Vatican porn collection with such scholars as Paul Gebhard, at the Kinsey Institute for Sex Research, William Graham Cole, author of *Sex and Love in the Bible*, and others, most of whom thought it possible that the stuff was really there, even though they didn't know anyone who had actually seen it. Obviously, it would make a hell of a story if I could somehow at least prove or disprove its existence. I let the editor win a few tennis points on the strength of this assignment and spent the next few days in New York, prior to my departure, digging up whatever background information I could get.

In the public library, I immediately found three references that tended to confirm what we'd all been hearing about for so many years.

In H. Montgomery Hyde's scholarly and relentlessly boring *History of Pornography*, chapter six explains that, in 1559, Pope Paul IV "sent the Inquisition a list of books which he had 'banned'" and that, after the Council of Trent, in 1564, "a comprehensive list of such works . . . became known as the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*." The Church, says Mr. Hyde (no relation to Dr. Jekyll, I presume), "bothered little about the erotic or pornographic in print" unless it was heretical or unless it made fun of the clergy; but by the 20th Century, the *Index* had over 4000 books on it, a veritable paper mountain of naughtiness. Somebody, I reasoned, must have read all those books, which meant that they had to be stashed away somewhere.

Ralph Ginzburg tells us breathlessly, in *An Unhurried View of Erotica*, that today the Vatican porn collection "includes 25,000 volumes and some 100,000 prints, collected over the centuries." Now, I thought, we're getting somewhere; that's a staggering amount of porn, and I had to assume, hadn't I, that reliable Ralph couldn't have just plucked those numbers out of the air? Somebody named David Loth, author of *The Erotic in Literature*, doesn't exactly confirm Ralph's figures, but he does say that the Vatican "is believed by many to have the greatest collection of erotica on earth." He then adds that the Vatican's collection probably ranks second to that of the Kinsey Institute.

Well, I phoned the Kinsey Institute and a very nice woman there said that yes, indeed, there had been a lot of hearsay about the Vatican collection. She asked me to let her know if I found out anything and I promised I would.

I dropped in to the offices of the Catholic Information Service and had a long chat with a fluttery woman who wouldn't tell me anything about the collection. Instead, she outlined nearly 1600 years of history for me, beginning with the first Catholic book banning in 405 and drudging right down to June 14, 1966, when Cardinal Ottaviani, an ancient *religioso* who'd have made a great Grand Inquisitor, ruled that "the *Index* and its related penalties of excommunication no longer had the force of law in the Church." "Catholics now are expected to regulate their own lives," my informant concluded, as my head fell forward on her desk.

I jerked upright. "But what about the collection?"

"I don't know anything about the collection," she said, busily gathering up papers. "Why don't you call the Reverend Hill?"

The Reverend Morton A. Hill, S.J., it turned out, had served on the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography and was now head of something called Morality in Media, Inc., which has offices on Park Avenue.

So I called the reverend, but no one would talk to me, though I might have had the wrong number. The third time I tried, some guy with a husky voice answered "Yeah?" and I heard somebody else shout, "Hey, Julie, who do you like in the fourth at Monmouth?" I asked again about the porn collection and Julie hung up. If it was the Reverend Hill's number, he's got a great front.

I tried the Catholic Library Association, where, for once, the party I talked to turned out to be very friendly and helpful. He said that nothing had been added to the *Index* since the turn of the century and that it was definitely moribund. "We look at books in a different way now and the old restrictions are not viable," he observed cheerfully. "There may be items in the Vatican library that are pornographic, but they aren't described that way." He then suggested that I call Andrew Greeley, a priest and sociologist.

Father Greeley works at the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Chicago, so I called him there. I never got him on the phone, but a secretary said flatly, "There *are* pornographic materials in the Vatican, but we have no idea how you'd gain access." Why didn't I contact the apostolic delegate in Washington, an Archbishop Jadot.

I tried Archbishop Jadot. He wouldn't come to the phone, either, but a brisk assistant said that the Vatican did have pornography in the shelves somewhere, though he wasn't sure that it could exactly be called a collection. "The library," he added ominously, "is open only to serious students."

"I am an intensely serious student," I said. "I didn't even laugh at *Deep Throat*."

The brisk assistant hung up, too. Very briskly.

When I arrived in Rome, I went down to the Foreign Press Club bar to have drinks with old friends and pick their brains. No one, unfortunately, seemed to have heard anything about the Vatican library's porn collection, though someone told me about a night club where priests go frugging. Then, on my way out, a gaunt Algerian journalist tagged after me and stopped me on the stairs. "The man you should see is called

Love is the answer to its own riddles.

—Sandra Stern

PORN IN THE VATICAN *Bontempi smiled coyly. "We have some books of an erotic nature and . . . illustrations of a man or woman with their particulars nude." I asked to see them.*

Pietro Cazzini," he said mysteriously. "He has a small tobacco shop by the colonnade of St. Peter's Square, on the right-hand side. Tell him Jean-Claude sent you."

Pietro Cazzini (as I'll call him here) has a shop, all right. In the front of the store, he sells tobacco products, stationery, postcards of the Vatican and its art treasures and lots of plastic souvenir junk. He's a short, stocky Neapolitan with massive blue jowls and a paunch swollen to eminence by 40 years of overeating. I told him I was a friend of Jean-Claude's and he smilingly beckoned me into a back room, where he reached under a counter and produced a stack of pornographic comic books with an ecclesiastical motif. My favorites depicted the adventures of a Borgialike Pope with a troupe of angelic-looking choirboys and the orgiastic goings on in a medieval nunnery staffed exclusively by sisters with vile habits; the mother superior, curiously, looked quite a lot like Bella Abzug.

I explained to Cazzini that Jean-Claude must have misunderstood me. I told him what I was after and he looked shocked. "In the Vatican itself?" he said. "Never. Although I have known many priests who were important voyeurs." He shrugged. "I cannot help you. This trash you see here," he added, stuffing the comic books back under the counter, "was drawn by a desperate Bulgarian sculptor in need of funds. I sell it mostly to Arabs."

I decided on a frontal assault and telephoned the Vatican press office, which put me on to a man named Nello Vian. He turned out to be a fussy, gray-haired type in his mid-50s, with the irritable, contemptuous manner of a Gestapo corporal. He talked fast and threw brochures across the desk at me. "You will read there everything there is to know," he snapped.

"I'm interested in a list of forbidden books. . . ." I began cautiously.

Vian looked at me as if I had just urinated on his shoes. "You must be very stupid, indeed, to assume that any such list exists," he said. "My duty is to issue passes only to serious persons——"

"I *am* a serious student," I interrupted.

Vian ignored me. "Scholars, clergy who wish to do research," he continued, practically flinging another pamphlet at me. "This is a lengthy, strict procedure, as you will read." And he threw me out.

I spent the next week trying to get past Vian and finally, after 1000 phone calls and the personal intercession of a friend in the Italian Foreign Ministry, I was able to make an end run around him to Father Stickler, the prefect of the library, a sweet, gracious man who looks exactly like the late Wally Cox. He passed me on to Sergio Bontempi, an affable civilian expert on the library collections, and it was he who finally consented to show me around. I had prudently neglected to inform either of these hospitable people exactly what I was after, figuring that the important thing was to get in.

Bontempi met me at the entrance to the library, which is approached through a courtyard with a splashing baroque fountain. Inside are huge rooms with great vaulted ceilings and walls painted in a sort of Neo-Pompeian style. Great stacks of books and manuscripts everywhere; whole sections of floors devoted to special collections on art and architecture, the history of the Church, archaeology, geography, science, the great classics; steel cages containing priceless rarities, such as a *Gutenberg Bible*, printed in 1501, or Verrazano's first map of America, drawn in 1529. "Whenever the Pope wishes to see a book," Bontempi informed me, "he sends his secretary."

"What sort of books?" I asked.

"Usually works of the Church, manuscripts pertaining to Church law," he answered. "Things having to do with his job. The library contains 61,697 manuscripts, over 100,000 maps and engravings and more than 700,000 printed books. We also have special departments, such as a photo lab, a library school, various indexes——"

I seized my cue. "About the *Index*," I said nonchalantly. "Is there, for instance, a catalog of prohibited books?"

"The *Index* no longer exists," he said. "Every Christian knows how to read. He knows that there are some books that are full of errors, that he *shouldn't* read. But there has never been any formal tie between prohibited books and the Vatican library itself."

"How about informally? I mean, the library must have acquired a pretty good collection of erotica and stuff like that over all these centuries."

Bontempi looked at me with a curious,

slightly amused expression on his face. "Wait here," he said and disappeared for five minutes into one of the cages.

He came back, carrying a book about 200 pages thick, the *Index* of 1948, one of the last to be published, I guess. He opened it at random, leafed through it and let me make notes, though he wouldn't turn it over to me. Here are a few of the titles and dates I scribbled down: *A Narrative of Iniquities and Barbarities Practiced in Rome in the 19th Century* (1845); *A Scatological Anthology* (1862); *The Love Letters of Two Illustrious Men* (1565); *Philosophical Reflections on Pleasure* (1783); *Ancient Symbol Worship and Influence of the Phallic Idea* (1875); *A Tableau of Voluptuousness* (1881); *The Perverted Peasant* (1886). I loved that last one and I wanted to write down more of the titles, but after a few minutes, Bontempi snapped the volume shut and returned it to its cage.

"What else is in there?" I asked when he came back.

"Books, manuscripts," he said.

"The collection? I mean, all those books and manuscripts on the *Index*—you must keep them around someplace."

"Certainly," he said, "but they are not all in one place."

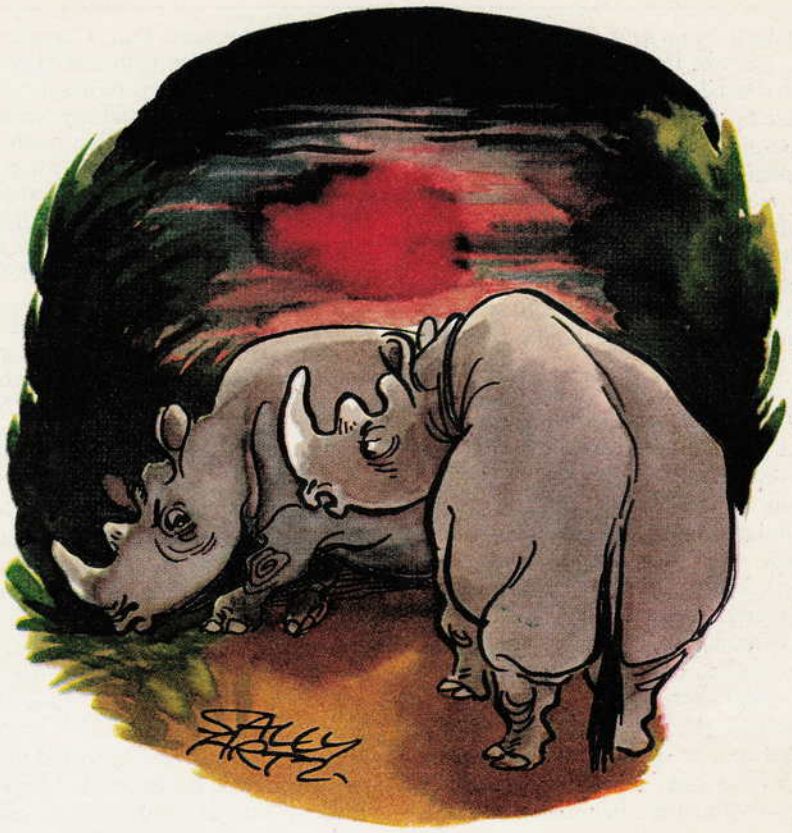
"You don't have an actual collection of erotica, then?"

"The concept of eroticism has changed in the past two hundred years," he answered, a little obliquely. "PLAYBOY recently asked permission to photograph what it called the Vatican collection of erotic manuscripts. We didn't even bother to answer the letter. Everyone would like to think that we have a secret room full of pornographic things, but it simply isn't so. The problem is that the imagination of the public gets out of hand when it is denied access to something. It was once believed that the apartments of Lucrezia Borgia were decorated with shocking and lascivious paintings, whereas the rooms were frescoed by Pinturicchio and were of a most religious nature. People believed that the place contained something more exciting only because it was closed to the public."

"No pornography collection and no dirty pictures, then?"

Bontempi smiled coyly. "We have some books of an erotic nature and we have manuscripts with illustrations of a man or woman with their particulars nude, some very poorly done, very crude. Of course, when these are placed in a certain erotic context, as in PLAYBOY, they can be misinterpreted and in poor taste. We do not stoop to this level."

I asked him if I could photograph some of the people "with their particulars nude," never having seen a nude particular, but Bontempi just smiled, shook my hand and started me toward the door.



"I'll say this—anyone who uses your horn for an aphrodisiac is in for one hell of a disappointment."

"This magazine you said you write for," he asked, "this *Police Gazette*; it is devoted mostly to the science of law enforcement?"

•

When I got back to the States a few weeks later, I called my editor at OUI. "Listen," I said, "how are your nude particulars?"

"My what?"

"The Vatican has some pictures of people with their nude particulars showing," I explained.

"What about the porn collection?" he asked, with his characteristic humorlessness.

"Good question," I said and told him what I'd managed to find out, which was hardly conclusive.

The point, after all, is that we are never going to know for sure and certainly no outsider will ever be allowed to go through any such collection, if it really exists. And perhaps it does. Why, for instance, didn't Bontempi allow me to go into the cage with him? Why the 1948 *Index*? Why wasn't I allowed to look through it myself? What *is* stashed away in all those locked rooms and cages and secret vaults, including the dusty stacks where the Church keeps, among other forbidden documents, the transcripts of all the trials of the Inquisition? Does Bontempi himself know? Does Father Stickler? Does even the Pope?

Maybe the speculation goes on because, as with all myths, we need to believe in it. For 1000 years, during the Dark Ages, after the fall of the Roman Empire and until the invention of the printing press, the Church was the sole great depository and guardian of Western culture, and part of that culture was rooted in the erotic imaginations of thousands of writers and artists. Is it conceivable, then, that no one took the trouble to salvage and store away at least the best works of that kind? Not to me, and so I choose to believe in the possible authenticity of a now-comforting legend. I say comforting because I also like the idea that priests are, after all, just men and that, like the rest of us, they occasionally enjoy looking at dirty pictures.

Meanwhile, the only thing left for me to do was call that nice woman at the Kinsey Institute back in Indiana and tell her that, as far as I knew, they still had the biggest authenticated collection of erotica in the world. The Vatican guards its secrets well.

(Continued from page 100) unsympathetic. For one thing, his wound was obviously trivial. For another, a girlfriend of mine had once cracked my skull with a white-pine board. We were mounting a bookshelf in her apartment and quarreled as to technique; she grew furious and brought the plank down on my head. I sustained a minor concussion yet never accused her of murderous intent. These things happen.

Bandell's expression lapsed into sulkiness. "The hell of it was," he said, "I really did stay home alone tonight. I didn't have any other woman here. Why'd you tell her that? I thought you were my friend."

I had never liked him and I was very sick of Lois. I had got into this painful business only through envy and was, perhaps, now getting my medicine. It was especially irresponsible on my part to feel competitive toward Bandell, who I now realized had an effeminate streak in his character. I am not suggesting that he was gay, but he should not have sniveled so over a cut thumb. More, he should have been able to get rid of a girl who no longer interested him.

You can be sure that I sought no further acquaintance with Lois. I avoided using those office corridors in which I might encounter her, and my work required no direct association with department 115. As for Bandell, when our paths crossed, he showed a decided coolness that I gratefully matched. Before long, he left on his annual cross-country sales trip, from which he would not return for three months.

Then, early one evening—I had just got home from the office—Lois telephoned me. Her message was contrite, but her voice was rather jolly. "Now that I've come to my senses," she said, "I feel awful about the embarrassment I caused you. I want to make amends."

There was something about the offer that strangely excited me. On the other hand, I was seriously reluctant to have further to do with the hysterical person she had proved to be.

As it happened, the matter was taken from my hands. After determining that I had no plans for dinner, Lois said, "Good! I'll provide it."

Within the hour, she appeared at my door. She greeted me almost boisterously and thrust into my arms a large picnic basket of considerable weight. Inside was a stoneware casserole of seafood in a pink sauce over rice, still so warm that it steamed on removal of the cover.

I was touched, make no mistake. That Lois had chosen the wrong thing for my taste was beside the point. I don't care for shrimp. But, since she sat opposite me, simpering, I found it necessary to at least simulate gusto.

We conversed for an hour or so after dinner, but I have no clear recollection of what we talked about. The important thing was that Lois did not mention Bandell directly or by allusion, and I was certainly not one to bring up the matter. I remember that she smoked a lot but this time hardly touched her brandy. She maintained her initial air of jollity, every response a little more animated than was necessary, yet never so far as to reach outright fatuousness.

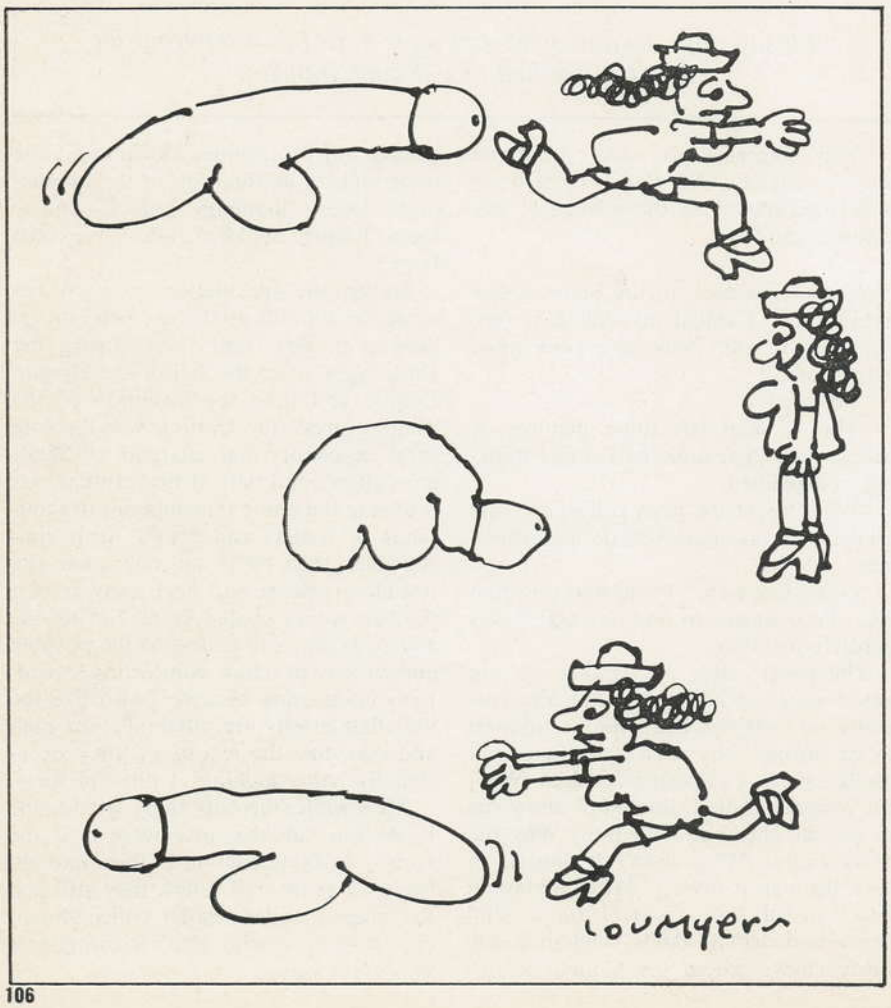
In short, I found her company rewarding, easy on the nerves, but not in any way soporific. In the presence of a woman in whom I have an interest, I am generally alive with want. Not merely in the narrow, genital sense—what I want is her awareness of *me* and I want it constantly. But from Lois, as she revealed herself that evening, I wanted for nothing whatever, or if I did, she anticipated my requirements and satisfied them so subtly that I could not, so to speak, trace her movements. At last it came time to ask her to spend the night with me, and I did as much without feeling the least suspense. Not that I found the prospect boring. I mean simply that my well-being did not hinge on her answer, as it had on numerous other occasions, in which the woman involved was not nearly so attractive to me.

As it happened, she said nothing, took my hand and silently led me into the bedroom. I took this, perhaps, more naturally than I should have. I probably should have led her; it was, after all, my apartment.

•

Many similar evenings passed in succession and, after two or three weeks, Lois disposed of her own lodgings and moved into mine. I do not remember directly inviting her to do so, but, on the other hand, I did not discourage her.

We never discussed the situation; we merely lived it. Lois was quick—by observation rather than by direct inquiry—to note my tastes in food and plan our meals accordingly. As to decor, however, she immediately understood that, like most men, I had few interests in that area after my comfort was minimally served, and she proceeded gradually to alter the interior arrangement of my apartment, quite properly without



consulting me, absorbing the expense with her own salary. She purchased new drapes, a rug for the foyer and two straight-backed chairs. She also bought most of the food we ate in the apartment. Money was certainly never an issue between us.

Friction of any kind was a stranger to our relationship. Naturally, one had tastes the other did not share, opinions peculiar to him- or herself, but these irregularities were not permitted to generate dissension. For example, Lois was wont to reflect unfavorably on the personalities of some of our co-workers. She could be very malicious. Occasionally, the victim was someone I liked: for example, Sally, the receptionist, who was cheery and careful about her diction; she struck the right note, I thought, for the job. But to Lois, Sally was "that girl with bad teeth."

Now, the truth was that in conversation, Sally never showed her teeth; Lois was being unfair for some private reason and I called her on it. I recognized the danger in letting little abrasions grow into massive wounds. My interest was not so much in Sally as in my own sense of reality.

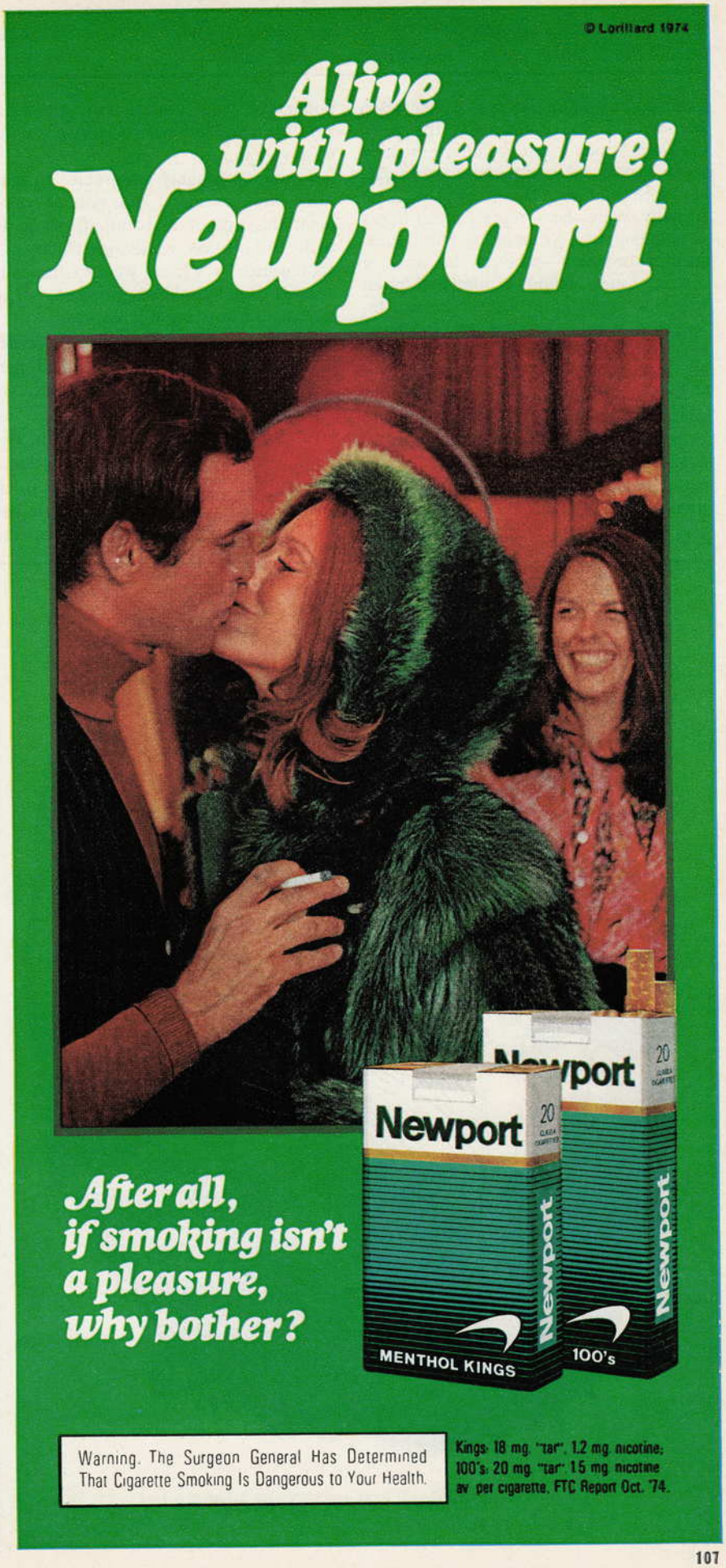
Lois took no offense. She considered it for a moment and then said, smiling, "You may be right."

"Yes," I said. "Notice next time: Sally doesn't show her teeth even when she laughs."

Lois accepted the correction. Whatever her personality vis-à-vis Bill Bandell, with me she was always an eminently sensible individual. I had never known anyone quite like her; her every effort went toward establishing and maintaining my well-being.

I continued to regard Lois very highly, but I must admit that after two months, no vestige remained of the ardent passion I had experienced on seeing her in Bandell's office. I had never got married precisely because I wanted to avoid this type of situation. I love women: I love to talk with them, walk with them, eat with them and sleep with them. But I do not really care to live with them—by "them," I mean any one woman. I should probably find it more feasible to reside in a harem, where the intramural conflicts among the wives perhaps serve to take pressure off the sultan. Even when Lois said nothing, sat for hours reading a book while I did the same in the other corner, she drained me of psychic energy. I could seldom forget her presence, or if, lost in my book, I did, it was with a rather unpleasant shock that, eventually raising my eyes, I re-recognized her. Though, mind you, she was lovely, generous, considerate, sweet and reasonably intelligent.

I tried to foment quarrels and failed. I reflected unfavorably on a pair of lizardskin shoes she had newly purchased: She returned them to the store. In the


© Lorillard 1974
Alive with pleasure!
Newport
After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?
Newport
20
MENTHOL KINGS
100's
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
Kings: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 20 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74.

ENVY *She was destroying me by the most sinister means: an excess of good will, by agreeing with me. I had never eaten so well as at her table.*

morning, I would discover in the trash the dress I had condemned the prior evening. I took pains to admire vocally those persons of whom she was critical: no more mild corrections, as in the case of Sally. Were she to represent our firm's accountant, say, as anything but a paragon of decorum—whereas he was, of course, loud, blatant, crude; I despised him—he appeared in my subsequent remarks as a model from whom I derived my own manners. Then Lois would humbly withdraw or revise her assessment.

She was destroying me by the most sinister means: an excess of good will, by agreeing with a preponderance of my decisions and observations. I had never eaten so well as at her table. My apartment was now something of a show place and the improvement had not cost me a dollar. In two months, no cross or petulant word had been addressed to me by a woman.

I was thoroughly miserable. It may seem strange that I did not, at some point this side of desperation, put it directly to Lois that, while superficially our arrangement was ideal, we were basically at odds. But I could not bring myself to hurt her. I was no Bill Bandell.

Besides, we had never spoken together in an idiom that could be called personal. We slept together at night, yet otherwise maintained polite relations. We were never intimate by daylight. For example, one would formally thank the other if handed the butter dish at the table. I still opened doors for her and walked on the curb side of the pavement. She would courteously avert her eyes if I undressed in the bedroom.

"Cyrano . . . let's experiment!"

I thought about frequenting other women, but such moves would have been negative, as well as cruel, to all concerned. I had no wants that were not being satisfied. Where could I find another perfect girl? And why should I wish to, when it was perfection from which I sought relief? Who goes in search of anything else? It is very well to say that prosperity dulls the senses, atrophies the will, but one would be mad to cultivate ill fortune merely to hone his faculties. I would either find another Lois, pointlessly, or I would not, and so be robbed by the exchange.

One night I lay in bed alongside her and, sightlessly staring upward through the dark, finally managed to transfer from mind to voice an essential question.

"Are you happy?"

She shifted her position. A set of toes pattered against my right ankle and withdrew; there was a strain on the sheet.

She took my hand in hers and said, placidly, "Yes." Soon thereafter, her fingers relaxed, her breaths were regular and profound; purely, trustfully, she slept. Never would she approach me with a weapon, for never would I give her cause. I was a helpless captive of my own decency. In a sense, Lois was an innocent bystander to my predicament.

I felt obliged, therefore, to dispatch her by the gentlest means at my disposal. I suffocated her with a pillow.

•

As for Bill Bandell, I must say that the experience has caused me, finally, to think better of him. He was more than kind throughout those months as, abandoned by the rest of the world, I awaited trial. It was he who found me legal counsel and then supported me in my determination not to let the lawyer enter a plea of insanity, temporary or otherwise. Like me and unlike most in this day of dissolution, Bill shapes up basically, behind his feckless façade, as a moralist.

I pleaded guilty and received a life sentence. Bill has promised to come to the prison on visiting days.

Which leaves the matter of Lois. As an agnostic, I do not rule out entirely the possibility of an afterlife. If there is one and I encounter her again, I am convinced that she will forgive me. Indeed, she may very well wish to renew our association, and from that attachment, I shall never escape throughout eternity . . . unless, of course, Bill appears with some fresh provocation. ▣

BERLIN LIVES! *Berlin unconsciously became a dedicated island of intense self-indulgence, diving into business, sport, sex and reconstruction.*

(Continued from page 62) genius to disease and the artist to suicide.

• Wilhelm Furtwängler, the pre-eminent conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic, known for his highly subjective and romantic interpretations of Beethoven, Wagner and Bruckner. He resigned in 1934 in protest over the banning of Hindemith's music.

• Ernst Toller, playwright; he wrote a stream of hits, led workers' revolts from movie-theater platforms and created the experimental-theater design now known as the living stage.

• Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, Frank Lloyd Wright's only serious competition; he combined classical balance and utter simplicity to create architecture for the masses, helped establish the antirational, iconoclastic visuality of Dadaism and more or less fathered the glass skyscraper.

• Max Reinhardt, the first theatrical director to establish the director as creative artist and superstar and the first to deliberately transcend the written play with a dramatic experience.

• Erwin Piscator, the mad genius of stage techniques, who created epic theater, total theater and multimedia, introducing such embellishments as the revolving stage, film clips and slides, and the trappings of the outside world; precursor of light shows and electronic art.

Not to mention composer Paul Hindemith, artists Emil Nolde and Karl Hofer and the spiritual sire of Steinberg and Ralph Steadman, satirical cartoonist George Grosz.

Meanwhile, in the "hard sciences," Max Planck was devising quantum mechanics, Otto Hahn was discovering nuclear fission and Albert Einstein was realizing what E equaled. Nobel Prizes were falling on this city like hail. The Kaiser's Germany, with its arrogant hostility toward all things modern, had got its ass kicked, and despite hunger and brutality, the froth of revolution whipped art and science alike into prodigious bursts of inventiveness.

But reality wasn't all hanging out in amusement halls, stealing watches, hustling widows and fags; shoplifters' unions, tattooed hookers and beer halls with ivy trellises and old railway seats. Reported Isherwood: "Berlin was in a state of civil war. Hate exploded suddenly, without warning, out of nowhere; at street corners, in restaurants, cinemas, dance halls, swimming baths; at midnight, after breakfast, in midafternoon. Knives were whipped out, blows were dealt with spiked rings, beer mugs, chair legs or leaded clubs; bullets slashed the advertisements on poster columns, rebounded from the iron roofs of latrines. . . . The newspapers were full of deathbed photos of rival martyrs, Nazi, *Reichsbanner* and Communist."

Berlin remained unimpressed by the chaos, having always felt superior to the German hinterlanders—more blasé and international. Berliners were to Germany what New Yorkers were to Iowa. Its university had sheltered Marx and Hegel; it had sprung uprisings in 1830 and 1848. This huge disorder, inflation, political warfare and economic disaster was nothing. Proclamations, shootings, busts, martial law—so what else was new?

With their history as custodians of German talent and enterprise, Berliners were less tolerant of authority and more restless than their countrymen. Jews were still being kidded here when they were being duked, busted or run out of town elsewhere. In the Republic's elections in 1932, the Communist Party won a 100,000 majority in Berlin. Hitler would never be at ease in this irreverent and cosmopolitan environment, and the abortive 1944 plot on his ass would be partly attributed to the people of Berlin.

And suddenly, the little paper hanger was chancellor, then president and then *Führer*, and suddenly, the Reds and the Hebes were discovered guilty of Germany's World War One defeat, the Depression, the death of Jesus and the clap. Berliners whispered of midnight disappearances, of prisoners being made to spit on Lenin's picture, suck off interrogators, eat old socks. Jews, artists and intellectuals had to bend their heads low over tiny tables and speak in murmurs and finally head like hell for the Swiss border, with Goering's words clanging in their ears: "When I hear the word *Kultur*, I reach for a gun."

•

When the smoke cleared in 1945, Berlin was divided, 75 percent destroyed and surrounded by Russians. You had a situation in which persons were kidnaped and thrown into dungeons or graves almost daily across a line that existed only on paper but that was supposed to keep the Yank and Russki death blocs from each other's throats. Half of West Berlin was on the snuff list of the great Soviet beast whose army was about as far away as the toilet. Adrift in these dour waters of dismal repression, Berlin unconsciously became a dedicated island of whooping license and intense self-indulgence, diving into business, sport, sex, relocation and reconstruction. Sensing their possible engulfment and extinction at any moment, Berliners hurled themselves compulsively into life with a no-tomorrow frenzy of work, which rebuilt the city and catalyzed the West German economy, and a frenzy of play, which produced a city that takes every corner on two wheels.

Remaking the city's culture wasn't so easy. Berlin had been Europe's great publishing center, but its publishers' row, Kochstrasse, was rubble. It had been the Hollywood of the Western world but was now in almost total isolation. The first item was to re-establish the night life—the clubs, cabarets and amusements—for which it had been famous. It wasn't easy, for the city's characteristic satirical and Cockneylike wit had been replaced by morbid imbecility, just as J.F.K.'s Washington was replaced by, well, what it *was* replaced by. To regroup, the city harkened to its lifeline: tradition.

And there was the burn. There wasn't all that much *old* left in Berlin. Tradition needs a foothold in architecture, history. There are few traces of antiquity here, hardly any old buildings. Old buildings are the anchors of culture and West Berlin's had been largely eradicated. Today, they're still putting parts back together and West Berlin is a slick, modern city only because of the great head start on urban renewal the U. S. Air Force gave it. "West Berlin is the best American city on earth" is no joke. It is the hard reality of 20 years of American occupation and reconstruction. West Berlin is a postwar city the way the U. S. is a postwar country; each is the official manifestation of victory, 21st Century style. Indeed, few Americans have grown up amid as much force-fed Americanization as the generation of West Berliners that reached college age in 1968.

Remember Berlin's *Universitäten* in 1968? Chanting such toe tappers as, "The capitalistic building blocks of enforced consumption cause mass sterility of the mind," the *Zazous* and other *Deutsche* crazies stormed the barricades and, later, commerce. Broken glass, blockades, anti-imperialism in Levis and U. S. Army jackets, Red Rudi. The same happened to that revolution as happened to Columbia University, tear gas, People's Park, the Whole World Is Watching and Yippies. In West Berlin, it is now either prosperous, married, boring, greened-out or dealing.

If the revolution left any legacy here besides crab spray, it was the *Kneipen*—literally, pubs, actually coffeehouses and/or taverns, general alternate watering holes that sprang up in the late Sixties. As a reaction against the hated *buying madness*, the *Kneipen* were scruffy, unkempt, dingy, cheap and proletarian, housed in dirty storefronts, furnished from attics and junk yards—not camp but good, earthy rubbish, recycled culture, art deco at best. Cheap, loose and shot full of energy, the counterculture *Kneipen* replaced such prewar artists' hangouts as the war-destroyed Romanisches Café. They became hotbeds of painters, writers and film makers drawn

BERLIN LIVES! *Hitler is no longer a curse, the ultimate nonspeak, but something you hear everywhere, like Eisenhower. The corpse is discussed, analyzed, interpreted, rationalized, dissected.*

here by Berlin's myth and postwar insulation from the commercialism of western Europe and the States.

As the Sixties ended, the *Kneipe* concept broadened along with the ass of the revolution, until their common denominator was the hope for profitability. *Kneipen* today are: art galleries, tearooms, rock bars, dance halls, folk clubs, taverns, jazz cellars, arcades, pubs, sidewalk posheries, hook joints, theaters, wombs. There are big and small *Kneipen*, Greek, Spanish, British, Iranian and Brazilian *Kneipen*, even German *Kneipen*. A *Kneipe* today is any place that thinks it can make a few marks by calling itself a *Kneipe*.

The *Kneipen* did two important things before their fashionableness and trendiness brought in the middle-aged and the middle class to dilute the whole concept: They attracted the weirdos of Europe and they resurrected the past.

Germans go for nostalgia like they went for Poland, and West Berliners are no exception. The *Kneipen* are decorated, and their patrons outfitted, in Attic Chic, the dusty, castoff trash of 40 years' vintage. The public saw its young recreating the beloved Weimar atmosphere and flipped. You would flip for the Twenties, too, if your Thirties to Fifties were crawling with brown shirts, death, defeat, occupation and barbed wire.

Business, smelling a pretty pfennig here, bounded onto the nostalgia band wagon. The record industry brought forth ancient reissues and a mass of Greatest Hits; the UFA (prewar Berlin's MGM) did likewise with films. Old, forgotten cafés, cabarets and *chanteuses* were resurrected and laureled. *New* old places were built. Business churned out Weimar pop hysterically.

Bittersweet normals and disillusioned freaks found themselves rummaging through the same pile of tacky souvenirs. For "nostalgia feeds on the left-wing radicals, who are generally absorbed," said camp ideologist Susan Sontag. "There is a certain despair of onetime radicals, who long for what was and is no longer," said Max Horkheimer, cofounder of the leftist Frankfurter School. "The big revolt is over and the great nostalgia is all that remains. The revolution is no longer political but on drugs," said writer Gerhard Zwernz. We've heard that before, haven't we, folks?

But the effect of the nostalgia hype on West Berlin's psychology was profound. The figments from the Weimar past seemed to flick some hypnotic time lock on the German memory to how it had been before the Horrible Time. The price Berliners had to pay to groove with nostalgia was to resolve the ugly matter of Hitler and All That. This they ultimately did through satire and hooting scorn.

The Reichskabaret opened in 1969 and is now closed, but during those five years it presented immensely popular parodies of Nazi Germany, ridiculing not just Hitler and the Nazis but also *das Volk* themselves. It was a small step for theater but a mighty bound for Germankind. "Being able to laugh at one's self, at one's own stupidities and mistakes, is a good sign," says shrink Else Mohr. "For years, everything was blamed on Hitler and no one was ready to acknowledge his own role." Berlin's Twenties had established a ready-made cultural heritage. To revive it, Berliners had to exorcise that part of themselves that had destroyed it. Hitler is no longer a curse, the ultimate nonspeak, but something you hear everywhere, like Eisenhower. The corpse is discussed, analyzed, interpreted, rationalized, dissected and made academic and boring.

Along with the curse, one more obstacle lay between Berliners and their old creative pace: the United States of America. West Berlin is as American as the Big Mac. When the voices fuse into kaleidoscopic noise, or your mind ignores the content of the talk, you'd swear you were in America. People talking politics, talking dope, talking shit and meanwhile taking down enough beer to run the National Guard. Berlin, hell; it's San Diego, it's Cleveland. There are so many parallels with L.A.—from antique flash to gay massage parlors—that your eyes start to burn. In the underground, the long hair is *long*, the tits unbraed, the faces, legs and pits unshorn; it's Berkeley. The Riverboat here is precisely America's idea of a slick, high-gloss, multigimmick singles bar—striding the hairline between electric and ugly; it's pure Kansas City.

And what of *Deutsche Musik*? Consider Nina, who sings at the Volkenkneipe and whose sensational and flawless voice captures Baez, Collins, Mitchell to perfection, yet who introduces their songs in German because she speaks no English other than what she takes from the albums. West Berlin got its music with its buildings, Pepsi and the Marshall Plan. The music, like the culture, is secondhand, extracted from the thick hazes of distance and language like the "color" of a blind man. When they sing *This Land Is Your Land*, they don't use German geography.

The Quasimodo is a funky little contraption, a typical American low-life nostalgia bar. The record player is turning out old Woody Herman, Cab Calloway, Parker, Gillespie, and the projector is showing Warner Bros. cartoons and old Chaplin silents. And at the Deschenkenkirche Plaza, they're showing *Battle of the Bulge*. This is nostalgia, true, but not theirs—*ours*.

It was a straight trade. They got the lifestyle, we got the VW. But we're coming up with our own small cars and West Berliners are coming up with their own you know what. It ain't easy, in the face of Uncle Sam's vast electronic override, but it's happening. Sure the *Freie Volksbuhne* is performing Tennessee Williams, Arthur Miller, Edward Albee, that school. But there's also the Mampf, which is openly radical, satirical, self-supporting and theoretical. And the Tik, whose actors are their own producers and playwrights.

Then there is the Forum—professional, leftist, experimental. Its *Gulgutiera, Until We Let Slip the Atom*, centering on post–World War *Three* Berlin, is a gothic future-shock allegory—huge skulls and mutants eating spaghetti from coffins; pyrrhic dances, broken mannequins, loonies and goats. Young West Berlin goes there and laughs like hell. For that matter, West Berliners find a lot of humor in almost everything. If you were in this tiny preserve of permissiveness surrounded by a permafrost of hostile, powerful, boring, restrictive Stalinist bureaucracy, and half the world was busting ass to keep you that way, and after 25 years of this, *Ostpolitik* finally convinced you that you had a future, you'd probably laugh like hell at things, too.

The big draw is *still Battle of the Bulge*, and *Cabaret* is in its second socko year, but film as art is clawing its way around the alleys. *Sein Kampf*, a sort of *Deutsche Graduate*, has introduced the "issue" flick as big box-office and rave getter. *Harlis*—Robert van Ackeren's film about two lesbians sharing a total-nostalgia apartment—is another step toward X-rated art.

The Kolbeh Jazzclub still features the likes of Sonny Terry and Brownie McGee, Taj Mahal, Johnny Otis, Larry Coryell and Rahsaan Roland Kirk (which is a cut above what you'd usually find back home), but don't forget the Kreuzberg Stompers et al. A lot of these back-door bands rank just a hair above construction noise, but they are doing their own material. Then there are the *kosmische Musik* groups, 30 or so Moody Blues–Pink Floyd mutant clones grinding out original stuff in cavernous ex–Nazi halls. Says Ute Kannenberg, former pop star and now lead vocal with Metropolis: "It's time for us to form a cultural heritage and so we're searching for new legends. Our Twenties were never golden; they were bitter with inflation, unemployment and constant

Trez

BERLIN LIVES! *"Our creativity is halting," says Dern Wolfe, "but perhaps it is safely channeled that way. You cannot control your American freedoms; we, our German obedience."*

fragmentation. Still, it's the Weimar Republic that dominates our nostalgia."

And where is this cultural-heritage binge leading West Berlin artists? Your guess is as good as theirs. Literature, being ahead of the other muses in local development, makes a dandy example. Günter Grass is *the* prototypal German author, the direct heir of Thomas Mann. He is nearly unintelligible, from *double-entendre* and symbolism. But he is not unique in this. Günter Herberger, Bruno Fuchs . . . you need a map to follow these guys. "Berlin ideas and their expression are apt to be vague and unresolved, the readers left with many possible alternatives," says writer Renee Niese. "They reflect life's problems in that they provide no solutions," says photographer Frank Taeger and he ain't *scheissing*. You couldn't get a flat declaration from a West Berlin artist today with a crowbar.

"Yes, our creativity is halting and confused, fragmented," says Dern Wolfe, underground director, "but perhaps it is most safely channeled that way. You cannot control your American freedoms; we cannot control our German obedience." He's right. The last time a kraut said that he had all the answers, World War Two occurred. *Deutsche* efficiency has been shown to cause great distress when channeled in one direction. Better to let them wander randomly.

Uwe Niese, musician at the Eirschale: "Our innovations seem confused, leading nowhere for no reason. But value lies in this for us now." Erich Fromm speculated that people can so fear the turmoil of self-determination that they will seek the simplistic answers of the tyrant. The message of West Berlin's *neue Kultur* is that a people can be so shell-shocked by dictatorship that it will embrace confusion and the turmoil of deliberate indecision. In rebuilding, West Berlin became the postwar laboratory case of functional design and modular-living-unit architecture; but today, its city planners are saying things like, "We must return to the egg, to the fundamental shapes and pleasures of the community."

Such statements and attitudes are hardly the hallmark of traditional German character. For a people to whom authority has been heroin for two generations, a lifestyle based on questioning and doubt is like an insulin shock. Only their sentimental attachment to the cultural sleigh ride of Weimar makes their unnatural tendencies not only tolerable but oddly traditional.

However, art, by definition, is second-hand, and as with most urban crucibles, the life and spark of West Berlin reside in the crannies and run-down turfs. The main drags jangle with porn shops, strip-houses, skin flicks, arcades and gambling joints amid the Mercedes-Benz, BMW and Telefunken display windows; you have to hit the side streets, dead ends and alleyways for the genuine *Kultur-kneipen*. The Baustelle (Construction Site) is an abandoned tenement on the outside, but its interior is Day-Glo Gross—construction scaffolds and old theater seats, the bar a broad beam on crates, the music a solid shriek, the people sending off steam and energy in dance and conversation, others hunched groping and doping. The Athener Grill stays open till dawn, serving Greek cantina-type smorgasbord; the bus boys wash their clothes in the goldfish pond at four A.M. if it's not too full of zonked patrons. The door to the Mili Vanilli is always locked and entry is via identification through a peephole only. The criterion for getting in is that whoever is looking through the hole likes your looks.

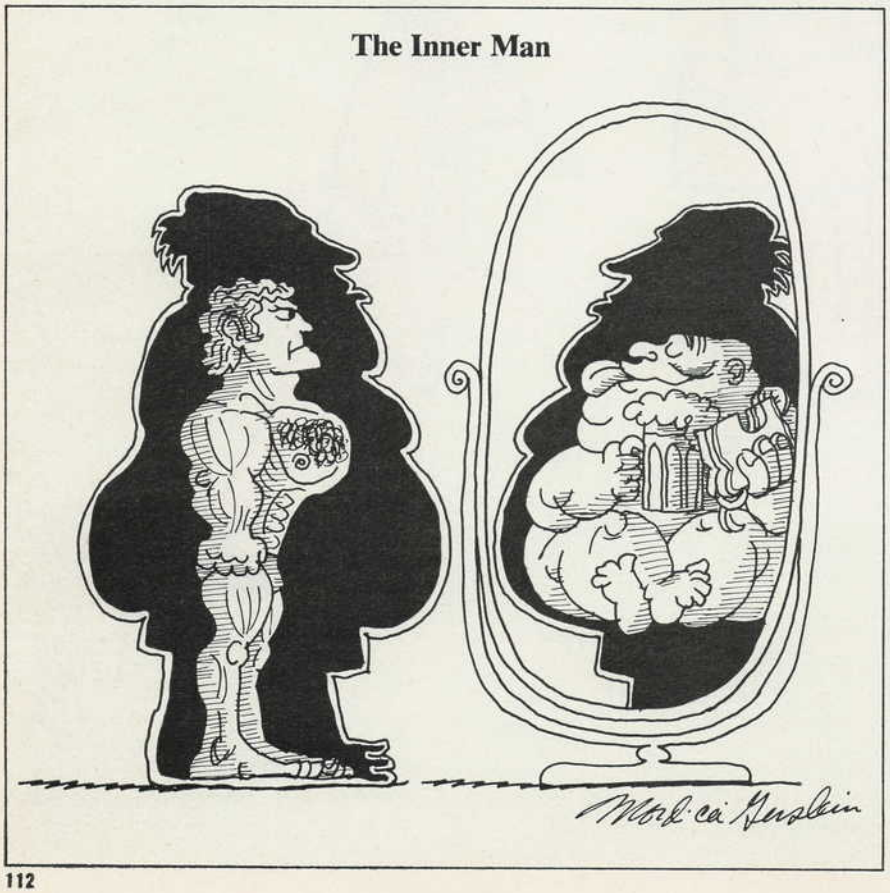
The Go-In looks like a Kentucky bus station. There is live, local, internationally rheumy music onstage and closed-circuit television at the battered, labyrinthine bar. The air is the color of old dimes, rising thickly from a jam of hot flesh. The bar is sticky and the atmosphere leaden and sweaty. Lousy bands, but *here* and *now*. Immediacy overcometh a vacuum of talent. And the place is just filling up with baby-fleshed jiggling boppers, all round and downy and aromatic. *Ist das nicht die Deutsche jailbait? Ja, das ist die Deutsche jailbait.*

Café Bleibtreu is *the* underground *Kneipe*—a sidewalk-table array in front, an Edwardian junk-parlor schmaltz scene inside, filled with zonked long-hairs, blacks with Afros like tumbleweed, heated intellectuals, crewcut Oriental savants, females from the Cockette/Cabaret fry pan with make-up spatulaed on and a smattering of junkies and gays, who sound the same in any language. Bleibtreu is also handy to the Savginyplatz alley, where one can puke freely without altering the ecology, and Savginyplatz Park, great for passing out under the shrubbery of.

What Bleibtreu is, is *genuine*. No American pretense here. Where we would manufacture Atmosphere Dense, covering everything with wood, or Found Art, or leave things totally untouched, these guys could care less. They do quick hippie camouflage jobs and that's it. Taste died at Dresden. Fuck style. Who cares? Garish Indifference is in vogue; the worse the taste, the better.

Thus Klo III calls itself the first toilet *Kneipe* in Europe, with crappers as decor and toilet paper as napkins on tables.

The Inner Man



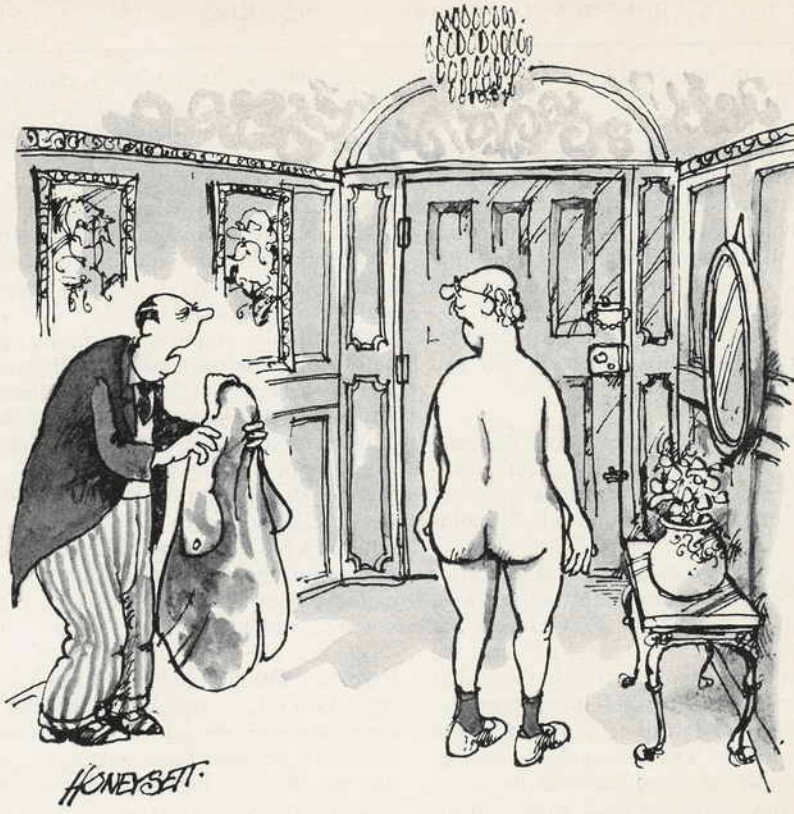
Thus there's some spectacular dowdiness around: string ties, fluorescent shirts, collars like the Flying Wing, old Christmas-tree ornaments. A good antidote to taste is filth, and Florence Nightingale wouldn't go into some of these dives—usually the pick of the crop. And thus young Elke sits outside Baustelle, trying to score *Berliner Tinke*, a synthetic opiate from the magic pestles of Europharmacy: "Nothing is worth while. I don't want to perform, to be pressed into proving myself. Why bother? Shit."

Whatever the reality here is, it is *German*. I notice that the hookers come on to me until I hit them with English. There is something about being fucked by Americans that Berlin and the rest of the world find annoyingly redundant. The 1968 student riots were no accident. As a showcase of capitalism, West Berlin necessarily ignored the appetites of the spirit for 25 years, keeping it alive only with intravenous *Yankeekultur* in the form of horsepower, color TV and, later, folk-rock and dope. The '68 rumbles were neither particularly criminal nor extremist but more the signs of an emerging generation unparanoid over its proximity to the Big Red Machine and willing to cast about through its own hysterical death-pit past for a legit German shtick to seize upon.

What is happening, fundamentally, is that West Berlin is kissing America goodbye and strutting on out. It's quietly going at the apron strings with hedge shears. If any city in Europe goes on a creative blitz, it will be this one, now. And this time it won't be with the post–World War One negativity of defeat and invalidation but with a roaring optimism. Of course, there are conscious associations made with the Weimar era—the modern underground exponents call this trend the forward-and-backward movement—but this theme runs fairly shallow. Beyond the wild excesses and eschewal of order, the Seventies and the Twenties have little in common.

This isn't Isherwood's city, "in which human beings were suffering the miseries of violence and near starvation." There's more starvation and misery in Queens. Boys becoming homosexuals for an ounce of *Wurst* is hardly the Berlin gay lib of today. There are striking resemblances: "The couples were dancing with hands on each other's hips, yelling in each other's faces, streaming with sweat. An orchestra whooped and drank and perspired beer. The place stank like a zoo." The zing and the blam are the same, but the search for Fun and the Action and Good Times is no longer desperate and pathological; it's hedonistic and celebratory.

The parallels are fascinating: a collapse of legitimate authority, throwing German society up for grabs; a search for new structures after the old had been trashed; emotional and spiritual excess



"I take it you require your old gray raincoat this morning, sir?"

becoming popular as material excess became outrageously expensive; artists' colonies everywhere, gaudy with fringe, knickknacks, prints, feathers, doodah; women made up like gypsy moths. But today, the move is from a position of strength, not weakness. Nobody has to steal and cook subway straps or make clothing from upholstery. You don't have to sell your mother to the butcher or your ass to the cops; the grocer doesn't have more power than Nero. Kids aren't selling coke in grade school, begging, hustling gutter butts or shooting craps in the Labor Exchange Hall. There aren't 633,000 unemployed in Berlin alone and nobody lives in packing-crate colonies.

And finally, West Berliners can return to ignoring politics. In the Twenties, who could take that nonsense seriously? Come on, Hitler was something out of H. G. Wells. In 1932, politics became All and it wasn't reprieved from its ubiquity until *Ostpolitik*. Forget politics. Politics is what makes people take down their pictures and put up Hitler's, Stalin's, Nixon's or J.F.K.'s. Can that shit. We have culture to make.

"There are two ways of grasping," says underground director Wolfe. "Between the wars, the grasping was desperate. It was toxic; it was symptomatic of a disease and an imbalance in Germany. 'Defeat' is only the military aspect of the general failure of a whole national lifestyle. There *was* no Germany from 1918 to 1930, and the works of Brecht, Weill and Reinhardt were artistic expressions of an over-all searching for a new social identity. But it was negative, after all. The creative life of West Berlin today might take similar forms, but the grasping is positive, healthy; it's cocksure. This isn't innovation because of fear; it's really innovation because of the *end* of fear."

That frightened innovation sent creative jolts around the world for 20 years. Where might a *self-confident* innovation go from here? Well. . . . Onstage at the Go-In there are limeys, then Moroccans, then Greeks, then a Jew, then a Swede, then two blacks, then some Germans, then two Irish, then a couple of Iranians. They've got everything here but Eskimos. If this continent had a Frisco or a Manhattan, the Unusuals would go there, and they have and they do and this is it—Europe's Loose City.

West Berlin's generator is going; its transmitter is sending. It's starting to happen again. If this city were unified, you'd see a creative-power source to make New York City look like Muncie.

You know what this means, don't you?

Today Germany, tomorrow the world. ■

GREAT GULP *When we drank bottles of Heileman Special Export, we thought it was the best in America; its bitterness is relieved by something cooling that has nothing to do with refrigeration.*

(Continued from page 89) source. For this reason, we had to smuggle our own six-pack (cans) in from San Francisco. Possibly due to in-flight temperature conditions, Coors did poorly in our blindfold tests on avowed Coors lovers, including ourselves. A friend whose firm ships Coors in regularly for private consumption attests, however, that ours tasted like the genuine article. Despite a distinctive, sort of nutty flavor, the beer wasn't all that light and occasionally had a rotten taste. **B-plus**

Country Club Beer (Pearl, San Antonio, Texas) A surprising little beer, comparable in taste and color to a good dry white wine, but on the thin side. **B-minus**

Dixie (New Orleans, Louisiana) After Pearl bought out Jax last summer, Dixie became the last of the New Orleans locals. Rumors that it caused diarrhea are supposed to have done Jax in. We went too late to test the rumors personally. A Mississippi friend tells us Jax tasted quite a lot like Dixie—somehow managing to taste dry and fruity at the same time, suggesting sweetness without actually being sweet. Dixie was one of the surprise favorites of our survey, winning several blindfold tests against a varied competition. Traditionally the white beer in New Orleans (Jax and Falstaff shared the black market), Dixie emerged from the civil rights years with a nearly fourfold increase in sales, while Falstaff's sales went down dramatically after a liberal ad campaign up North. But unbalanced competition from the supernationals—the real cause of Jax's demise—makes strange alliances. Now, with Tulane students driving to Texas for a Coors, the suburbs turning to Bud and the black market gone to Schlitz, Dixie is starting a youth-oriented "Big doesn't always mean best" campaign, while cautiously slipping a few soul ads into the black radio stations. Good luck. **B-plus**

Falstaff (Cranston, Rhode Island) The first brewery ever to decentralize production (in the Thirties; Bud and Schlitz followed in the Forties), Falstaff, a national that has been losing, like, $6,000,000 a year, currently employs the survival tactic of acquiring on-the-skids and largely mediocre breweries (including Munich, Krueger, Ballantine and fabled bad-beer Narragansett). Nevertheless, the Falstaff stock is not without strengths, similar to those of its rich St. Louis neighbor, Budweiser. Especially in bottles, Falstaff's bitterness has a certain courage; it's possible to imagine Budweiser drinkers complaining about it. Unfortunately, that's not always good. **B-minus**

Fyfe & Drum (Genesee, Rochester, New York) The brewer calls this one "a superpremium beer with a taste that tells all those foreign beers—America can brew it better!" In four separate taste tests against varying competition, none of seven drinkers noticed anything at all about it except that it was full and sweet, maybe even vulgar. Handsome embossed Colonial-motif can. **C**

Gablinger's (Rheingold, New Bedford, Massachusetts) Were our tasters' faces red when they learned that they had chosen this low-calorie, low-carbohydrate number over the average C-range beer. The explanation lies in its seltzery carbonation and the absence of distinct bad flavors; not much else is going for it. Clean as in thin. **C-plus**

Genesee (Rochester, New York) The kindest thing to be said about this Upstate New York beer—which uses the old-fashioned "krausening" method of fermenting (rather than injecting) its CO_2—is that it's nowhere near as bad as downstaters claim. Against Rheingold, it tastes clean, against Schaefer, flavorful. Undisputed winner of the tennis-ball-can look-alike contest. **C**

Grain Belt Premium (Minneapolis, Minnesota) Since our survey introduced us to this Midwestern beer (number one in Minneapolis), we've discovered Grain Belt Premium admirers around the country, though not the hard-core (or hard-cash) type who get cases shipped to them on private planes. The beer has a good head, crisp body, full, brisk flavor, and it can be drunk slowly. Don't waste time on the nonpremium. **B-plus**

Hamm's (St. Paul, Minnesota) We remember Hamm's from Midwestern bars, where we drank it from frosted bottles and thought it tasted clean as a Minnesota lake. Did our samples make a traumatic trip East or were our trips West euphoric? Good foretaste, bad aftertaste. **C**

Heileman Old Style (La Crosse, Wisconsin) As is the case in so many brands with a true premium line, the regular is disappointing. Old Style does have a hint of Export's aftertaste—and enough richness to gain a dimension or two when it warms up. **B-minus**

Heileman Special Export (La Crosse, Wisconsin) When we drank bottles of this "naturally krausened" beer in a Chicago bar called Jimmy's, where it went for a nickel extra and outsold its nearest competitor two to one, we thought it was the best in America, but the six-pack sent to us in New York seemed at first to betray our fond memories. Eventually, however, we adjusted to the canned version of Export's complex, slightly eccentric flavor. At Jimmy's, they used to say it tasted "green," like the bottle; its hopsy bitterness is relieved by something cooling that has nothing to do with refrigeration or literal sweetness. In bottles, an A. We had only cans. **B-plus**

Horlacher (Allentown, Pennsylvania) This one is weird. We grew fond of its unpredictable, somewhat murky taste, but we must point out that while we use "murky" as an antonym to clean (meaning "well defined"), another taster thought this beer had overtones of sewage. Other oddities: One guy thought the can looked "evil"; someone else said, "creamy aftertaste," and when fresh the canned tasted like a totally different brew than the bottled—and it tasted *better*. **B-minus**

Krueger (Falstaff, Cranston, Rhode Island) One of the Falstaff gang. The fermentation has that faintly rotten beer taste that, depending on the quality of the beer, can be strangely attractive or understandably repulsive. **C**

Leinenkugel's (Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin) A few American brewers have taken the national predilection for the light to its extreme and created a specifically American fine-beer type. Leinenkugel's, made by one of the rare small breweries lucky or clever enough to survive in the face of megabrewery advantages, shares with Coors a combination of delicacy and character and is sometimes called the Coors of the East. We prefer Leinenkugel's. Sparkling at ice-cold temperatures, the beer develops shades of flavor as it sits, but not at the expense of its distinctive lightness. **A-minus**

Lone Star (San Antonio, Texas) Another fabled local beer that sits taller in the story than in the glass. We'd rather drink Pearl, its local competition, but suggest that visitors to Texas look around for another fabled Texas beer we couldn't get hold of: Shiner. **C**

Michelob (Anheuser-Busch, Newark, New Jersey) It beats Bud, of course, but we think you can do better. Though rich and creamy, it's so free of bad beer flavors that it's hard to remember you've been drinking it. Therefore good with meals. **B-plus**

Miller High Life (Milwaukee, Wisconsin) This isn't the champagne of bottled beer so much as the Vichy water, which isn't bad—it's a great thirst quencher. Many people swear that this is one beer where the "bottled" of the slogan is essential—the canned is supposed to be tinny. Our blindfold test, however, revealed only that Miller's should be stored near the freezer and served very, very cold. Number five nationally. **B**

Munich (Cranston, Rhode Island) Falstaff cheapo. Bottle label features misspelling. **C-minus**

National Bohemian Light Beer (Baltimore, Maryland) It definitely does not let down the good family name. It's clean and pleasant but not innocuous, with a slightly penetrating aftertaste. It generally placed high on taste tests, to discriminating judges and against stiff competition. We unfairly continue to measure it against the premium. **B**

National Premium (Baltimore, Maryland) For some time, we were convinced that this European-slanted beer with the conglomerate name and the water from Baltimore's city water system was the

THE TRANSOCEANIC GUZZLE: A brief look at the imports

While usually more bitter and sometimes sweeter than American beer, the imports—particularly the Europeans—are best distinguished by their substantiality, a quality referring, in crudest terms, to the stuff you're left with when the chill is gone. Imported beers are liable to arrive in slightly altered condition, as shipping trauma and rumored concessions to the American market may, indeed, affect the taste. Still, one must assume that memories of superior on-location foreign beers may well have less to do with real differences than with the thirsty-traveler syndrome, which can happen anywhere.

Beck's (Bremen, West Germany) A weighty, bittersweet concoction that holds its flavor down through warmth but leaves you wondering whether that's a virtue. This beer is so overbearing that bad-mouthing it seems risky. There are self-appointed *aficionados* who swear even by its Plutonian dark version, but by normal American standards, we think it's too eccentric for unqualified approbation. **B-plus**

Carlsberg (Copenhagen, Denmark) Carlsberg's unique, but not for the best reasons. Although interestingly dry at freezing temperature, Carlsberg soon becomes thinner and sourer than the other Europeans. **B**

Dos Equis (Mexico) XX, one of the two leading Mexican imports, has a deep amber color, a strong, distinctive flavor and about four times the glass life of the blond Carta Blanca. Well-tempered bitterness and substantial body. Will get you drunk. **B-plus**

Heineken (Holland) Heineken *is* European beer in many bars and supermarkets this side of the Atlantic and, though against Löwenbräu and Würzburger it falls somewhat short on definition, its popularity is no indication of American gullibility. This beer does what European beers are supposed to do: keeps your tongue busy. Its sharp, cool, bitter flavor is modulated with a tangy one, and its body is vibrantly light. We found, incidentally, that, serving suggestion notwithstanding (45 to 50 degrees), we liked Heineken best the way we drank it in Amsterdam, ice-cold. **A-minus**

Kirin (Japan) Don't expect this to taste exotic just because it's made from rice—read a Budweiser label lately? It does taste zingy and refreshing and is clearly a quality beer but not one of the greats. The slight bitterness is only slightly interesting, and even Kirin admirers admit that it flirts with pissiness. **B**

Labatt "Blue" (Canada) We used to marvel mildly over Labatt "Green," which we now discover to be an ale that tastes like a beer, a not-quite-Bud-class beer at that. The "Blue" is worse. Outleagued. **C-plus**

Löwenbräu (Munich, West Germany) People who love Löwenbräu talk about it the way mountain climbers talk about mountains. The name means "Lion's Brew," and it's an impressive, unmistakable and distracting beer. You don't just toss down a glass of Löwenbräu. Of all the European beers, which often seem less drink than food, Löwenbräu is the foodiest. It has enough bitterness to make you cringe, sunk into a heavily sweet flavor, but that flavor is also full and the body very robust. We're impressed. We'd just rather drink one of those dry Würzburgers. **A-minus**

Red Stripe (Jamaica) The only import in the superlight category. If you've ever gotten hot in Jamaica, where Red Stripe is sold in vending machines for about 20 cents for 12 ounces, you can understand why—this beer is so smooth, so clear, so clean that it's a better means of rapid rehydration than water. Back in the nontropical U.S.A., where the hassle of tracking the stuff down is equaled only by the shock of paying for it (10 ounces cost us $1.50 in a high-priced Jamaican restaurant), some of the charm disappears. Still, rather remarkable. **B-plus**

Ringnes Special (Oslo, Norway) Currently available in East Coast supermarkets at a special price, Ringnes Special is probably the best import bargain around, and plenty of people actually prefer it to the heavies because it tastes clean and crisp as well as full-bodied. The flavor does lose class as it sits, though. **B-plus**

Whitbread (London, England) The English, who—whatever they tell you—don't get summer, thaw out year round with strong, flat, slightly sweet, unchilled (who needs it?), bitter beer that, like the weather, takes some adjusting to. One of us had already adjusted (to the beer—even the English never adjust to the weather) and relished Whitbread as a thick, malty, slow-drinking beer. The other found Whitbread, like sourish Watney's, devoid of appeal. **B-plus**

Würzburger (Würzburg, West Germany) An American's European beer. Not at all overwhelming but by no means emasculated. Dry, sharp, foamy, complex, subtle. Winner of the 1971 *New York Magazine* beer survey. The svelte gold-foil-topped bottle (slimmer than Löwenbräu's) is also notably lovely. **A**

GREAT GULP *New Yorkers proudly cite Piels as the worst standard-brand beer in the country, although Bostonians opt for Narragansett and San Franciscans for Lucky Lager.*

best in America. National Premium not only scored consistently well against all American premiums, it held its own in blindfold tests against the best European labels. Dry, pleasurable to contemplate—particularly at warmer temperatures—with distinctive but not weirdo minty bitterness, and very clean and light, National Premium seemed to offer the best aspects of both European and American beer. We'd still like to think that's true. But alas, after our free samples ran out, the bottles we bought in the real world (from our local supermarket) were so stale and inferior that we felt compelled to qualify our judgment. **A-minus**

Olympia (Olympia, Washington) Very clean, quenching and inoffensive, with no describable flavor to distract the drinker from his appointed round, and the next round, and the next. If Budweiser succeeds by being all beers to all men, this succeeds by being all light beers to all men. Does that mean women will like it more? **B**

Ortlieb (Philadelphia, Pennsylvania) A slightly better than average beer—it has a little sparkle. The bottled is creamier than the canned, the draught grainier than the regular, but on the whole, not much difference among the lot. **C-plus**

Pabst Blue Ribbon (Newark, New Jersey) Since Pabst is doing so well (number three nationally), why not support your local C beer? The only reason to drink Pabst is if you like yours sweet or can get hold of Pabst dark draught, which is delicious. **C**

Pearl (San Antonio, Texas) There is definitely something fresh about this beer—after all, Pearl took Schlitz to court for crowding its market—but it has never tasted as good in our kitchen as it did when we first tried it in Big Bend National Park. **C-plus**

Piels (Willimansett, Massachusetts) New Yorkers proudly cite Piels as the worst standard-brand beer in the country, although Bostonians opt for Narragansett (which is in the running) and San Franciscans for Lucky Lager (which isn't). Jerry Della Femina says the one problem with those great Bert and Harry ads—which you don't see anymore—was that they encouraged people to notice the stuff, whereupon sales went down. Less of that stale balsa taste in the canned draught version but not enough to justify the price differential to anyone who can subtract. **D-plus/C-minus**

Prior Golden Light Beer (Schmidt, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania) This one is rich, though with a decided middle-range tone in taste. Not so the Double Dark, a dessert-rich beer with a thick, creamy head and burnt-caramel flavor. The Double Dark is so sweet that even the old dregs are drinkable. **B**

Rainier (Seattle, Washington) We've never tasted moss but still think this tastes mossy. Otherwise, lightly palatable. Better in bottles. **C-plus**

Rheingold (Brooklyn, New York) Rheingold frequently inspires a New York passion unequal to the objective demands of the blindfold test; it can taste pretty sour. But at least you're sure it's there. You can't say that much of the one other remaining New York beer, Schaefer, which the tinny flavor of cans actually improves. **C**

Rolling Rock (Latrobe, Pennsylvania) Another beer of East Coast myth. Fresh and in bottles, it quenches with an admirable zesty bite. In cans or after a few weeks in the refrigerator, it starts to taste like a cheapo. **B**

Royal Amber (Wiedemann/Heileman, Newport, Kentucky) Five out of six blindfold tasters preferred Royal Amber to Carlsberg, Löwenbräu and Heineken, calling it dry, crispy, tangy, smooth. We found it almost like two beers: The light foretaste in no way prepares the palate for the bittersweet afterbite that takes over as it warms in the glass. A few other American beers hold up when the chill wears off—this one actually gets better. **A**

Schaefer (New York, New York) Number seven nationally. See Genesee, Rheingold. **C-minus**

Schlitz (Winston-Salem, North Carolina) Schlitz and Anheuser-Busch have been taking turns at first place in national sales for years, but while Budweiser can boast at least respect for the great cross section to which it appeals, Schlitz just has superefficient plants. Impressively inconsistent for a product of its distribution, Schlitz won one blindfold test against Bud (out of five) and lost one to Munich. At its worst, offensive, with an aftertaste strangely like deviled ham; at best, soft and nicely bland. **C**

Schmidt's (Philadelphia, Pennsylvania) A cleaner C beer than Pabst, a less flavorful one than Schlitz. **C**

Shopwell Premium (Colonial, Hammonton, New Jersey) As with all house brands, the first virtue of supermarket beer is bulk-order economy. But whereas Ann Page jams and Jerseymaid yogurt also taste good, all the supermarket beers we've sampled are best consumed quickly, very cold and under pressure of great thirst. This one was made in a brewery in New Jersey that Shopwell refused to name and told us was in Pennsylvania, doubtless for fear of reprisals. From the taste, we figure it's economical because it uses a lot of water and we daren't imagine what kind of grain. It's called "Premium" because words are cheap. **D-plus**

Stegmaier (Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania) After an evening of good beers, we tried this Pennsylvania cheapo, currently exported to New York. Our notation: "Aftertaste something like dirt." Three days later, very thirsty, we opened another can. It was OK. **C-minus**

Straub (St. Marys, Pennsylvania) At moments, we thought this was just wonderful and wrote down comments like "springy" and "soft-edged." Then at other times, like now, too drunk to know if we were more or less drunk than we had been the times before, we wondered what we could have meant. **B-minus**

Stroh's (Detroit, Michigan) The only beer in America brewed over a live flame. A friend from Detroit, who claimed it was swill, chose it blindfolded twice over both Bud and his supposed favorite. But a friend from Chicago, who had fallen in love with Stroh's during a summer in Detroit, rated it below Bud. We rank it above, one of the solidest large-circulation local beers in the country. **B**

Tuborg (Carling, Baltimore, Maryland) One victim of this survey was our preference for Tuborg. When Carling first began to brew the former Danish import, we thought it held up well enough, even in cans, but it simply has not done well on blindfold tests. Not as complex as National Premium, not as full as Andeker, and rather flat-tasting generally. Seems better in bottles. **B**

Walter's (Eau Claire, Wisconsin) This beer's immoderate delicacy evoked small cries of pleasure during blindfold tests. Even more delicate than Leinenkugel's, its local rival, Walter's is practically devoid of bitterness. Its taste—and smell—suggest honey. The result is mild enough to stay down a novice's gullet but dry and restrained enough not to embarrass the hardened. **A-minus** ▣

"Oh, come on, drop that tune about age. I know the only impediment is money, and you don't need to worry about that!"

WOMEN IN CRIME: EQUALITY ON THE WANTED LIST *If men could get along by screwing women for big bucks, you'd have considerably fewer men taking up burglary.*

(Continued from page 50) lib, Southerland and Cressey, in *Criminology*, show that countries leading in sexual equality also lead in unisex crime, almost proportionally. Then there's shrink Abraham Maslow's 1936 seminal study in which a clear correlation between criminal activity and dominance of personality was established. Crime was one of the two major expressions of dominance. The other? Sexuality! Indeed, Maslow found that high-dominance women were also highly sexually liberated—masturbating, experimenting, bed-and/or bi-hopping frequently and guiltlessly.

Women are now plumbers, carpenters, jockeys, sailors, coal miners, phone linepersons, cycle stunters, hard-hats, garbage collectors, prison guards, short-stops. Why not thugs, psychos, conpersons? Dr. Leon Salzman, Albert Einstein College of Medicine, in *The Nation*: "There is no biological reason for the female to be less aggressive than the male. It's just that being aggressive had no meaning in a woman's life until she had the possibilities a man has." Dr. Lewis A. Coser, Brandeis University sociology baron, in *Science & Psychoanalysis*: "To the extent that [women] no longer accept their lower status and compete for . . . a status more nearly equal to that of men . . . their crime rates approach the male rates."

More: Dr. Freda Adler, Temple University Health Sciences Center, in *Today's Health*: "As women become more involved in the world, as they achieve social roles comparable to those of men, they will be involved—they are involved—in comparable types of criminality." David A. Ward, in the report of the U. S. Commission on Violence: "The trend in violence by women is upward, and the rate may be accelerated as women become emancipated from traditional female-role requirements." Arrested woman demonstrator: "It's a heartening sign that the crime rate is up for women. The rage women feel is getting translated into some kind of action."

The concurrence overwhelms, becomes canon. Just as the girl takes up the ball bat in little league, so the woman learns how handily it will crack a skull. As surely as power corrupts, so is political clout an open invitation to the halls of graft, malfeasance and nepotism. Anybody capable of managing a middle-class home could fix oil prices and stiff the IRS without batting a lash.

But there are some weaknesses in the liberation-masculinization-criminalization theory. For openers, female crime is hardly new. The Amazon warriors of legend, Calamity Jane, *les partisans* of World War Two, the Cuban militiawomen, Eve, as in evil, the vessel of original sin—from Medusa to Ma Barker, women have been hustling for bad-ass parity with men. History's most notorious poisoner was Lucrezia Borgia. The name most synonymous with spy is Mata Hari. Winnie Ruth Judd invented the "trunk murder." Decapitation reeks of the feminine touch, from Salome to Queen Mary. The French even call the guillotine Madame.

One of humanity's oldest homicides, the *crime passionnel* (killing for love) is as solid a female stronghold as hooking. Jealous women have put more people away than polio. Edith Thompson, Ruth Ellis, Pauline Dubuisson—such ladies have done wonders for Smith & Wesson stock. In the Twenties, Margaret Sherman lured more than 100 men to her Chicago room for sex, then robbed them at gunpoint. Gladys Carlson, in 1931, aided her bank-robber husband by killing two cops. Buda Godman was a renowned extortionist and, for 16 years, the leader of the famous Tyson Hotel blackmail ring. One Depression-era teenager brainstormed a robbery band that worked from her plans while she baby-sat.

The combination of female dominance and male servitude has traditionally been as lethal as anything Nobel ever cooked up. Henry Judd Gray was a milk-toast corset salesman until he met the "Granite Woman," Ruth Snyder, who'd been looking for a good slave for ten years. "Oh, boy," said Ruth, and had Judd knock her husband out with a sash weight so that she could crush his skull, chloroform him and strangle him with framing wire. And Raymond Fernandez was just a smalltime con artist working rich widows until he ran into Martha Beck. "Where's your ambition?" she said. After that, they began snuffing out their victims. They were called the Lonely-hearts Killers. In his cell, Fernandez kept shaking his head.

In spite of the publicity the S.L.A. women received, women have always been political assassins par excellence, from the corrupt Roman empress Messalina to *Signora* Borgia to "Bloody" Mary, whose fancy for top-draw executions (Lady Jane Grey, Archbishop Cramner, et al.) made beheading a household word. Charlotte Corday so disagreed with Marat on political matters that she knifed him to death in his tub. When it comes to corruption, Nixon didn't pull anything that was news to Madam Nhu, Marie Antoinette or, for that matter, Cleopatra.

Women have always broken laws, insofar as they had the means to do so, and those means were pretty limited in the past. Behavior is a direct function of role, just as skill is of experience. What separates men criminals from women criminals is nothing more than opportunity and training. University of Hawaii professor Gene Kassebaum, in *Today's Health*: "Just as there were more job opportunities open to men, it was also true of criminal opportunities. A perfectly well-qualified girl was discriminated against if she wanted to be a car thief. No one taught her how." Well, she's learning. From 1960 to 1973, female auto theft rose 155 percent.

Boys go hunting with fathers, are sent to military academy, enlist, concentrate their early play on battles and are therefore likely to know how to acquire, clean and use guns, all of which has a lot more to do with one's committing armed robbery than your crotch, head or politics has. Women shoplift because women shop. The sex that gave us thallium poisoning also gave us *The Joy of Cooking*. (Poisoning, incidentally, has always been big with ladies. Forensic toxicologist Sir Bernard Spilsbury noted that poison's prolonged action "gives them a feeling of power. They can sit back like gods and watch it work.")

If men could get along by screwing women for big bucks, you'd have considerably fewer men taking up burglary, mugging and bank robbery. Conversely, if a lady down on her luck couldn't hustle her body for a fast sawbuck, well. . . . The difference between palm reading and stock manipulation is mostly one of accessibility, and we can expect that as women get into white collars, they will get into white-collar crimes. In fact, since 1960, their piece of larceny/theft action has grown from 23.1 percent to 31.5 percent; of forgery/counterfeiting, from 19.8 percent to 26.7 percent; of fraud, from 21.6 percent to 31.2 percent; and of embezzlement, from 19.4 percent to 23.7 percent.

Dr. Salzman's observations are *not* terribly comforting: "To be a criminal today, you no longer need muscles. You need finer, more sensitive skills, and a woman has these skills—more so than a man. Her capacity for planning is better and she's much more aware than the conventional criminal. The end product is devastating. Throughout America . . . they're becoming the brains behind operations."

But even this is not new. Kate Clark Barker was just another dumpy, motherly looking 63-year-old Ma Kettle, but her boys needed some help and

SMIRNOFF VODKA. 80 & 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FILS. (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN, INC.) HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

The Southpaw

(Smirnoff, cola and a squeeze of lemon.)

If America has a beverage to call its own, it must be cola. In fact, we took good old cola so for granted that in our search for interesting things to mix with Smirnoff, we overlooked it until now.

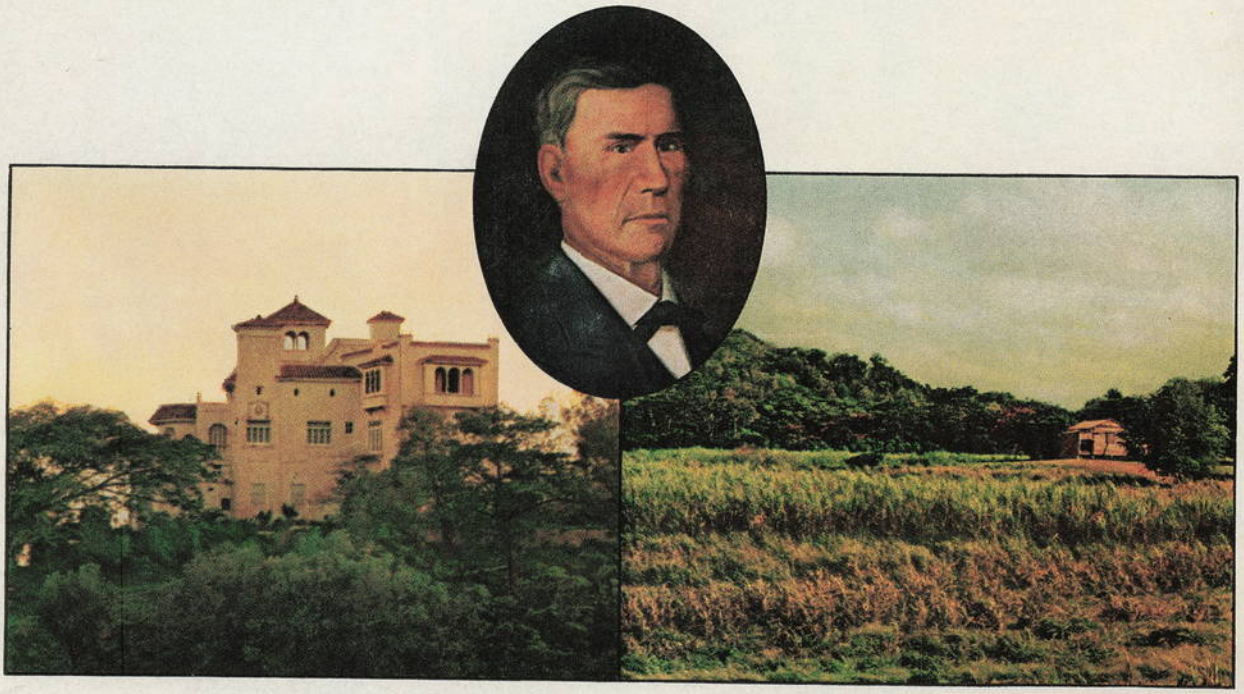
So it was with a sense of correcting this oversight that we mixed Smirnoff and cola, added a squeeze of lemon and dubbed it the Southpaw.

We hope you'll find the result as tasty as we do. But we might remind you, since there's a time and place for everything, that cola by itself tastes pretty good too.

To make a Southpaw, pour 1½ oz. of Smirnoff into a tall glass of ice, fill with cola and add a squeeze of lemon.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless®

BORN IN SPAIN. MADE IN PUERTO RICO.



We're not sure why Sebastian Serralles left the comfort of his family's Cataluna estate to come to an island in the West Indies.

All we know is that in 1830, this youth of 20—possessed of fine education, heir to a considerable fortune—stepped aboard a sailing vessel bound for Puerto Rico.

When he got there, he cleared a densely forested tract of land, and planted it with sugar cane.

It wasn't easy. Forests kept creeping back onto freshly cleared lands. Equipment rusted. Materials were hard to come by.

Somehow, he did it. But the most remarkable thing was not the change he had made in Puerto Rico, but the change Puerto Rico had made in him.

It had made the youth into a man.

His business grew. Some years later, with the delivery of a French-made copper still, it diversified. From then on, the Serralles' fields produced not only sugar, but rum, as well.

It was, and is a rum as remarkable as the man it is named for. And Serralles Don Q® Gold rum is still made by the descendants of Sebastian Serralles, from sugar cane grown on the lands he cleared over 130 years ago.

It is a rum made the only way a truly good gold rum can be made. Mellowed carefully in oak casks. And blended with all the skill the Serralles possess.

This is how Serralles Don Q Gold will always be made, even though times have changed since Sebastian's day.

You see, life in Puerto Rico may be easier now, but making a good gold rum is as difficult as ever.

Serralles Don Q® Gold, three years old, 80 proof. Produced by Destileria Serralles, Ponce, Puerto Rico, © 1974 Bottled by Don Q Imports, Hartford, Ct.

guidance in their line of work and she was so adept at organizing and planning, such an alert old thing. For 12 years, her boys cleaned out more Midwestern banks than did the 1929 crash. "A one-woman army against society," Hoover called her. When his G men finally blew her away, this kindly matron was holding $10,000 in big bills and a smoking caliber-.300 gas-operated machine gun.

The Ma Barkers of today—to wit, Bonnie Parker, Ulrike Meinhof and Andreas Baader, the operations of whose gang, sometimes 23 strong, included a string of bank robberies, car thefts, fire fights with cops, city-hall attacks, etc.—are simply more political. Meinhof, who began the gang by springing Baader from prison, assembled an arsenal and planned to hit the Bundeswehr arms depot, kidnap Willy Brandt and raid a prison by helicopter. In 1972, cops sealed Frankfurt as if with shellac and she got out. "We want to show that armed confrontation is feasible . . . to carry out actions where we win," said Ulrike Meinhof.

Bridget Rose Dugdale, Oxford grad, economics Ph.D. and heiress, was busted for a $200,000 job with a male friend. The judge gave *him* six years, *her* two years suspended and said, "I think the risk that you will ever again commit burglary or any dishonesty is extremely remote." In five months, she was wanted for gunrunning, I.R.A. terrorism, smuggling explosives, an attempted helicopter bombing of an Ulster police station, hijacking a cop car and directing the largest art theft in history—19 masterpieces by such artists as Goya, Gainsborough and Vermeer—valued at $20,000,000.

The belief that women are less physically dangerous than men can put you in the hospital faster than bad crank. Women comprise about 70 percent of karate classes. Although one might assume that an unarmed woman would be unable to physically harm a healthy, adult male, according to one study, more than half of women's assault victims were adult males. "Victims were incapacitated in some way—either ill, drunk, off guard or asleep—in 42 percent of the homicides [and] 38 percent of the assaults."

Margaret Mead points out: "Females have fought to save their young over the centuries. They have fought to kill. They have no built-in chivalry. They will be fiercer than the males, less amenable to rules, more likely to carry fighting to deadlier lengths." And Salzman assures us: "Because a woman doesn't have the same physical capabilities as a man, she has to resort to different methods. Instead of punching or hitting you over the head, she's likely to shoot or knife you. Women are also capable of the severest and most brutal actions—much more cold-blooded and far quicker to pick up a weapon than are men."

There is nothing inherently nonviolent about women—either physically, biologically, sexually, hormonally or psychologically. Culture has been the major restraining factor. The Government says that half of female murders and assaults involve such devices as kitchen utensils, ball bats, hand tools, sink pipes, knives or others to be found in or around the home—lye, gasoline, bottles, closet poles, steam irons, straight razors, garden hose and even women's shoes. This fact suggests that homicidal women are brutally resourceful and limited only by their environment. As women discover the vast galaxy of firearms, explosives, gases, strangulants, electrocutions, clubs, overdosages, accidents, collisions and projectile weapons—the infinitude of deadly tools and methods in the occupational world outside the home—they will have created the greatest potential for grief since smallpox.

From Edith De Rham's *How Could She Do That?*: "In July [1965], a 28-year-old forger, who had sawed her way out of a Connecticut jail, burst through the door of a motel in Idaho and fired wildly at local police and detectives with a gilded .30-caliber M-1 carbine specifically altered for use as a handgun with a pistol grip. The girl managed to wound several of her potential captors

GESCHEIDT'S WORLD

WOMEN IN CRIME: EQUALITY ON THE WANTED LIST *Murderesses have tended to commit their homicides in the home, victimizing mostly husbands, lovers and children.*

seriously." Inside her room, they found a loaded .38 snub nose, a .22, a .44-magnum semiautomatic, a tear-gas gun and enough ammunition to achieve zero-population growth.

Women criminals today seem to spark a special fear, fantasy and overreaction in male society. Angela Davis went on the top ten for a cheap accessory shot—and for being a black woman Commie. Susan Saxe and Katherine Ann Power, behind a routine bank job, no priors, went on for being "dedicated to attacking the U. S. military system and undermining police powers." Weatherperson Dohrn joined them for "interstate flight to avoid prosecution for mob action and violation of Federal anti-riot laws." She told people to throw rocks. We have one example of women felons seizing hostages for barter—the S.L.A., organized by, composed of and oriented primarily toward women, with Nancy Ling Perry its dialectician and Mizmoon Soltysik its tactician. It became a virtual dagger at the balls of cop ethic all along the West Coast. The L.A. police department merely poured 5000 rounds into them and then incinerated them. L.A. never even showed this much concern about the Mafia; but they knew a genuine bedrock threat when they saw it. *Incinerated!* Attica, by comparison, was an argument.

Elizabeth Janeway points out, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, that men don't fear equality *for* women, but equality *with* them—the end of our "man's world," being *treated like women*. The scenario is one of women "invading the corridors of power as if . . . they had a right to be there. But men have given up that right in return for . . . government by law as an acceptable bargain between the weak and the powerful. The idea that women are now refusing to accept this bargain acts as a . . . challenge to men. Either they too must revolt or they must acknowledge themselves lacking in the courage and ambition being shown by their traditionally inferior sisters."

Accordingly, women choosing the crime route can expect very little help: no preferential hiring, no trainee programs, no affirmative action in the shark tank of crime. Be she brains, stooge or henchperson, the lady wrongdoer can expect nothing more from America than the right to as much time as any man. In 1969, it was ruled that a woman whose husband committed tax fraud on a joint account was responsible for his debts. At the same time, it was ruled that women whose husbands had custody of the children but an inadequate income must pay child support. Equal rights necessarily involves equal wrongs.

But don't figure women to buckle or blow it in court. Ms. Susan Wall, 70, was nearly in the hot seat in 1968 but, at the last minute, conned the state's star witness into marriage and thus out of testifying. Case dismissed. And what of Betty Legg, who demanded that the insurance company pay off on the two $20,000 double-indemnity policies she had on her husband, as he had *accidentally* stopped one of the slugs she had let fly—just to scare him—upon finding him in bed with another woman. The jury agreed. She mourned all the way to the bank.

Even seasoned male criminals have suffered from underestimating the sisterhood. Dillinger, who caused some deaths and robbed banks, got as shot up as a road sign, while the lady who caused his death—and harbored wanted murderers—got everything but the key to the city.

Given the rise in women's crime, this kid-glove patronizing will diminish. As more women draw the slam, more will become professionally and irrevocably criminal. The President's commission compared robberies, assaults and murders between 1963 and 1968: "There was a tendency for the women in the 1968 group to play more *active* criminal roles."

Murderesses have tended to commit their homicides in the home, victimizing mostly husbands, lovers and children. It would seem that laws making divorce and abortion easier to obtain would have stemmed this activity; yet female murder/manslaughter has risen 17.7 percent over the past three years. Two studies of female assault and robbery convicts showed the "evidence of psychosis" to be less in 1968 than in 1963. Could these increasing felonies be rational, deliberate acts?

We have done a good deal of romancing about the "desperate woman" over the years.

Lizzie Borden took an ax
And gave her mother forty whacks.
When she saw what she had done
She gave her father forty-one.

Nobody made up rhymes about Richard Speck or Charlie Starkweather. But Bonnie Parker, Patty Hearst—great stuff. While she was on trial, murderess Ruth Snyder got 164 proposals. We get all excited when a woman is executed. Ruth's was the first electrocution photograph smuggled out of Sing Sing; it filled the *Daily News* front page. It was the gassing of Barbara Graham that doomed California's death penalty. She wrote a book, *I Want to Live*. Susan Hayward played her in the movie and got the best actress Oscar for it.

Various criminologists have attributed the women's crime boom to insanity, biology, ugliness, penis envy or nymphomania. Guess the sex of these criminologists. And although they recognize that liberation has extended opportunities to women in crime, they often ignore the fact that the prevailing motive behind female crime is the same as that behind male crime. It eventually seems to come down to the buck. Crime is the bottom line of the war against inflation, and while sexual/psychological factors determine the form of female criminality, its popularity and immediate causes are strictly economic. The fact is that poor women commit most female crimes, which usually center on acquiring money or goods. Six million women head households; 16,000,000 more are responsible for keeping their families over the poverty line. Depression plus the new liberation equals grocers wearing .45s.

People steal not because they want the freedom of thieves but because they need to have. The last big women's-crime boom—Parker, Barker, Godman et al.—coincided, you will recall, with the Depression. So what would you expect from Depression Two?

Says Janeway: "Most women workers are not out in man's world primarily to find self-fulfillment. They are working because their families need the money." Work sucks, and when women fight to get it, they're not thinking rights, politics, principles or lib; they're thinking dinner, kids, clothes, the dentist. Ditto crime.

What will the future bring? That, regrettably, depends on our lawmakers. If prostitution were legalized, it would not only cut the flow of women into the criminal subculture but also provide thousands of them with an immediate source of vital income. Similarly, the incidence of the lion's share of female murder/assault—child abuse—has been lowered by the increase in abortions, yet there are people running around trying to make abortion a crime again. We need more crimes something awful.

Adler expects women's versions of the Elks, Lions, Rotarians and Kiwanians to spring up as positive counterforces. Good luck, Dr. Adler, who also assures us that businesswomen are about as honest as businessmen.

We don't know whether or not crime will change women as much as women will change crime. We do know that liberation leads to crime only when it has nowhere else to lead. So, as for what tomorrow's trends, rates and types of crime will be, all we can do is quote Emma Goldman, anarchist and woman:

"A society gets all the criminals it deserves." ▣

HOW TO GET WARM

When you're scuba-diving in the arctic and the water's having trouble staying liquid, you need a recreation room on wheels that can drive right down to the beach and pick you up. Something like The Executive, a unique vehicle with a fiberglass hull handcrafted onto a Ford van chassis by young Chicago designer John Bucik. Once inside, tell him to drive south fast while you snuggle up to the gas fireplace and peel off that chilly costume.

First the jacket; then the pants . . . tell him to take it easy on the acceleration, you're trying to keep your balance back here. Mmmmm, that fire feels good. Now to get the legs out . . . oops! Those curves can throw you. Next you warm up all over, first in front, then behind.

After you're all toasty, you can duck into the shower, back there behind the mirror wall, and get a drink from the bar and watch TV. Aren't you glad OUI introduced you to John Bucik? He takes this bus everywhere. Last summer, he put it aboard the Queen Elizabeth II and went to England, where a pretty young hitchhiker hammered on the door until he let her in. "Say, are you Hugh Hefner?" she asked. "I'm sorry to say I'm not," John replied. "I don't even smoke a pipe." After that he drove along the Italian Riviera and toured the French wine country. He thought of filling the vehicle's water bed with young bordeaux, but it wouldn't travel well.

The only trouble John had was buying gas for the vehicle (two dollars a gallon in Italy) and causing traffic jams. Everywhere he went, people clustered around The Executive and tried to peer inside (the window panels are opaque and you can see out but not in).

Back in Chicago, Bucik is busy designing a two-man submarine that is styled much like The Executive.

Photography by Richard Fegley

WOMEN IN CRIME: THE I.R.A. *In 1972, Karen Cooper splattered ink on Prime Minister Edward Heath during a state visit to Brussels. "This is for your face, pig!" she screamed.*

(Continued from page 51) as the fanatical Countess Markiewicz, who took an active part in the 1916 uprising. In the past, I.R.A. women usually occupied the role of messenger, lookout or comforter.

But as the civil war in Northern Ireland intensified, women began to demonstrate talents other than banging dustbin lids, singing rebel songs and blowing whistles at the approach of British troops. They were equally adept, I.R.A. men learned, at bombing and hijacking, and no longer was "the colleen I adore" of the ballads waiting patiently for her man as the Sten guns rattled in the distance. The crowded cells of Armagh's women's prison are testimony to the change. (Women are becoming more active on the Protestant side of the clash as well. "A lot of our women are trained in gun warfare," Mrs. Norma Cairnduff, of the Ulster Defense Association's women's branch, said recently.)

In the Seventies, Ireland has seen the most violent acts by women revolutionaries, but the history of women revolutionaries in Europe is a long one. It was women who led the food-shop raids in Paris in 1871, prompting their trial prosecutor, Captain Jouenne, to remark that when a woman becomes an activist, "the nature of her influences change—she becomes a moral monstrosity. Then a woman is more dangerous than the most dangerous man." Ten years later, Sofia Perovskaya, a leader of Russia's People's Will faction, was found guilty of assassinating Czar Alexander II and publicly executed, a sign reading THE REGICIDE dangling from her neck.

In this century, the I.R.A. activity was predated by the Algerian liberation struggle of the Fifties, when Arab women discarded their veils and inhibitions to place bombs in French cafés and flirt with French soldiers to obtain military information. Gillo Pontecorvo's film *The Battle of Algiers* catalogs their exploits in detail. It drew large crowds in Ireland.

As Dolours and Marion Price finally faded from public view, other young Irishwomen rose to take their place. Marlene Coyle and Kiaran McMorrow were said to have planted bombs in shopping centers and railway stations throughout London. McMorrow was soon captured; Coyle is still at large.

Judith Teresa Ward, a 25-year-old former stablegirl, with the I.R.A. acronym hacked into her forearm, was an especially perplexing case for the British public. A former member of the British Women's Royal Army Corps, Ward had been seduced by the romantic aura of The Green, converted to Roman Catholicism and adopted the name Theresa O'Connell and an accent to match. In November 1974, Judith Ward was convicted of blowing up a bus on a British motorway, in which 12 people—servicemen and their families—were killed. "I've had my fun," Ward told the court that sentenced her to life plus 30 years. "Now other people can have theirs."

Ward's trial performance was matched by that of I.R.A. sympathizer Dr. Bridget Rose Dugdale, a 33-year-old millionaire's daughter, whose WANTED notices described her as "of masculine and untidy appearance" and whose current home is a Limerick jail cell. She was an unlikely revolutionary if her past was anything to go by: education at Miss Ironside's Private Academy for Girls, a year as a London debutante, study at St. Anne's College, Oxford, a teaching assistantship at Mount Holyoke in Massachusetts and employment in the Ministry of Overseas Development in London. An unlikely apprenticeship for a woman who was to mastermind a robbery of her family's country home, hire a helicopter and drop bombs on an Irish police station and finally steal a cool $20,000,000 worth of old masters from the Eire estate of Sir Alfred Beit.

At her first trial—for burglarizing the family home—Dr. Dugdale decried her father's wealth ("I love you—but I hate everything you stand for") and shouted demands for "class justice" when given a mild two-year probationary sentence (her colleagues received up to six years). The judge was less lenient when she appeared in court charged with the bombing and the art theft; but there was little change in Dugdale. She spent most of the trial with her feet propped casually against the dock's edge, and when her nine-year sentence was read, she leaped to her feet with shouts of "Up the Provos! Up the People's Army!"

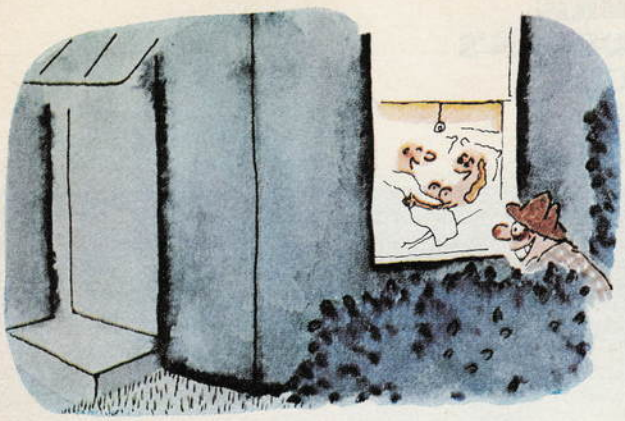
Although the Irishwomen and their sympathizers receive the blackest headlines, the I.R.A. is not the only spawning ground for female political terrorists in the Seventies. In Germany, Ulrike Meinhof, a 39-year-old journalist, gained notoriety as co-leader of the infamous Baader-Meinhof gang. In 1968, Meinhof was assigned to cover the trial of Andreas Baader and his Red Army Faction, a leftist group accused of burning down a Frankfurt store in protest against the Vietnam war. Meinhof became enamored of Baader's politics and personality, later helped him escape from prison and went with him to Jordan, where they received guerrilla training. Upon returning to West Germany, the couple and their followers carried out a series of highly publicized bank robberies and terrorist raids. In May 1972, an American Army base at Frankfurt was bombed, then the Munich police headquarters and another American base, at Heidelberg, where three U. S. soldiers were killed. The Baader-Meinhof gang was so successful at eluding capture that the head of West Germany's police felt compelled to go on national television to enlist the public's help in apprehending the self-styled "Marxist-Leninist avant-garde of the anti-imperialist struggle."

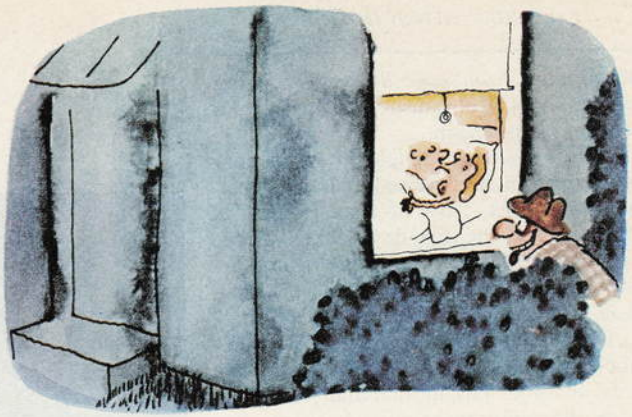
Meinhof is jailed now but not forgotten. When it was rumored in leftist circles that a prison doctor was going to operate on her brain to see if it was "out of action," the doctor's home was blasted with incendiary bombs. In November 1974, a social worker, Frau Undine Zuhlke, was arrested on suspicion of smuggling notes from Meinhof out of prison, notes allegedly relating to a political kidnap plot Meinhof was allegedly masterminding.

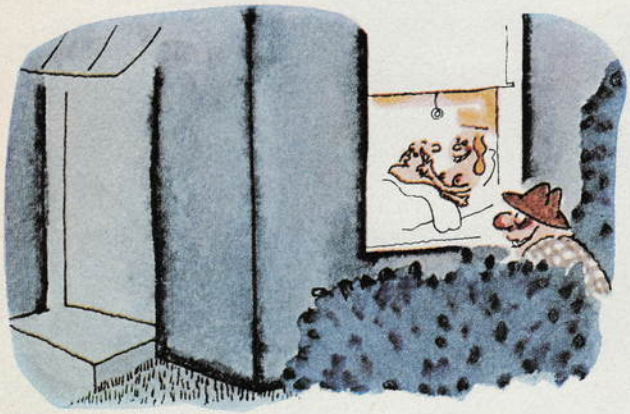
Other women have made briefer but no less spectacular appearances as terrorists. In 1970, a "sultry brunette," Palestinian Leila Khaled, was arrested in London for an attempted airplane hijacking—and quickly disappeared from a Britain not anxious to invite Arab terrorism as the price of her release. Briton Karen Cooper won herself a small blot on the pages of anarchist history in 1972 when she splattered ink on Prime Minister Edward Heath during a state visit to Brussels: "This is for your face, pig!" she screamed at the startled yachtsman. Also in 1972, Hilary Creek and Anna Mendleson, two girls described as "misguided members of the middle class," were given ten-year sentences for "conspiring to cause explosions" in what came to be known as the Stoke-Newington Eight case. And in 1973, an 18-year-old Los Angeles model, Alison Thompson, suddenly found herself labeled the Gun Girl when she was arrested at Heathrow Airport and five guns and 150 pounds of ammunition were found in her luggage; Ms. Thompson was subsequently released, but her two London contacts were jailed for conspiracy to kidnap a French-government official.

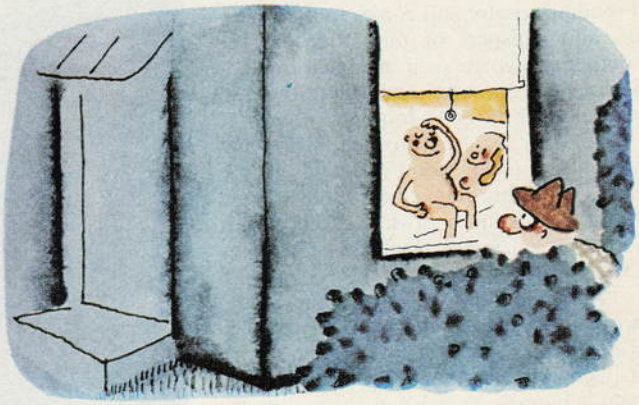
Neither the courts, the public nor the press have quite come to terms with the new female criminal. She is an elusive figure—a typist, a teacher or a stablegirl, a committed revolutionary or a middle-class adventurer—and there is no foretelling who she might be, this girl next door with a gun. The press, for its part, has wavered between terrormongering and salaciousness in treating such women: Are they bloodthirsty terrorists or latter-day Mata Haris? Do we concentrate on their 36-inch bust or their 9mm revolver? Do we paint them as frustrated lesbians or lovers loyal to their men?

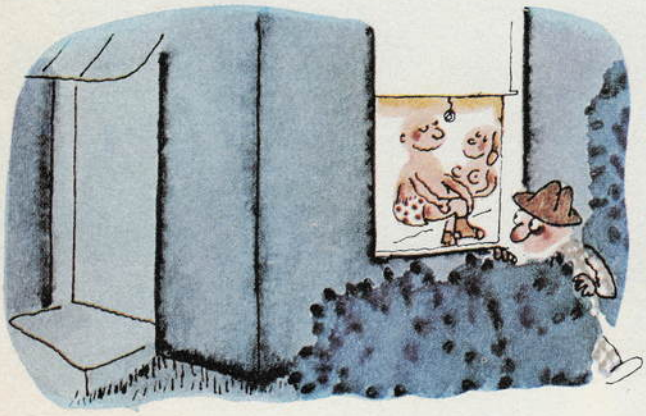
The police bomb squads of Europe have no time to ponder such weighty uncertainties. ▣

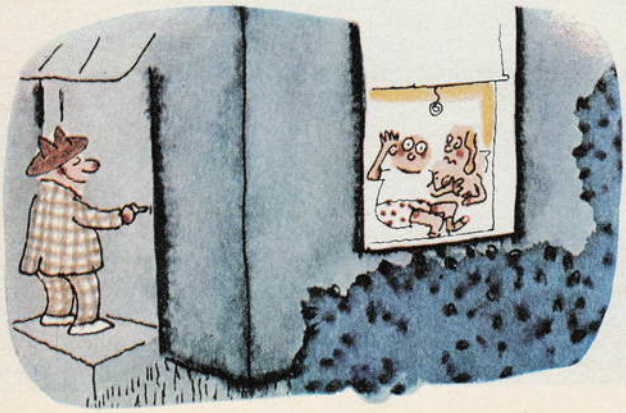












NITKA

CHRIS BURDEN AS SCULPTURE
". . . a scary attraction."

(Continued from page 86) of copping a feel." A playful sadism that inverts to a working masochism.

"Chris seems to delight in art dealers who rip him off," reveals Charles Hill, a fellow artist. "We became friends at the time of the five-day locker piece, because he was told I was going to slip lit matches through the slats. It wasn't true, but stuff like that intrigues him."

Deeper into Burden, there is a childhood trauma that goes back to his parents' divorce. His mother had retreated with the children to an island off the coast of Italy, where they lived with her peasant lover, a violent Communist with two fingers missing. Today, a Freudian specter still comes to the galleries and whispers of mutilation, of the mother's favorite son mangled by her jealous lover, who "accidentally" ran a truck over the boy's foot.

"I spent a year in bed with that wound, a little blood sausage in my foot. My brother and sister would bring friends up to gawk at it, because it just kept oozing. I was sort of a scary attraction.

"As a kid, I was always going to the hospital to get stitched up. I had this weird theory that if a lot of good things happened to me, then a lot of bad things would happen to balance them out. By the end of the month, if something terrible hadn't come down, I'd really get uptight."

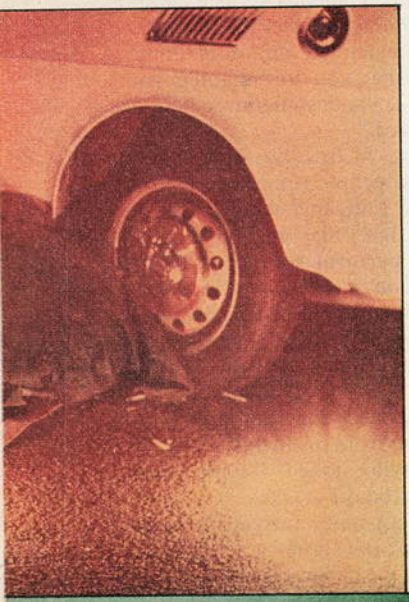
Today, at 29, Chris Burden is still fishing for that ace of spades. In the process, he's become a flaming star, whose course is diligently tracked by the culture crowd. This year, the National Endowment for the Arts granted him $7500, enabling him to set up an alternate studio in New York and publish a catalog of his work. Though nearly all his pieces were performed gratis for struggling artists' collectives, Burden has commanded $250 from museums (institutions, not audiences, pay) and recently, thanks to the *Shoot* publicity, his asking price has quadrupled—a more reasonable quotation for a timeless metaphor.

Before the N.E.A. grant came through, finances were sustained mostly by Barbara and somewhat by Chris, who taught conventional sculpture for three semesters at La Verne College. Like many conceptual artists—that is, artists with no visible object to market—Burden sells documents of his self-destruct sculptures: photos, lithographs of photos and the new catalog ($1000 hardcover, limited edition; $6 softcover). With the exception of the paperback catalog, these documents are expected to triple in value each year.

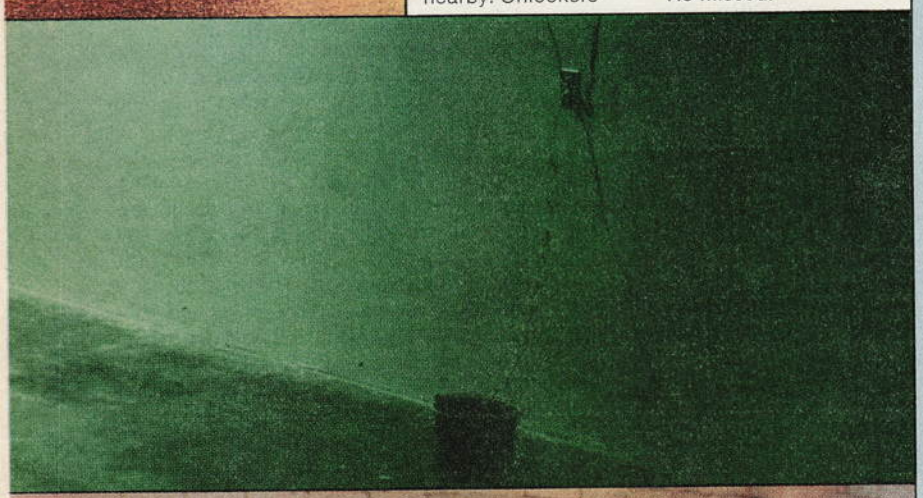
Though Burden has been picked up by highly reputable museums, just as

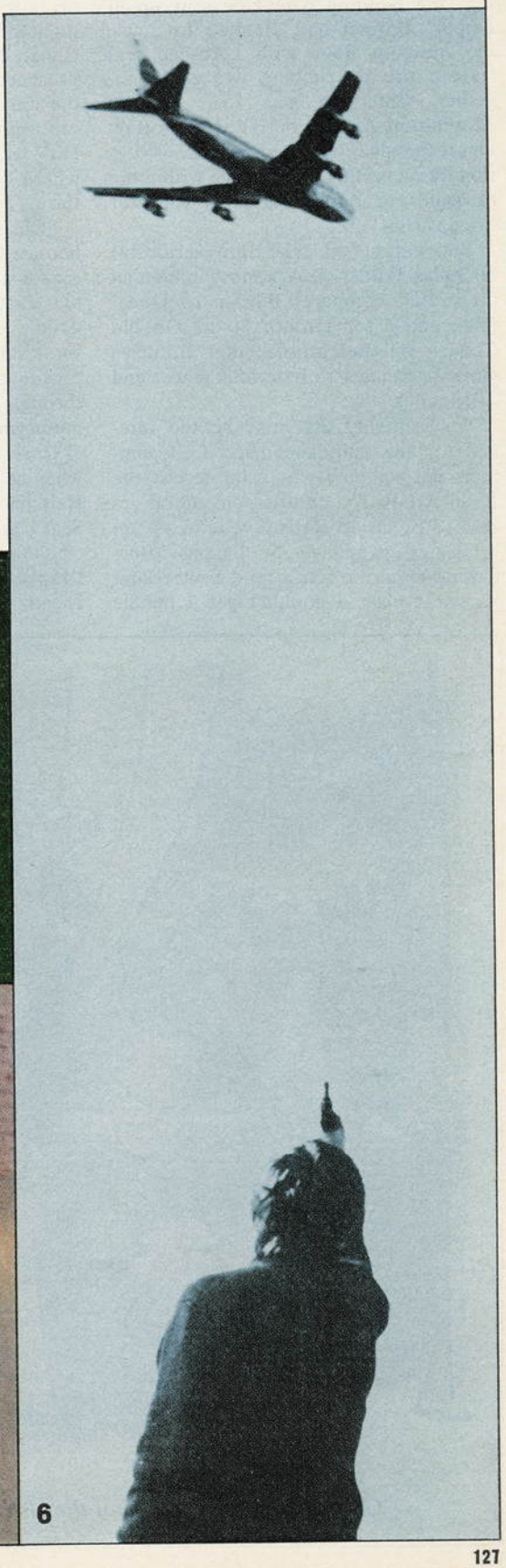
CHRIS BURDEN'S BODY OF ART

You may not know much about conceptual sculpture, but with works like these, it doesn't matter



(**1**) DOORWAY TO HEAVEN. In this piece, Chris Burden stood in front of his Venice, California, studio and pushed two live wires into his chest. They exploded when crossed, burning him. (**2**) DEADMAN. Burden covered himself with tarpaulin and lay down amid flares next to a car on La Cienega Boulevard. He was arrested for creating a false emergency, but the case was dismissed. (**3**) PRELUDE TO 220, OR 110. Burden was strapped to the floor with copper bands. Two buckets of water, each with a live 110-volt line, were placed nearby. Onlookers were advised to step carefully. They did. (**4**) THROUGH THE NIGHT SOFTLY. Holding his hands behind his back, Burden crawled through 50 feet of broken glass. (**5**) ICARUS. Naked, Burden entered his studio from a small room. Two assistants placed plate glass over his shoulders, doused it in gasoline, stood back and ignited it. Chris jumped up, causing the glass to crash on the floor. (**6**) 747. On a beach near Los Angeles International Airport, Burden fired several shots from a pistol at a Boeing 747. He missed.





6

CHRIS BURDEN AS SCULPTURE *He brought his knife smartly to her throat. He had planned, he announced, to make her perform obscene acts.*

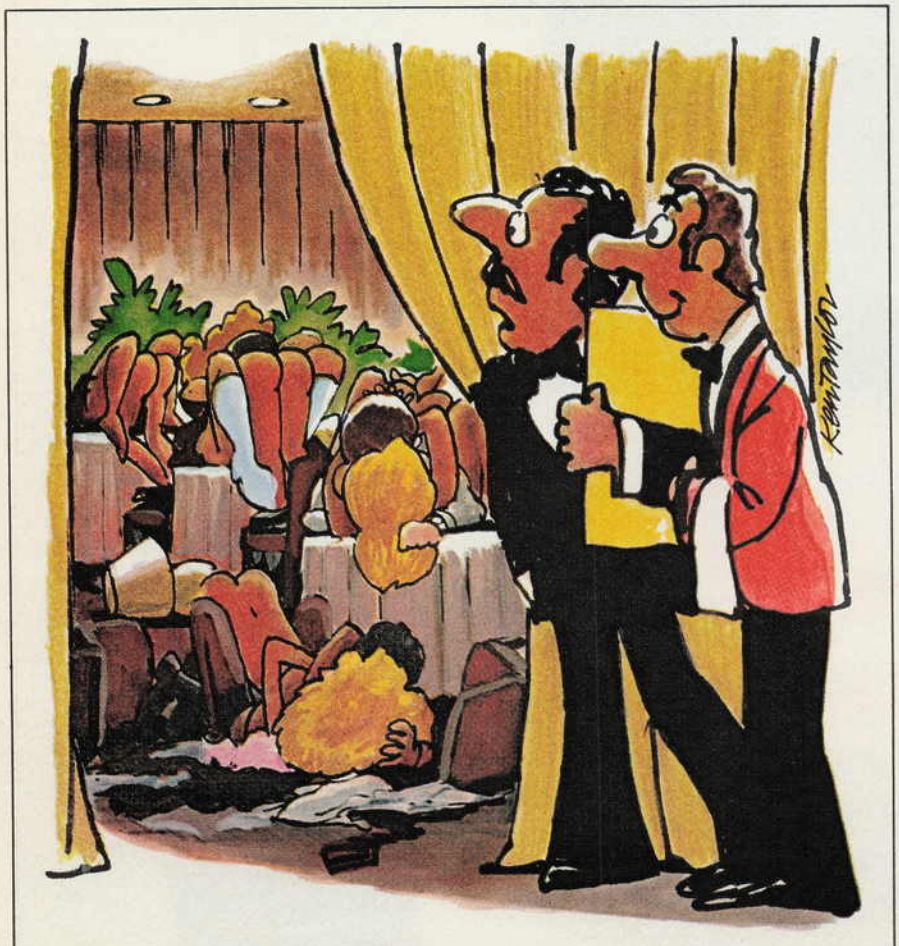
many have rejected him. The Newport Harbor Art Museum project was aborted at the last minute when it was feared that the building would be sent up in flames: Burden had planned to douse the museum floor with kerosene and start a fire by rubbing two sticks together. Similarly, the L.A. County Museum of Art was outraged when Burden responded to its performance invitation by requesting living space within the museum for himself and his wife for three weeks.

But almost all take him seriously: Nicholas Wilder, L.A.'s most influential art dealer, compares Burden to Donatello, and a top curator at the Oberlin College museum argues that Burden's work "emanates a mysterious power and spirituality."

A spirituality that may be too rarefied for the mundane man: Last summer, the sculptor was exhibited at the Basel Art Fair, a culture convention described by an art-festival veteran as "an art dealer's swap meet, but the pits!" Burden despised the fair, found Switzerland "a sweet place I couldn't get a handle on" and paced his hotel room all night before his strategy finally came together. What could be more fitting for this bogus art circus than to be kicked down a flight of stairs by your art dealer? His dealer, Ronald Feldman, considered the prospect for a while, suddenly fled to the loo and vomited. In the true show-must-go-on tradition, old friend Charles Hill was pulled from the side lines, where he was previously to photograph the event, and made star kicker:

"Chris loosened up on whiskey so he'd bounce better. I sent him down the terrazzo steps headfirst. He was bruised black and blue, but I wanted it to look good . . . for him. And, yeah, I got some satisfaction, 'cause Chris is always pissing people off." Hill had once gone through a windshield when Burden was at the wheel.

Chris likes to mention his smashups when he's zipping you down the freeway. He's had many, he murmurs modestly. Seat belt on? Which is beside the point, of course, because either way, you're strapped in as Joe Artist downshifts ahead, hinting at the precariousness of the death seat. This sort of mind control is the game Burden plays, the *idée fixe* smuggled from Artland to these ruder shores, what his friends term extending the limits. Ominous when the limits (and limbs) to be extended are yours. "Sometimes he pushes you to enlighten you," says Barbara, "and sometimes he's just being a bastard."



"Go back and find out what the chef's put in the soup."

EXHIBIT A: "Chris has this way of plugging into people's unconscious," admits Phyllis Lutjeans, who fell victim to exactly that. She had invited the sculptor to perform on her cable TV show, *All About Art*.

"Are you sure?" Burden cautioned. "Are you aware of the things I do?"

"Oh, yes," Phyllis replied. "Just do something."

Burden arrived for the taping with a dagger hung from his belt.

"Ah," Phyllis joked, "some bloodletting for us today?"

Chris did not smile. Instead, he tensely requested that the show be sent out live. At that hour, the cable station was broadcasting nothing more important than Muzak-accompanied community announcements, so his wish was realized.

"OK," began Phyllis, "what were you planning to do for us?"

Chris walked over, held her down by the hair and brought his knife smartly to her throat. He had planned, he announced, to make her perform obscene acts.

"At that moment, I knew terror," Lutjeans testifies. "The play had become real. I could see his wife in the audience turning white!"

The chaos accelerated as Burden meekly insisted, "I'm not really doing this, Phyllis. This is just what I *had planned* to do." Afterward, he intimated that the piece was designed to puncture the lady's naïveté.

"I was foolish to think Chris would spare me," confessed Lutjeans. "I had challenged him to make art. It's just that you never expect harm to come from someone you've known for a while, had to dinner and all."

The piece was called *TV Hijack*: Burden had pirated the airwaves on ransom of the moderator's neck.

The freeway rumbles beneath us. The horizon slices across heaven.

"I don't want to die," Chris says as he slides his pickup truck into the next lane, "I just want to come close."

In a way, he has. Last May, Burden tried to breathe underwater; two weeks later, his best friend drowned.

"It was weird. I had toyed with something that was about to kill my buddy. My fantasy was that water has a thick, velvety oxygen that I could accept if I relaxed enough. I figured at worst

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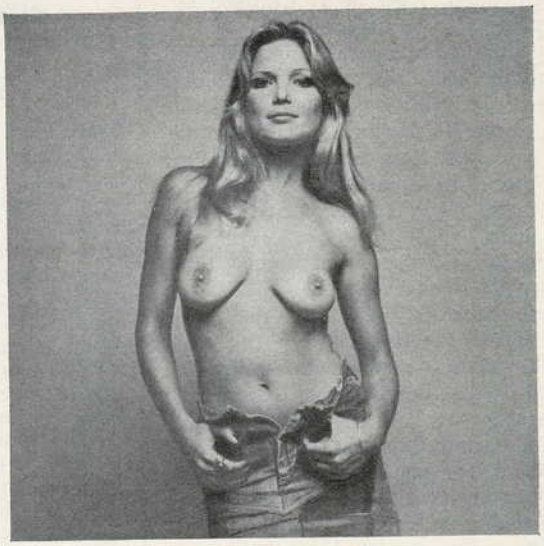

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I'd pass out." Chris only gagged and got nauseated. Now he is troubled by "creepy dreams" of his friend:

"In the dreams, he wants to exchange something with me, take me somewhere. . . . But look, man, I'm not about death. It's too limited. How would I top a suicide? Sometimes, though, I'm convinced I'm supposed to be an outlet for the death fantasies of all you journalists!"

Come on, Chris, it's not fantasy that your work tempts death.

"Sure, so does driving on the freeway." He steps on the gas.

Still, we must concede the point. In Burden's work, death (or disfigurement or paralysis) is only implied, a risk existing more in the mind than in actuality. When, for instance, the artist was shackled between two wires in water, a spill *might* have electrocuted him. But no spill, in fact, occurred. Burden knew enough about the temperament of gallerygoers to predict their caution. In this case, spectators had cleared the sculpture by 20 feet—a testament to the power of conceptual art, literally. Art that takes place in the mind.

"Why do writers ignore my *humorous* pieces?"

Name one.

He mentions a piece in which he emptied a pistol into the sky at a 747. "At the airport they have X-ray machines searching for bombs and guns. The humor is that here I am a mile and a half away, shooting the airplane anyway. If people are really into destruction, they'll get past the security check." Very funny.

Television events recur in Burden's fantasies, most spectacularly the time he paid a local TV station to run a ten-second clip of his belly-ripping crawl through glass: "Man, when I saw that ad coming out of the box, I was so jazzed. The whole trip was getting it on for a month. But money talks, right? I lucked out, got this guy that CBS had fired for riding a motorcycle or something, and, in a weird way, he could understand where I was at. So there I was every night, bleeding and groaning and reaching 2000 people at a crack. I know most people didn't understand it, but, like, it got into their brains. Because the important thing is not that art is so great to look at but that it changes your way of seeing. You look at the sky and say, 'Hey, that's an Olitski blue'; or you're eating a soggy hamburger and it changes into an Oldenburg. That's tough art, man. My art is tough, too. Not because I get kicked and crucified but because I change people inside."

We've arrived at Burden's studio,

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS RAW MEAT
correspondence from the *oui* archives, proving that chris burden isn't the only conceptual sculptor

Dear Sir:

I wonder if you could give me any information regarding the artist George Fox, who, I believe, was associated with OUI *magazine. Is he still with you? I last heard about him from a paragraph in an underground newspaper sent to me by a friend in San Francisco. It seems that George is experimenting in some avant-garde art genre, the subject of which, I am told, is the "aesthetics of destruction," and the culmination of his work in this field, as I understand it to be, is self-immolation by jumping into a vat of sulphuric acid.*

I have been out of touch with him for some years now and I cannot believe that he is involved in folly of this nature. I would very much like to have an address where I might reach him, or perhaps the name of anyone who could give me any information at all.

George is my only son, and as his mother, I am very distressed to hear these things. Please help me.

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) Alice Fox

Dear Mrs. Fox:

I am an art director on the staff of OUI magazine. Your letter was passed on to me for attention and I hope the following will be useful.

George Fox did, indeed, work for us about eight months ago, as an assistant in our art department, but his stay here was quite brief. I never got to know him personally, as he was a very rebellious, sometimes even abusive young man, given to moodiness and long sulking periods during which he would speak to no one, even when asked direct questions. This may be a disparaging thing to say to his mother, so please forgive me, but I did honestly try to befriend him during his stay with our magazine. He seemed to be lonely yet kept himself apart from his fellows. My efforts at conversation with him were usually rewarded only with abusive words or suggestions that I perform unusual physical acts upon myself. Yet he seemed deep and, I thought then, a person worth knowing, so I persevered. He had quite extraordinary habits. Some, regarding his personal hygiene, were nothing short of revolting. His beard was always matted and uncombed, and he obviously paid no attention at all to either the length or the cleanliness of his fingernails. I made the mistake of mentioning this to him and he flew into a rage, destroying in his fury the layouts for an entire issue of OUI. Fortunately, the articles editor had made photostats of them, or I fear George might have been released from employment at that time.

He dressed very unconventionally. He wore thick striped suspenders on the *outside* of a tweed jacket that he kept stuffed into his trousers. One day, he came to work wearing mirror-glass contact lenses, which gave him the appearance of having ball bearings for eyes. This was very unsettling for anyone who looked at him. Several people on the staff asked him to remove them but he wouldn't, and he came in with them for a week until I think even he wearied of the effect.

He did many such curious things. Practicing something outrageous for a week or so, then discarding the notion as quickly as it had come. I hope this is true of the venture you describe in your letter.

One day, there was a great furor at the office. Everyone was talking about it. George had a violent argument with the fiction editor about an illustration that had come in for a short story. The editor had seen fit to reject the illustration on the ground that although it was a very beautiful work, it was quite irrelevant to the story. George then yelled something to the effect that the illustration had more relevance to that story than the editor had to this planet. I was not there at the time, and the events were related to me later in the day by the nearly hysterical editor, who told me that George then proceeded to urinate on his desk and burn cigarette holes in the sleeve of his cashmere sports jacket.

George did not show up for work the next two days, and I thought he had perhaps saved us the embarrassment of asking him to leave. But, on Friday morning, he was back at his desk quite early, as if nothing had happened. The fiction editor, being a forgiving soul, asked us to overlook the incident, although, for the life of me, I can't think why.

George was not with us too long after that. His perverse nature had begun to be tiresome, and the tension he created in the office was not healthy for a magazine just starting out. We were outraged, one day, to find that he had glued the office cat to the center of a large canvas with epoxy resin. The animal's desperate cries and hisses aroused the sympathy of most of the people in the office, and even now, eight months later, the poor creature has a bald patch on its side where we had to cut it free.

Of course, George had not meant to harm the animal; in fact, he was distressed about it all. However, I am not sure whether his contrition stemmed from the plight of the cat or from our having thwarted his attempt at creating a new art form, which was his explanation.

In any case, that was the end. We could no longer put up with his eccentric behavior and most of us were glad to see him go. Including myself. Even though, as I said earlier, I was fascinated by him and have been interested in following his career since he left us.

George spent the next three months living with a sculptor friend on East 86th Street in New York, and during that period he worked erratically but produced a large

number of works in a style he called organic expressionism. This involved work with pigeon intestines. One such piece, a combination of pigeon intestines and broken glass in a clear-Plexiglas drum, is in the possession of Walter T. Avvery, a New York collector.

I believe that it was at this time that he became aware of the work of Chris Burden and also of David Slate, two artists belonging to a movement that is quickly gaining the attention of art critics both here and in Europe. They are perhaps the first true art martyrs (or, if you will forgive my opinion, the first true bloody fools) in history.

Slate systematically cuts large chunks of skin and flesh from his body and preserves the pieces, which are then mounted for exhibition, along with notes and other documents describing his technique. He has already had two one-man shows in a small downtown New York gallery, which he attended swathed in bloodstained bandages. His body, after not too much work, is already in a highly abbreviated state. I'm afraid that all this will soon result in his demise, but, as he told a reporter once, death is an art form, too. Burden, among other things, subjects his body to rifle shots and risks electrocution.

George was inspired by this to create his last visual piece—a systematic collage of eyes, which are incased in Plexiglas. He has an assortment of pigeon eyes, sheep eyes, dog eyes and cat eyes, and since he felt the need of a pair of human eyes to complete the work, I understand that he contributed his own.

I hope that this news does not upset you, Mrs. Fox. I know I was appalled to hear it, but I am assured that George is well and in high spirits despite his lack of sight. It was, after all, his own doing. He telephoned me from New York about two months ago and told me that he was fine and was planning a trip to Los Angeles to appear in what he said was going to be the most fantastic art event of the century. He wanted to know if our magazine would be interested in covering it; but, after a meeting with our editors, we declined, feeling that it was just another of George's outrageous schemes. I have since learned about his enterprise from a friend of mine—in fact, a journalist I once worked with on *Life* magazine—who is living in Los Angeles. George is appearing at a prominent Beverly Hills gallery in a show that is getting considerable coverage from the underground press. He is the star of the show. He has built a large platform of extremely thin wooden planks, beneath which is a large tank of sulphuric acid. There is a chair on the platform and George sits there and eats spaghetti three times a day. I am told that the floor can support a weight of 160 to 190 pounds, and at the beginning of the show three weeks ago, the combined weight of George and the chair was 157 pounds. But with his spaghetti diet, his weight is increasing about ten pounds per week and the inevitable catastrophe is in sight. Ten days ago, however, he had an inexplicable weight loss of one pound, three ounces, but I am told that it has since been made up. Tickets are being sold for this spectacle and the price of admission is increased by $10 per week. It started at $20 for the first week, and will go up to a maximum of $50 for the fourth and consecutive weeks, if any.

I hope this information will be of some use to you, Mrs. Fox, and if you do get to L.A. for the show, I would appreciate your letting me know the outcome.

Yours sincerely,

The above correspondence, so help us, was found in the OUI *offices during one of our rare cleanups. The author turns out to be the redoubtable Roy Carruthers, award-winning illustrator, whose pumpkin-headed figures have graced the pages of many major American magazines, including our own. When we questioned Carruthers about this opus, he admitted that he had written it one afternoon just for the fun of it and had then left an unsigned copy lying around our offices, hoping that someone would find it and believe it to be authentic. He assures us that it isn't.* ■

CHRIS BURDEN AS SCULPTURE *"Like 50 percent of American folklore is about people getting shot. Well, I had to be hit, just one drop of blood, a gesture, but I had to know the real thing."*

formerly JoJo's Hot Dog Stand, overlooking the nudist beach. Across the studio's boarded-up façade, someone has written, with unwitting aptness, TIME KILLS, and someone else has added—this seems more than coincidence—a cartoon of Christ carrying the cross. Christ's burden for Chris Burden, heir apparent to the martyr art of the 1400s: saints crucified upside down, battered by arrows, quartered by horses.

Before we can enter, Burden must jiggle several locks. His studio is in the thick of drug-hungry Venice. Not long ago, a heavy-fisted burglar on reds forced entry and pounded the artist's head in. True to form, Burden let his face swell to a monstrous intensity, then had his picture taken by his unofficial art photographer.

Inside, the studio is a blank white room. In the far corner, a wrestler's mat—the only seat in the house.

Once we're comfortable, Burden begins in his thin, reedy voice: "People think what they see hanging in a museum is art. That's just the residue, man. Art is the artist painting the painting. I've stripped it down to the basics, to the act, to me. I am the sculpture."

At the moment, the sculpture is sucking a joint, legs pretzeled, a chunky Buddha illuminated by the skylight overhead. Here, where junkies once scored between frankfurters, you are told to remove your shoes, drop no ashes. The white-floored, white-walled space houses Living Art. At least 90 percent of it does; Barbara (who usually pays the $80-a-month rent) is relegated to the minuscule back quarters, so minuscule, in fact, that her clothes, as well as the groceries, are stored in the slim bathroom. For Chris, solitude is imperative. Every day is spent alone, sitting and thinking, thinking and sitting. Accordingly, weight has settled in his posterior. Accordingly, he would rather have been a rock star; it's less fret.

"Why do I do it? To gain knowledge other people can't have. Like, 50 percent of American folklore is about people getting shot. Well, I had to be hit, just one drop of blood, a gesture, but I had to know the real thing. I'm always amazed at how far short the pain falls of what I imagined. But once you know . . . there's no point in ever getting shot again."

•

Burden never performs without exploring the performance area first. If a gallery happens to be a plane flight away, he will request ground plans and showroom photos. "Sculpture," he explains, "is a response to a specific space." Once, in a particularly serpentine gallery, he rode a bicycle on a winding line through and around the building. Another time, he was attracted to a canyon road and decided to block it with two flaming timber Xs.

Last September, in San Francisco, I witnessed Burden tailor a piece to a place. He performed at the Hansen-Fuller Gallery, which occupies the entire fifth floor of an office building. The gallery had been stripped to its white walls and charcoal carpet because Burden wanted spaciousness to contrast with the tight spot he would inhabit, a cubby corner facing the elevator. When the elevator doors parted, visitors were flush with the artist's predicament. He was sitting on a metal stool, on top of a pedestal. A sign read: I WILL SIT ON THIS CHAIR UNTIL I FALL OFF. The moment of truth would be photographed by a volunteer, waiting beside a 35mm camera on a tripod.

Burden went through a dozen volunteers before he toppled 43 hours later. The photo was properly snapped and his fallen body outlined in chalk. Inside the outline, the artist printed the word FOREVER. Forever because the chalk silhouette could be preserved forever (unlike the 43-hour sit and the split-second fall). In fact, the outline, the stool and the pedestal are now on sale for $1000. A radical about-face for an artist who previously got rid of all sculptural "residues." (After the motor crucifixion, the Volkswagen had been sold immediately not as an art object but at a $25 markdown! The unsuspecting buyer is probably still complaining about the holes in the roof.)

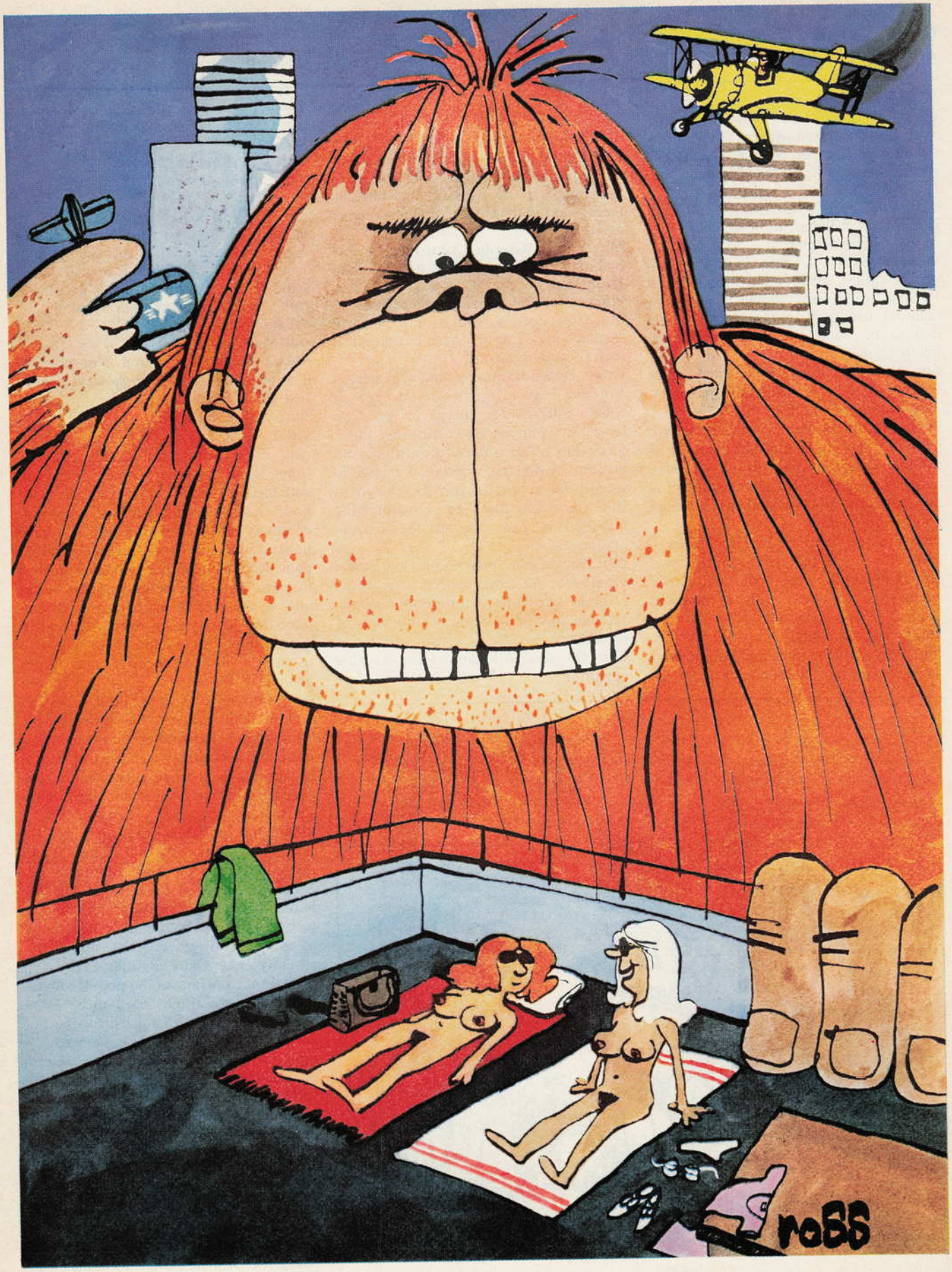
For Burden, the San Francisco "sit" was more than a pain in the ass. Even his lungs hurt. Yet the ordeal would be called a humorous piece, inspired by a museum trustee who had dismissed Burden as "a flagpole sitter." Certainly there were funny moments. Dressed in black, never speaking, gaze averted, Burden was playing the object, the vase about to slip. But when a blonde knockout in track shorts loped around the gallery, the object was not beyond sneaking a few red-blooded perusals. Another time, four savvy art students returned to snap Polaroids of one another beneath Burden, as if he were as mindless a backdrop as the corner bar. The average reaction was amused embarrassment; a few people were intimidated. Diana Fuller, co-owner of the gallery, had to give the artist her back whenever she waited for the elevator: "I felt *I* was invading *his* privacy." A darker moment was provided by the street artist who loudly mocked the proceedings: "He does that real well, that sitting there!" Burden remained as cool as marble, secretly fearing that the stool would be spitefully knocked over and his endurance feat ended by default.

He had stopped eating four days in advance; when water was offered to him the first night in the gallery, he drank, later sit-pissing it into a paper cup. By the second day, his face was lined, his hair clumped with sweat. He would rock forward sometimes, sometimes tilt from buttock to buttock. In the summery afternoon, when the gallery was overwarm, he might doze off for a minute, swaying slightly; conversations halted, visitors froze. Everyone became as spellbound as the volunteer holding the cable release.

Perhaps this is why Burden had specified that the camera be triggered by hand rather than by a mechanical device. To spotlight the spectator, emphasize the wait. You might start, say, by thinking the artist foolish, a dunce on a high chair in the corner. But you'd stick around, anyway, because he looked uncomfortable and sleepless and any minute he might. . . . There, that old blood lust was coming right up to the surface. Waiting becomes wanting; wanting becomes demanding; break neck, split head, make art! Burden says that art compels you to see; what I saw was that the guy at the camera was a proxy for me and all the other spectators, an ambassador of some universal sadism that roots for heroes to fall. And fall hard.

By the second evening, the artist was dreaming with his eyes open with hallucinations of dots, of prying searchlights, of a tug backward. Odds were he wouldn't last till dawn. Burden hoped he would collapse for the loyal girl who pulled the six-hour graveyard shift; he outlasted her. Instead, the sculpture crumbled at 5:25 A.M., when his wife was on guard duty. He landed on his side, still curved in sit position.

This was the second time Barbara had been instrumental to a piece against Chris's better judgment. The first time was when no one else would agree to be a nude target for matches he launched at random. Burden prefers to exclude Barbara from his work to prevent spectators from relating to them as husband and wife, rather than as artist and model. Nevertheless, Barbara is scheduled to play the wife role in a piece that promises to be Chris's most incredible. A close friend confides that the couple often discuss mutual sterilization. If this comes to pass, Burden will design a performance for himself, Barbara and gallery floor. Title: *Making a Baby.* ▣



"No one will bother us up here!"

GORE VIDAL *Technically, the sexual act with a stranger may not be the best, since there are still things to be worked out. But the male—and perhaps the female—is never so . . . well, focused.*

(Continued from page 82) But it's considerably diminished. Obviously, if I were really obsessed with earthly vanities, I would be back in New York, making speeches and going on television and running for office.

OUI: Would you be inclined, if you were in the United States, to be active in any of the gay movements?

VIDAL: I've always helped out. I've spoken at rallies, given them money. And I'm one of the few people who get on national television and say it's as normal to be homosexual as it is to be heterosexual.

OUI: You once facetiously talked about being dictator and realigning the sexes. How would you do it?

VIDAL: That was Myra, not me. Believe it or not, my characters are made up. I would change sexual *attitudes*; make people understand that any sexual act is equal to any other sexual act, nothing good, nothing bad.

OUI: Are you like Eric in *Two Sisters*—your only novel that you admitted was quite autobiographical—who said that he would like a harem with a thousand bodies?

VIDAL: Yes, probably.

OUI: Why do you think that people who like sex want more than one partner?

VIDAL: How many times can that one body excite you? There's a whole thing of tactile discovery with a new body. Technically, the sexual act with a stranger may not be the best, since there are still things to be worked out, but the male—and perhaps the female—is never again so . . . well, focused.

OUI: You've described yourself as a formal man and yet you have also espoused group sex.

VIDAL: Nothing *in*formal about that!

OUI: How does a formal man perform sexually in a group? Aren't orgies less than formal occasions?

VIDAL: Depends on who's the orgymaster. You can have a formal sort of orgy, in which patterns are made, or you can have just your average California mess. Since I'm of an orderly disposition and given to symmetry, whatever I engage in usually *has* a sort of formal tone to it. But the idea that sex is something *in*formal is just one of the current madnesses.

OUI: Do you go to many orgies any more?

VIDAL: No, but group sex has a great use, I think, particularly for young people. It's one way of working out all sorts of problems.

OUI: Do you still have a keen sexual appetite?

"And I say your caddie is trying to distract me!"

VIDAL: Sophocles said, at 80, "I am at last free of a cruel and insane master." Well, I've 31 years to go.

OUI: You should be fairly busy.

VIDAL: Well, in youth, I never missed a trick.

OUI: Are you proud of that?

VIDAL: Yes. Because I think most people spend most of their lives saying, Oh, Jesus! If only I'd done this or that. Well, I did my best to do both this and that.

OUI: You mean you tried everything?

VIDAL: I tried everything.

OUI: Men, women?

VIDAL: Not small children. Not animals. The vegetable kingdom, however, once had great fascination for me.

OUI: Are you bisexual?

VIDAL: Everybody is bisexual. In practice, some people are exclusively one thing, some the other; some swing back and forth. Anyone who has observed a boys' school or a prison or an Army company or the crew of a ship will have noticed that, given the right situation, men have sex together with the greatest of ease. This is the perennial male secret and, in the eyes of the heterosexual dictatorship, it is treason ever to reveal it. Now women are beginning to report to us on the joys of sorority, and things change.

OUI: You have written, both in essays and in fiction, about the warrior as a homosexual. Do soldiers indulge in homosexual acts simply because of physical proximity, or is there a connection between the warrior spirit and the homosexual act?

VIDAL: It's probably just proximity. Bisexual high-jinks. Sexual relief. I do think that anybody who voluntarily becomes a professional soldier or sailor or baseball player obviously prefers men to women. I've been told of a new book by a baseball player that reads, apparently, like Clare Boothe Luce in a jockstrap. Contrary to the popular myth, full-time homosexuals tend to be more masculine than their hetero brothers. For an obvious reason: To like women, you must have some likeness, some resemblance. Certain men are so entirely absorbed by the idea, the essence of masculinity, that women don't appeal to them—too unlike. I've noticed that the really devoted womanizers often have rather feminine traits and responses. Mick Jagger delights in coming on as a far-out fag, as did my old friend the late Laurence Harvey, in order to resemble what most turns him on, the opposite sex. Not that there wasn't a bit of bi going on in Larry's case, but only because he had an adventurous nature.

OUI: If the natural state for all of us is

bisexuality, isn't homosexuality just as unnatural as heterosexuality?

VIDAL: They're both natural. Why is either unnatural?

OUI: And to be one or the other exclusively?

VIDAL: That's simply to be limited. Most of us *are* limited, however—usually due to circumstances.

OUI: In *Two Sisters*, you wrote: "Love affairs can only take place after the act, in memory, at a decent remove from urgent flesh, and that colliding of masks that seldom does more than ameliorate the fact that two hostile and alien yet so similar wills. . . ." Aren't you saying that a love affair must be free of intimacy and quite narcissistic?

VIDAL: What is intimacy and what is narcissism? The passage you quote simply acknowledges that every love affair is doomed the moment it begins, since it is based on a series of misapprehensions.

OUI: What are those misapprehensions?

VIDAL: That the other person is the dream complement of oneself. The other person is not; the other person is himself. Few people can deal with this reality. The ancients were more sensible. Since no one had told them about romantic love—that was a medieval concept made sickly by the 19th Century—the Greeks and the Romans acknowledged only the force of lust. They thought exaggerated lust unseemly—an illness to be treated comically, like Aristophanes, or, like Euripides, tragically. Romantic love is a recent aberration of the comfortable middle class. Marvin and Madge forever and ever loving, warm, mature. . . .

OUI: Is sex, then, an attempt to overpower the other person?

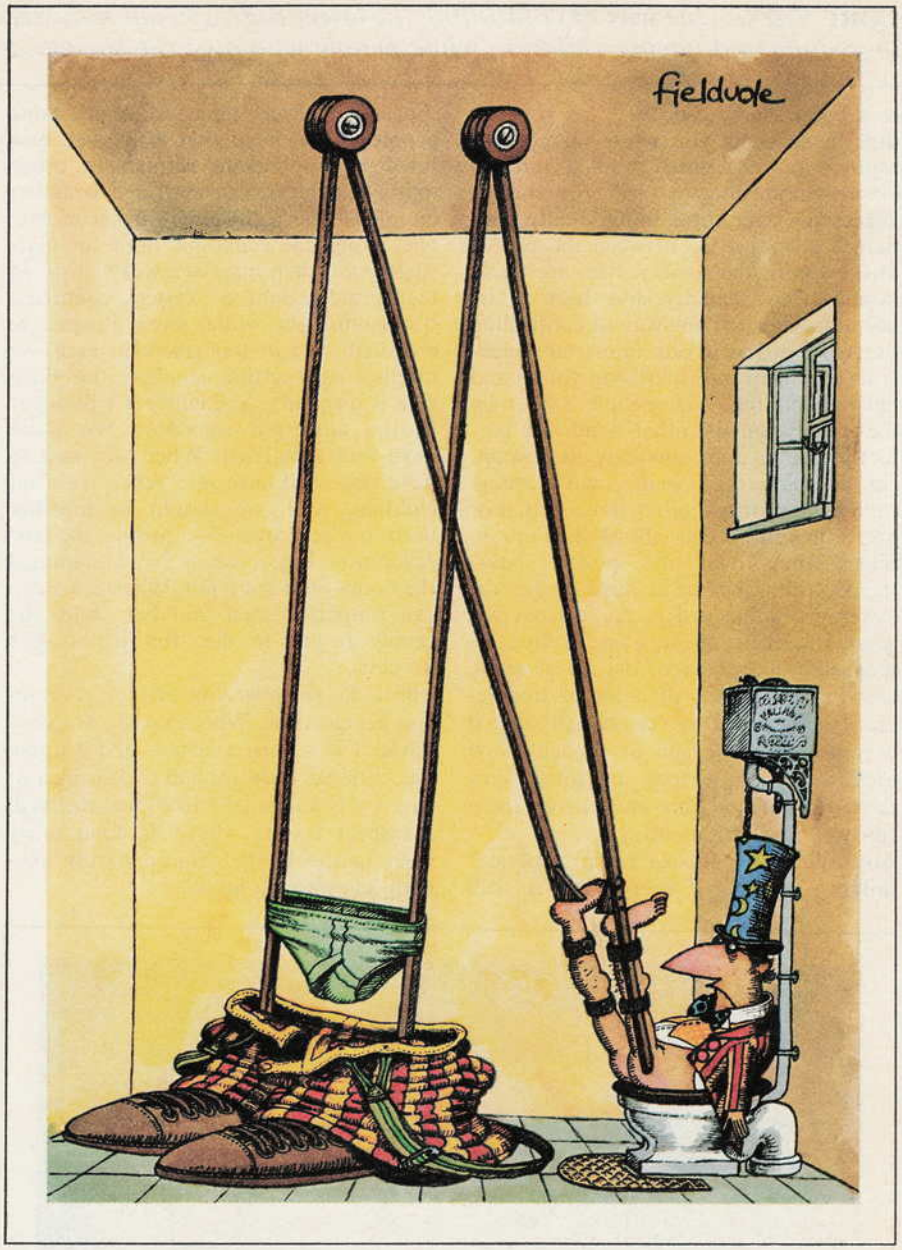
VIDAL: There's that aspect of it—particularly male with female. Some psychologists are beginning to note that aggressivity on the part of the liberated woman today is making the male impotent. If this is true, then male aggressivity is either something innate or learned, a part of the male-centered and -dominated society.

OUI: Which do you think it is?

VIDAL: I don't know. Probably a bit of both. It's a fact that males are larger than females. This means they can subdue smaller, unwilling creatures and do—male as well as female.

OUI: Do males enjoy dominating one another?

VIDAL: Sometimes. Although sex between two males of—shall we say, in the old-fashioned sense of the word—equal masculinity is of enormous kinetic intensity—like a lightning storm—and since the act is not procreative, it is exciting for its own self, or, to use that word Norman Mailer always misuses, existential. The dictatorship worries a good deal about all this, and to discourage homo or bisexual activity, it has put it about that a man who wants



sex with another man is really a woman, and to the red-blooded American hetero, it is almost worse to be a woman than to be a fag. Certainly, in its eyes, any man who wants to behave like a woman is betraying the dictatorship. This is all nonsense, of course, because men who like men never think of themselves as women. There is no activity more classically masculine than sex with your own kind. Those men who change their sex through surgery or like to live *en travestie* are something else again. A small category of misplaced identities.

OUI: In your life, have you found a sexual relationship with a woman less exciting than with a man?

VIDAL: You don't have sex with Woman or Man. You have sex with Jack or Jill. With people. Jill may be more soothing on Tuesday. Jack on Wednesday.

OUI: Do you have sex with women any more?

VIDAL: It should be plain to the reader that you and I are not having sex! Heterosexual is an adjective describing man/woman sex. In the act, one is heterosexual. Once the act is over, one is nothing. You and I sitting here are not hetero, homo or bi; we are simply people talking. Later, of course. . . .

OUI: Do you think pornography, which we are seeing more of, is good for us?

VIDAL: Yes, it's an aid to masturbation. I think it's particularly useful for the young, to educate them, to find out what it is that turns them on—also, to learn what an extraordinary variety there is in the world. The heterosexual dictatorship in this country requires us to marry early and have lots of babies—and everything else is, as Mailer would say, dirty. This is not true. When I see movies that are not allowed to those under 18—most of them shouldn't be

GORE VIDAL *One way of controlling the lower orders in our industrial society is to con them into marrying young and having children, while people who own the society are free to fuck anybody they want.*

seen by anybody *over* 18.

OUI: In an essay you wrote on pornography, you described it as a middle-class phenomenon.

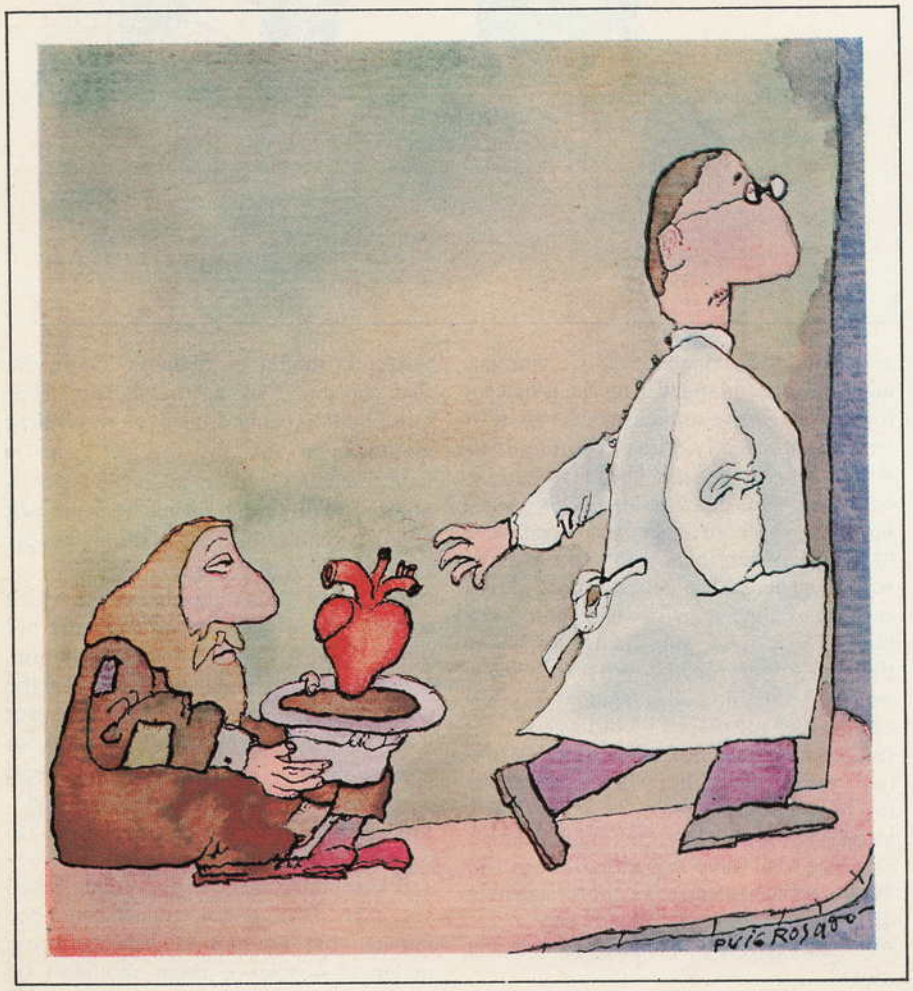
VIDAL: It's a cultural thing, really, and there's always a lag between the people at the top of the society, who are traditionally freer sexually, and those at the bottom. After all, one way of controlling the lower orders in our industrial society is to con them into marrying young and having children. The people who *own* the society, on the other hand, are perfectly free to fuck anybody they want, eat anything they want, read pornography, take drugs, what have you. For one thing, they can afford it. For another, they own the police. Now, thanks to that beautiful word media, the lower economic orders are discovering what fun their masters are having. A magazine like *Playgirl* is, in a sense, blowing the minds of a lot of middle-class women who never thought they'd ever see a photograph of a cock. Now they're getting a look at some very famous ones and this must make them fairly . . . well, thoughtful.

OUI: What still shocks us in America?

VIDAL: At heart, everybody is still shocked by everything. After all, most people still believe that man was destined to impregnate woman in order to have babies. Yet marriage is not a biological necessity, it's an economic one. When the economic *need* for marriage goes, then marriage will vanish. In highly industrialized Western countries, it's beginning to wither away. People are crowded, live in too small an area. So families are getting smaller; the birth rate is dropping. Suddenly, it will occur to the advanced societies: We don't have to get married! When we want to have sex, we'll have sex. When we want children, well, we should be together until they're grown. Meanwhile, the true revolution began when Nora slammed the door—and got a job. When a woman can support herself and her child, the family begins to die. But it's a slow process.

OUI: Let's see how you fit into your social perspectives. Who, exactly, are you?

VIDAL: I was born a critic—and a tough one, I think. I always had a clear idea of who I was and what I liked and disliked. I suspect this is why I've done fairly well. In the United States, hardly anybody knows who he is.



OUI: Why do you single out the United States?

VIDAL: People in Europe tend to know who they are. When Mario gets up in the morning, he knows he's Mario, he knows who his wife is, he knows who his mother is, he knows where he lives, what he likes, dislikes.

OUI: Why are Italians so aware of themselves?

VIDAL: I suppose because they've lived in a more traditional society, with less moving about. When you fuck up in America, you just move on. You rip off a forest and make a desert, then move on and rip off another forest. It's our flush-toilet mentality. After all, most of the people who started America were on the lam—either criminals or people who had somehow screwed up in the old country. I suspect that one of the reasons Americans are so long-winded is that, from the beginning, they were always lying about where they came from and what they were up to. Out on the frontier, you could never say, "Who are you?" or "Where are you from?" That was considered very bad form. For conversation, they substituted anecdote: "Hey, did you hear the story about the two Irishmen?"

OUI: But at least they were on the move.

VIDAL: But no longer. The great American notion that we are a mobile people moving upward no longer applies. Most people now stay at the same level at which they were born, and there's less and less mobility and more and more bitterness, because they've been taught to believe that they, too, can be President or be rich or be a movie star.

OUI: Do you think we fantasize more?

VIDAL: Much more. And there's more bitterness. In the cities, Americans' faces look pretty sullen, discontented.

OUI: And you don't see that in Paris or Rome?

VIDAL: Until the recent depression, no. You never saw that look of disappointment, bewilderment, What have they done to me? I was meant to be this or that. This is the theme of *Myra*, by the way. Buck Loner's Academy of Drama and Modeling was filled with young people who didn't know who they were. Like those people who go in for astrology on the ground that although you may not have a personality, at least you've got an astrological sign, which can take the place of a personality.

OUI: You've written that believing in *a leader* and taking him seriously is to "enjoy the security of childhood come a second time." Is this peculiar to America? After all, the British have their kings and queens.

VIDAL: They don't take them seriously.

We believe in *a man* because we're incapable of facing facts. Everything is euphemized. The country would fall apart if the people knew exactly who got their tax money and why. So, unable to go in for real politics, we address ourselves to personalities. Has the candidate got a nice smile? Is he a good person? Does he like his wife? Is he modest and humble in our presence? All great men are simple, you know. How many times have you read that Nelson Rockefeller has only one Dubonnet on the rocks before a meal? We know very little about his connection with the Chase Manhattan Bank, or what he thinks about the banking system or how much he would like to see given to the Pentagon. Those questions are in bad taste. But we know an awful lot about Happy and the Dubonnet and modern art and the poor boy who got killed and the first wife who got dumped. We know a lot about nothing. It's even worse at election time, when they show spot ads on television—with some cretin disguised to look like Mount Rushmore come to life. All this personalitymongering has created a great sense of unreality—to say the least. We are just not a political nation at all. Now, you don't find that in France or England. Those are real countries with real problems and real politics. The trade unions say, This is what we want. And the people who own the factories say, You're not going to get it, because we own this and we're not going to let you have it. That's what the fight's about. Who is going to get the money. And is the society to be leveled or not. As you know, I'm a leveler.

OUI: Do you think that man is evil by nature?

VIDAL: No, man is compulsive by nature. And a civilized society is one that holds the various compulsions in a certain kind of balance. I always liked the way the English arranged matters. They made their brightest people prefer honor to money. Service to the society as opposed to ripping it off. In America, the brightest people have always gone into business. I need not describe the sort of people we get in politics. But then, the national motto is: If you can't be good, be careful. It's no accident Nixon was elected President. The people are not stupid. They knew he was a crook, but they thought he was a crook in the same way most of them were. Most important, they thought he wouldn't get caught. But, of course, he was caught, and that has been a humiliating experience for those who elected him. They're used-car dealers, too. Fortunately, they will have forgotten he ever existed in a year or two.

OUI: Do you think the time will come when the American people will know they're being had?

VIDAL: How could they find out? Television and the newspapers are all a part of the con game. Revolution will begin when people find they haven't got the money to buy what they need, and when this happens, they'll get angry, and since a fair percentage own Saturday-night specials, the consumer society will fall apart.

OUI: When and if it happens, will its replacement come from the right or the left—or don't these terms mean anything anymore?

VIDAL: *I* don't know what they mean. I do think there will be an authoritarian future. We have too many people, not enough resources—we must ration, control, preserve the environment. It's inevitable. But everything depends on the spirit of the dictatorship. The wise dictator or oligarchist remains in power by allowing the people perfect liberty in their private lives while controlling their economic lives. American society has always been just the opposite. Here private lives are vigorously controlled by the state—sex, gambling, number of wives or husbands, pot, alcohol—but only in a paper bag. . . . We have always taken it for granted that the state has the right to regulate our private lives but that it is deeply un-American to interfere with our public lives—that is, how we exploit our neighbors, the environment. Well, I would reverse this. I'm for strict control in the public sector and total freedom in the private.

OUI: Would you work politically now in the United States?

VIDAL: No. I'd like to see a good Socialist Party, but I don't think there's much chance of one getting started. The current depression, however, may change all that.

OUI: Who was more appealing to you, Adlai Stevenson or Jack Kennedy?

VIDAL: Well, I knew Kennedy and liked him. And I thought he was going to be a good President. One of the things I now regret is my praise of him in 1959, 1960 and 1961, both written and on television. I liked his shrewdness, coldness, wit. I didn't realize that he had absolutely no commitment to anything but his own career. He *loved* war, as we learned, to our regret. In 34 months as President, he invaded Cuba; got into a row with Khrushchev at Vienna; helped stage a missile crisis that might have killed us all, in order to help himself in the Congressional election of 1962; and finally launched us into a major war in Vietnam. What a record. I loved to listen to Stevenson speak and thought his first campaign ennobling. I didn't realize in those days that he was just another spokesman for the ownership of the country.

OUI: Feeling as you do about the Kennedys, why do you have in your study a photograph of you and Tennessee Williams with President Kennedy?

VIDAL: Feeling *what* about the Kennedys? I just said I liked Jack. It is

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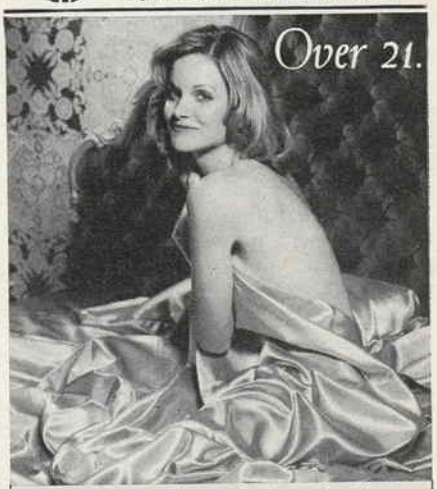

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actually possible to like someone you regard as a bad President. What has one to do with the other?

OUI: Had Kennedy ever met Williams before?

VIDAL: No. Both he and Jackie were looking forward to meeting Tennessee, so I took him up to Palm Beach, where they were staying—this must've been 1958. Tennessee, of course, didn't know who they were, even though Jack was already running for President. "You a guvnuh or a Senatuh?" Tennessee kept asking.

OUI: What did Kennedy do?

VIDAL: He was very sweet about it. He also knew that if you want to flatter a writer—and God knows, *that's* not difficult—you say how much you like one of his failures. So Jack said how much he had liked *Summer and Smoke*. And Tennessee was duly beguiled. As we drove away, I said, "You know, that's going to be our next President." Tennessee said, "Not a chance. They're much too attractive."

OUI: Are writers particularly envious people? Can you, for instance, forgive the success of others, people such as the Kennedys?

VIDAL: Successful people tend not to envy other successful people. Why should they? Why should I? If I had envied anybody, it would have been Jack Kennedy. Not Jack himself—just his fate. I find that the envious direct their attention to those whom the gods favor instead of to the gods, to the throw of the dice that gave Jack, say, a rich father intent on making him President. It wasn't Jack's doing. It was chance.

OUI: You would've liked to have been President?

VIDAL: Oh, yes! The Presidency is the only thing I ever wanted that I didn't get.

OUI: Why would you want it?

VIDAL: Because there are a thousand things I'd like to do. And the Presidency is the place to do them.

OUI: But you need sincerity, which you hate.

VIDAL: I hate hypocrisy, not sincerity.

OUI: You like the power?

VIDAL: Obviously. To change things.

OUI: But you're not a do-gooder. Or *are* you?

VIDAL: If you don't see that I am, you've missed the point of my career and it's too late for me to advertise. I write essays, lecture, go on television in order to change the society.

OUI: Do you really believe in the possibility of change?

VIDAL: Change occurs all the time. Nothing ever remains the same, with the possible exception, as someone said, of the avant-garde theater.

OUI: You said not long ago that you felt you had been able to live your life exactly the way you wanted to.

VIDAL: Quite true. Of few people can that be said. I'm not saying that I'm satisfied with what I've done during my half century, but, all in all, I've generally done the best I could, given the cards I was dealt.

OUI: Was it a fair deck?

VIDAL: I don't know about fair. Someone doomed to write book chat for *The New York Times* might think that I'd been dealt too many good cards. Certainly I was dealt a marvelous hand—maybe not exactly the one I wanted, but dissatisfaction is the normal human state. Anyway, I've supported myself since I went into the Army at 17. I've been able to make a living from the sort of writing I would've done had I not been paid for it. I never had to teach—and teaching has ruined more American novelists than drink. The worst I've had to do was, occasionally, write junk for television and movies; but even then, it was usually interesting. No complaints as I begin the last phase.

OUI: Is yours a happy life?

VIDAL: Yes, since my lifework is doing what I want to do. I do notice, in talking to other people, that at a certain point most of them try to involve you in their problems. Well, I don't do that. As you may have noticed in the course of this interview, I'm not by nature very personal and rather dislike most of your questions. My instinct is to go outside myself. I'm interested in the state of the nation, the pollution of the Mediterranean, Calvino's novels. I think—as opposed to feel—more about the outside world than about myself. I don't brood much. I don't look in the mirror and say, Oh, how sad! What a time you've had!

OUI: But you do look in the mirror a good deal, as you have written.

VIDAL: True.

OUI: Why?

VIDAL: Looking for death. Seeing what inroads death has made since the last glance.

OUI: Have you always looked in mirrors?

VIDAL: All my life.

OUI: And has it always been a question of death?

VIDAL: No, that comes later. When you're young, you look hopefully—oh, dear, not "hopefully"—to see yourself growing up, to see if you're getting lines and beginning to look like a proper adult. You look for change. In one's prime, you look to see how you are faring, if you're still there. After 40 the deathwatch.

OUI: In the past two or three years, have you found your attitudes changing? Are you more withdrawn? Do you care less?

VIDAL: You do care considerably less about some things. And you do withdraw more and more. Whatever you are basically becomes more obvious. At heart, I just want to be alone and read. And that's what I do more and more. After a certain point, ambition stops.

OUI: But it hasn't stopped with you, has it?

VIDAL: As long as you're alive, you're going to have a certain desire to prevail, but, after a while, it's just like a tic—inadvertent.

OUI: Do people bore you?

VIDAL: Anybody's interesting if you can get him on whatever it is that interests him. But, echoing Shaw, I'm comfortable only in the presence of the dead great, which means reading a book. I'd rather read Turgenev than meet someone new. But then, you see, I'm hopelessly literary, and not many people you meet are. Certainly American writers almost never are.

OUI: In one of your books, you wrote about England's Bloomsbury group, which included Virginia Woolf, and how nice it would be to live in a house with three or four men of letters. Would that appeal to you?

VIDAL: No, no, no! That's a dream of very young people. Anyway, I was just quoting Voltaire. I do look at Bloomsbury with a certain wonder, the way they sustained one another. The way they went to bed with one another. That's fascinating to me. I could no more go to bed with somebody whose work I admired than I could . . . well, make love to a mirror. Fame in others switches off desire.

OUI: What switches you on sexually?

VIDAL: Obviously, the opposite. Yet I'm fascinated by those opposite to me in temperament—Lord Keynes. He took Lytton Strachey's boyfriend away from him and then acquired somebody else's girlfriend and married her. Such energy! And I don't mean sexual energy but psychic. How can you go to bed with friends? That's a mystery to me. Sometimes you become a friend of somebody you've gone to bed with. But not the other way around. That's . . . well, incest. Yet that's how society works, particularly upper-class society, in any country. People are forever destroying friendships with sex.

OUI: Does that mean you prefer sex to people?

VIDAL: Who doesn't. Are you crazy? But man does not live by orgasm alone, and for the daily round, don't fuck your buddy or you'll lose him/her and buddies are harder to come by than—how shall I put it exquisitely?—ass. ▣

"Oh, captain . . . I think you've forgotten something. . . ."

WE

Berger king

Thomas Berger, who wrote the short story *Envy* in this issue, is another one of those modern fiction writers (*vide* J. D. Salinger, Thomas Pynchon, Carlos Castaneda) who refuse to give out interviews, biographies or photographs of themselves. We knew, of course, that Berger had written such critically acclaimed novels as *Little Big Man*, *Reinhart in Love* and *Regiment of Women*, but we wanted some more, uh, personal information. So we called his agent. The agent didn't know much more than *we* did and ended up reading us Berger's entry in *Who's Who*! Oh, well, we still think Berger's writing is tops and that you'll enjoy reading *Envy* as much as we did. You hear us out there, Berger? WE REALLY LIKED THE STORY!

Sliwka Weiner is something more than a photo model—the role she performs in the pages of this month's OUI. She is also an aspiring photographer, and her work has already appeared in British newspapers. "Knowing how a model feels makes it easier for me to make her relax," says Sliwka. The model she is photographing above is an English lady named Nina Carter—which is a nice coincidence for us, as Ms. Carter herself will be the subject of an upcoming OUI pictorial. Not shot by Sliwka, however.

Critic, critic

OUI's controversial, witty, insightful and very short movie critic, D. Keith Mano, would like the world to know that he has invented a new sport. It is called feetball, and is sort of like handball (the rules and scoring are similar), only played with nothing but the feet. Anyone who has a small rubber ball and a seven-foot-wide wall can play. "It's a game of position and strategy," says Mano, noting that "a 21-point feetball game is worth ten miserable minutes jogging." Psychologists call it the Abner Doubleday Complex, Keith.

Hey there, it's Ralph Steadman, the man a lot of people are now calling the best graphic satirist of our time. You might have seen his trenchant visual commentaries on American culture in magazines such as *Scanlan's* and *Rolling Stone*, or in his collection called *America*, published last year. But Ralph Steadman is English and lives in London. So what does he think about London and English culture? You will find the answer to that only in the pages of this issue of OUI.

Author, author

John Calendo steadfastly resisted the urge to write a baroque thesis on conceptual artist Chris Burden, even though the writer has a psychology degree from New York University. "I guess a case could be made that everyone's a little fucked up," is the way Calendo explains it. And while Calendo, currently an editor of *Andy Warhol's Interview* magazine, felt it was important to stick to the facts, he confided to us that "Burden's stuff really moves me—it's so evocative, even sad. That chalk outline of his body on the floor, made after he fell off the stool, looked just like those drawings they make in the road of car-crash victims."

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☐ **WHAT'S OUT THERE?** Carl Sagan, one of the galaxy's foremost authorities on extraterrestrial life, talks about things that may or may not go bump in the night sky, in an exclusive OUI interview.

☐ **VAMPS REVAMPED:** If ever you've wondered what Jean Harlow, Clara Bow and Theda Bara would look like if they were posing today, wonder no longer. A OUI pictorial extravaganza.

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☐ **OPERATION RED ROSE,** by Pierre Salinger, in which President Kennedy's former press secretary proves that fiction can still be stranger than reality.

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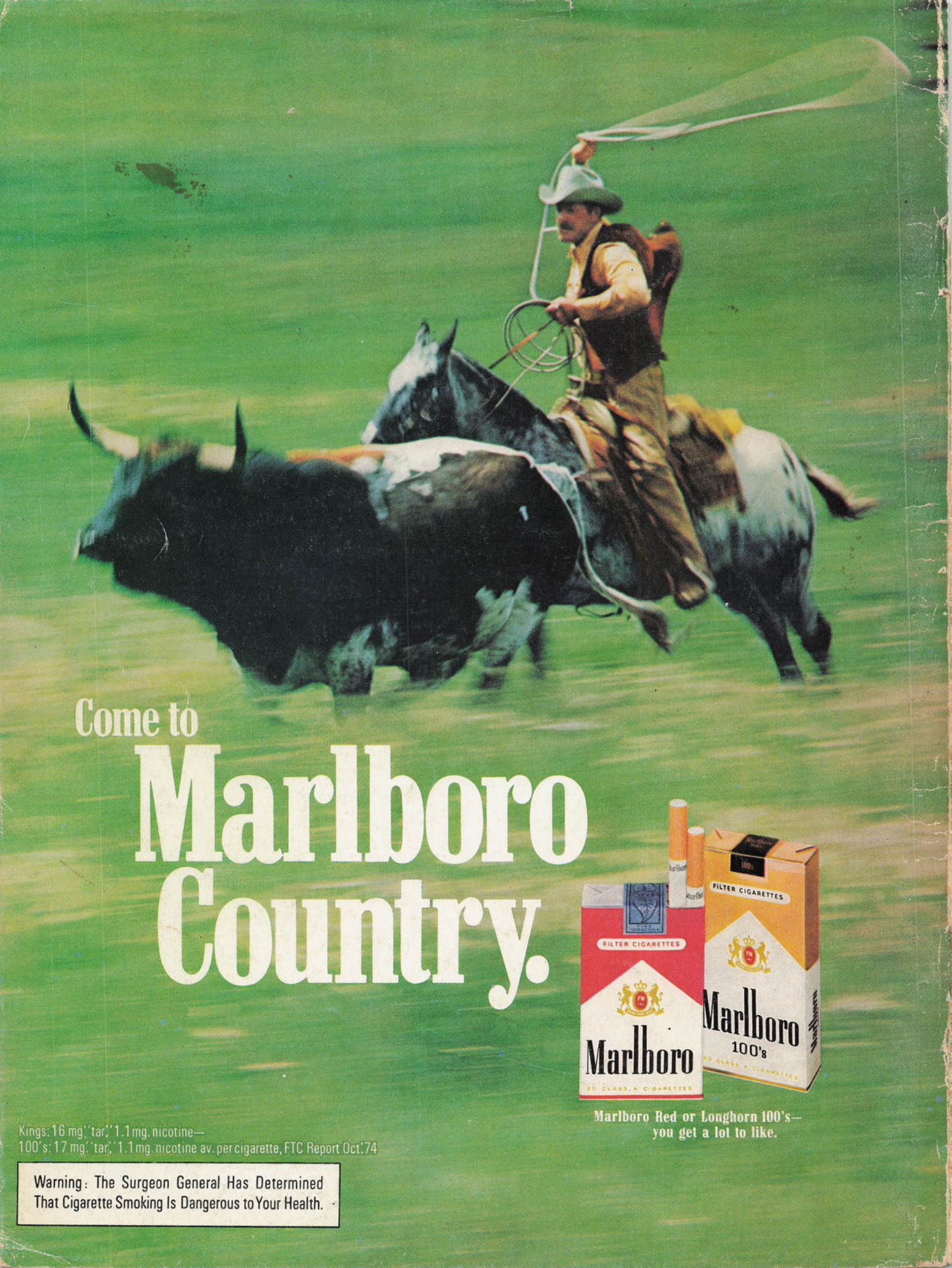

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